

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1990

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



HUSTLING:
HOW TO MAKE A FAST BUCK

WOMEN!
WHY MEN WILL NEVER
UNDERSTAND THEM

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y

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you could buy all four of these

And one of these as change



From left: Niva Cabrio \$16,490, Niva Constant 4 x 4 \$14,290, Samara Deluxe by Brock \$13,990, Samara \$10,990 and above; Samara Volante \$12,490. (All prices plus Statutory Charges and Dealer Delivery Costs.)

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Australian PENTHOUSE

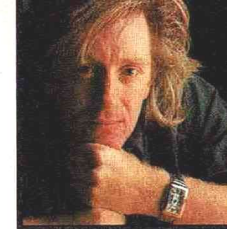
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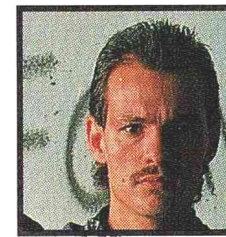
Cover by Donald Milne



NIGEL BUCHANAN



IAIN MCKELLAR



WAYNE MILES



P.D. JACK

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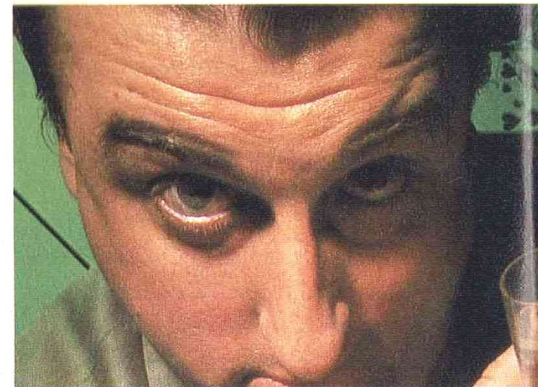
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Troubled Waters



Pet Of The Month



The Hustler



Catch 69

HOUSECALL

TROUBLED WATERS

Controversy rages around the world about the "harvesting" of the sea's limited resources. It's clearly about time we had a look at our own backyard. P.D. Jack cast a wide net into the murky waters of the various Australian fisheries bureaucracies and hauled in some unpalatable facts about the mismanagement of one of our most important resources. Maybe there aren't plenty of fish in the sea after all. Iain McKellar's illustration is on page 34.

CATCH 69

Millions of words have been written — mostly in women's magazines — about the sexual differences between males and females. And yet it seems men are no closer to understanding what makes women tick, and vice versa. "It's as if they're talking different languages," Dr Sandra Pertot observes in a penetrating analysis of the gender gap. Pertot sets out to turn malespeak and femalespeak into a tongue we can all understand. Turn to Nigel Buchanan's illustration on page 56.

THE HUSTLER

If you're a mug punter you don't need to be told why you're a mug. Fact is, you lose more money than you win, right? The good news is it's not a permanent condition. Armed with a few facts, figures and sneaky techniques, you can transform yourself into a first-class hustler — and that is a bet. Tony Bourke tells exactly how it's done on page 74. The accompanying photograph is by Studio Door 34.

SPEED FREAKS

For some men the words "speed" and "excitement" are synonymous. When it comes to pushing the outside of the envelope on land, in the air and on water, Australians have always been a force to be reckoned with. On page 91 Wayne Miles profiles Australia's fast men along with the technological monsters they're intent on propelling into either the record books or a catastrophic end.

CRASH COURSE

When a couple of greenhorns get pitched into the maelstrom of a world rally championship race you can bet they'll get through plenty of pairs of underpants. Motoring Editor Peter McKay and sidekick Nick Senior ended up on a hellride they'll never forget and came away with some painful observations about what it takes to be a winner in this most demanding of automotive contests. McKay survived to tell the tale on page 50, with accompanying photos by Richard Whitford.

RECYCLING

The resurrected BMW R100RS is a motorcycling anachronism. Germany's two-wheel stylists are obviously banking on a return, at least for some, to traditional touring bike values in recycling a machine that first hit the bitumen back in '76. For motorcycle realists who don't want to get busted for exceeding the speed limit by 170 clicks on a Japanese giant, it's like welcoming back a long-lost friend. Tony Mitchell is one such, and he gives the big Bee Em an affectionate caress on page 116. Peter Aitchison contributed the photos.



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Certified cynic

As one who buys your magazine for the pictorials and cartoons (I subscribe), I was pleasantly surprised to see, in the August issue, the article "Women's Rags" by Jean Norman. This sort of satire is greatly appreciated by cynics like me.

I suggest that less of your magazine be devoted to praising the latest product from the Ford and General Motors scrap iron factories and the canonisation of punchdrunks like Fenech and thugby morons like Wally, and more space be given to ridicule of politicians, satirisation of land rights claims by Aborigines and taking the piss out of greenies' attempts to save the environment. In short, more satire and ridicule, and less violence. If I want more violence, I'll watch the evening news. — *Name and address withheld*

Party pooper

I refer to Jean Norman's Anger column in the October edition of *Australian Penthouse*. Although I admit the article raised a smile, I must point out that most parties would be boring if it weren't for party animals.

Come on, aren't screwing, getting pissed and stoned and most of the other activities described by Ms Norman absolute necessities for a successful Aussie party? Am I a party pooper or a party animal for admitting to cutting loose on Saturday nights? — *Name and address withheld*

High voltage

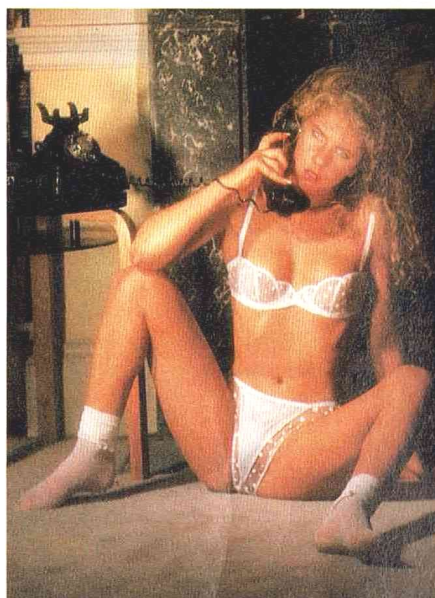
I've just opened your November issue and seen the centrefold, Bobbie Reynolds. High Voltage is right! This lady is unbelievably gorgeous, a perfect 10. Her figure is beyond words. What did you do, build her in a factory using only the best parts? — *Name and address withheld*

Sick, sick, sick

I've just been reading the Feedback section of your November issue. I saw the letter titled "Eat It" and it made me want to puke. If you sick faggots are out there, I hope your microwave stuffs up and you all catch AIDS and die a slow and painful death. — *A Real Man, Dubbo, NSW*

Spice of life

I agree with the writer of the letter



Bobbie Reynolds... excitement plus

"Variety Is The Spice Of Life" in the October edition's Feedback column, who praised the heterosexual couples pictorials in *Australian Penthouse*.

You might be surprised by the result if you surveyed the number of women who read your magazine. For us, there is nothing more stimulating than seeing a healthy male body engaged in the act of making love with a woman. More heterosexual couples pictorials would be terrific. — *Name withheld, Geraldton, WA*

In response to the correspondence titled "Variety Is The Spice Of Life" in October, I'm a male reader who, with my lover of 13 years, reads your magazine regularly and agrees with the writer's comments.

We would like to see more couples pleasuring each other as in the Breakfast In Bed pictorial in October *Australian Penthouse*. Please show a bit more of your male models' equipment and you would have a nicely balanced magazine. — *Name and address withheld*

Please consider this as my loud, clear and firm NO vote for pictorials depicting heterosexual couples. I do not want males in your *Penthouse*.

For those who do wish to view males and heterosexual pictorials, there are other magazines which cater for these

tastes. *Penthouse* is "The Australian Men's Magazine" and is not the place for this type of pictorial. — *Name and address withheld*

New Rager

As a long-standing reader and subscriber to *Penthouse* I am writing with regard to Jean Norman's story "There's One Reborn Every Minute" in October *Penthouse*. Firstly, congratulations on your first ten years. The October issue was indeed special. However, I feel it sabotaged itself with the above article. I would ask *Penthouse* to reconsider taking a negative stand to New Age ideas and methods.

I am a professional rebirther. I have my own crystals, I have had a float tank session (in Sydney), and like most people I feel strongly that change is the key word for the next 100 years. I do not mind people sharing their opinions, as I value the human right to follow and believe in what they feel is right for them. But I felt attacked by someone who does not understand much at all about these things.

The section on crystals was probably the most "objective", and yes, I find the writer's humor appealing. However, I would not have recognised my own profession from what was written.

For example, my own training in rebirthing has been oriented to the breath, not what is going on in the mind of the rebirther. It would be like asking someone what is going on in their mind while having a good shit. My experience of rebirthing has mostly been relaxing, pleasurable and easy. I know that "stuff" is being released from my cellular system, and I just need to relax and let it go. To stop and "play with it" isn't advised. I was taught that rebirthing is a powerful yet simple tool to clear anything that gets in the way of being totally alive. Crystals have been used, as with the breathing techniques, for centuries. They are not "new."

The writer is coming across as angry and provocative. I feel *Penthouse* is becoming the "anger release" point in articles designed for writers' "therapy", and I speak for myself as one person who does not like being dumped on. I enjoyed the writer's humor and aliveness; however, I don't need her anger, thanks. — *Name and address withheld*



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Up there for thinking

Every month my husband Maurie gets your magazine. Every month he devours it, cover to cover. He reads all the letters with a mixture of excitement and frustration, asking, "Why can't sex be outstanding and arousing for us?"

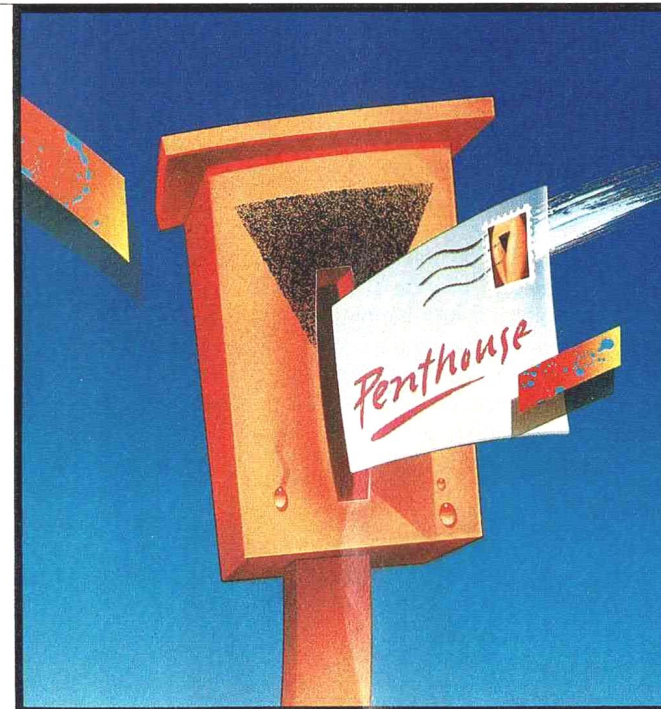
I had to agree. Perkins paste is more colorful and intriguing than our sexual experiences had been. So I worked out a brilliant plan to titillate Maurie as he had never been titillated before. No acting out one of the letters he'd read. I wanted to create a sexual happening that was worthy of its own letter to you.

I told Maurie that I was planning a surprise for him and that he should be prepared. I woke him up at 2am and handed him his robe. We both sleep in the buff, so our robes and slippers were all we had on as I led him down the stairs and out of the house. He was prepared for a surprise, but not at this hour of the morning (he takes surprises better when they come during daylight hours), though he was a good but sleepy sport about it. Our walk was only two blocks, and the mild spring breeze tantalisingly fluttered up our robes, like whispered breath on our sensitive skin.

Maurie was wide awake now. Thankfully, because our excursion continued up a rope ladder dangling from a huge gum tree that grew in the front yard of our friends' home.

I led the way, Maurie following below me, eyeing my bum, caressing it as we moved toward the top. There, built into the wide limbs of the tree, was a tiny wooden treehouse that our neighbors' kids used as their secret clubhouse. My girlfriend knew I was going to use the treehouse. In fact, she even helped me set it up.

Inside, a comfortable quilt covered the wooden planks of the floor. In one corner was a kerosene lantern, a bucket of ice with champagne, and two frosted glasses. I lit the lantern with the matches I'd tucked into my pocket, and soft light flickered through our cosy hideaway. There was no room for standing, so



Maurie and I sat cross-legged, knees touching, as we faced each other, grinning like a couple of kids in our very own secret clubhouse.

I handed him the bottle of champagne to open while I pulled my robe off my shoulders, letting it fall around my bottom. Maurie poured the golden liquid into the glasses, and I held both as he slipped out of his robe. His cock was already a straight stick, pointing directly at my aching, swollen breasts. We drank to our togetherness, here in our isolated clubhouse.

"Maurie, I think it's time for your initiation into the club," I said. "Are you ready?" He was more than ready. He literally quivered as I placed his hands on my tits then ran my fingers, like feathers, along his thighs and across his belly. He squeezed and kneaded my yearning jugs, touching and teasing my erect pink nipples as I massaged his rock-hard balls. His shaft was so long and my face was so close that it was simple to take that throbbing cock in my mouth and suck. My sucking made it grow even larger, and he thrust it, in long strokes, in and out of my mouth until he exploded in a blaze of glory, spewing come into my mouth and down my throat.

We rested, calming our panting, his head on mine. I continued to stroke his hips and thighs until he stopped me. I

looked up at him and he smiled. "Now it's your turn. Are you ready for your initiation?"

I shook my head in eager anticipation, my cunt juicy and hot. He got on his hands and knees, uncrossing my legs and easing me back on to the quilt. Then he touched my cunt, sending shudders of desire up my spine as he stroked my pussy. Spreading the lips, he began licking, his teasing tongue driving its way into me, building my passion to an intense orgasm.

Then Maurie mounted me and filled my pussy with his revitalised cock. Slowly at first, and in unison, our bodies moved to the rhythm of our cravings. The rhythm quickened until we were pounding at each other, moaning and

groaning. Then we were up and over that delicious edge of ecstasy, exploding together in a tremendous climax. As we lay there, drinking the rest of the champagne, we both agreed this is the stuff your letters are made of. — *Name and address withheld*

A dish called Wanda

My three best friends and I decided to go white-water rafting last summer. We were a little hesitant because the trip cost so much, but if we had known the kind of ride we were going to get, we'd have paid double!

We arrived at the campgrounds on Saturday afternoon to get ready for the first run early Sunday morning. My friends and I were disappointed to find that the few attractive women on the trip had brought along their boyfriends. Well, finally we were teamed up with guides, and my friends and I chose the only attractive female there. Her name was Wanda. She was in her late twenties, and boy, was she a looker! Wanda was five feet seven with blonde hair, a very nice face, and a body that wouldn't stop.

Sunday was rather uneventful, as we were on the slower of the two rivers, but we managed to establish quite a rapport with Wanda. After dinner, we invited her back to our campsite to play some drinking games. By midnight we were all out

FORUM

of our heads and becoming very friendly with Wanda. During a wrestling match, my mate Lou sneaked in a kiss. Shortly after, I also got a hot one from Wanda. I explained to her that my friends and I share everything and that she was included in this. Wanda was quite receptive to the idea of having four young, hot males ravage her body, so she suggested that we go skinny-dipping.

After a short swim, George and Lou pulled themselves up into a rowboat. Wanda wasted no time in swimming over and grabbing a rock-hard cock in each hand. Once the action began, we decided to move to the dock.

Wanda sat on the edge of the dock, leaning back and dangling her feet in the water. While she was busy alternately sucking off Louis and Jason, George and I were fingering her pussy like crazy, taking turns rubbing her clit and fucking her with our fingers. Then George and I both finger-fucked her at the same time — this drove her really crazy.

Enough was enough, and I wanted to get my dick wet. So I got knee-deep in the water and stuck my raging member between her legs. At the same time, she was sucking off George. Lou complained about not getting even time, so Wanda started counting to ten, then she would

switch cocks in her mouth. We all rotated around until everyone had a piece of pussy, and then we took a break to go for a swim, as Wanda's back was getting sore. In the water, she straddled my cock and wrapped her legs around my waist. Shortly after, I was emptying my load into her.

The other guys took Wanda back to the dock and proceeded to take turns fucking her doggie-style as she sucked the other two off. George was getting a nice blow job while Jason rammed his dick home into Wanda's sopping cunt.

Finally, we all took a break and went back to the cabin, but the fun wasn't over. We had another rousing team session until we were exhausted once more. The following day, our raft just happened to get separated from the others, so we jumped on this opportunity and jumped back on Wanda. That was our last day before heading home. Wanda gave us her number and said she would love to have us visit again and ski with her. With that invitation, our skis are waxed and sharpened, and we're ready to go! — Name and address withheld

Girl friends

I never thought I would be writing to you and especially about something like this. I am an 18-year-old female, and up until recently, I have always lived a satisfying heterosexual life.

That changed when I met Aurora at the amusement park where I worked over Christmas. She has long blonde hair, sexy green eyes, luscious grapefruit-sized breasts, and the most gorgeous bottom I have ever seen. Aurora and I have gotten along ever since we met. After my first couple of weeks of working at the park, we started going out after work as friends. We did all the usual things — went to movies, shopping, boy hunting — but after a while I began to notice that Aurora would often seem annoyed, or disinterested, when I suggested that we pick up some guys. At first I thought this seemed strange but I felt uncomfortable saying anything about it at the time.

Then one night Aurora gave me a ride home from work because my car was being serviced. On the way home, she asked me to get her a pack of cigarettes from the glovebox. As I opened the compartment, a large dildo fell on the floor of the car. I hurriedly put it back, hoping she hadn't noticed. About five minutes later Aurora asked if I would like to watch a movie at her house.

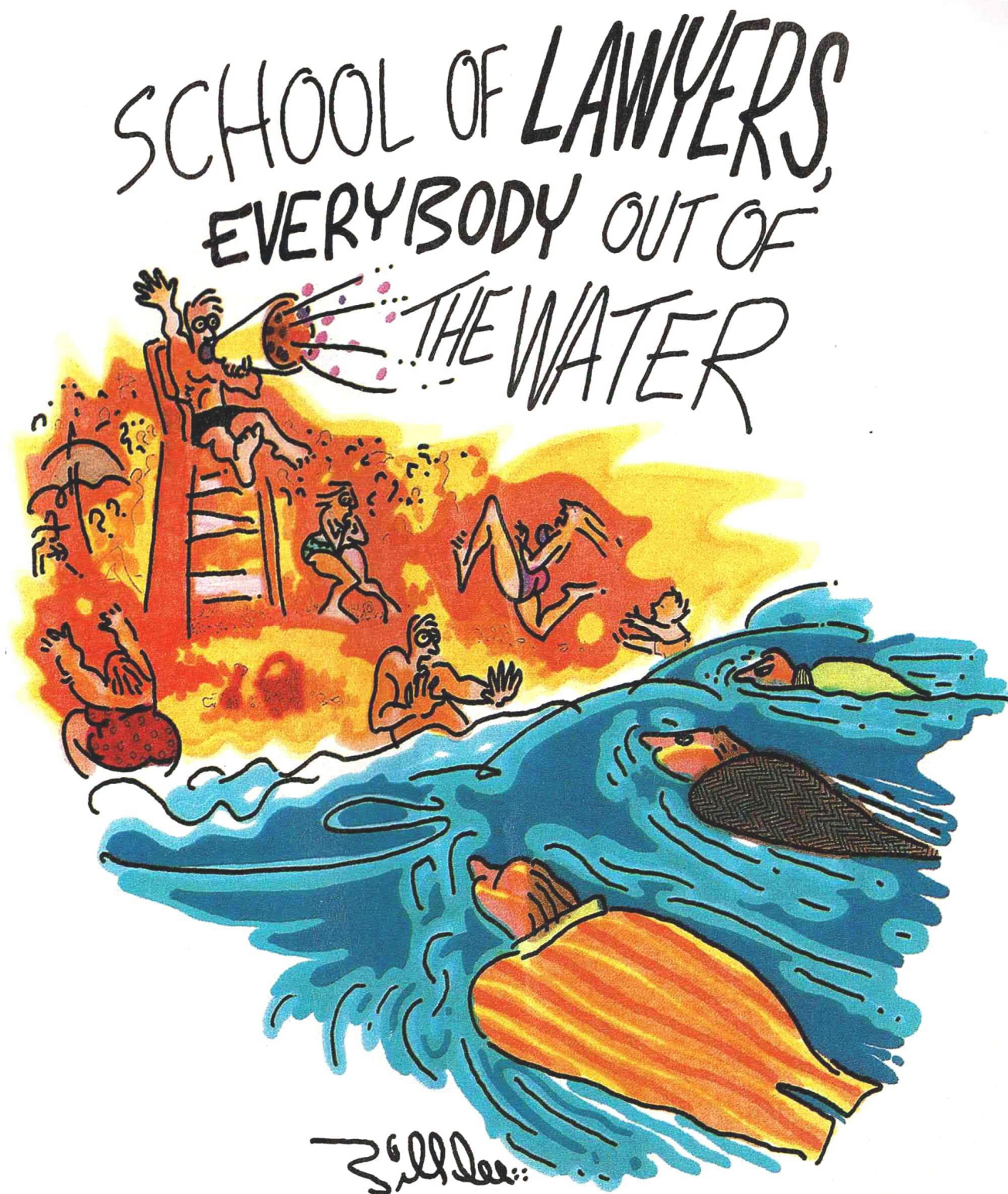
When we got to her house, Aurora popped in a cassette without telling me what it was. When she came over to sit beside me on the couch, I asked her what the movie was. She just looked at me seductively and smiled. It turned out to be an all-girl porn movie. During the first scene, I felt nervous and excited at the same time. The women in the video were incredibly beautiful and horny, licking and sucking each other in intense passion. Soon Aurora moved closer to me on the couch, placed her soft hand on the inside of my thigh, and whispered, "I've wanted you for a long time."

Since I was wearing a miniskirt she had easy access to my now-dripping mound. She knelt down in front of me, slid off my panties, and placed my calves on her shoulders. I was breathing very heavily now and wanted nothing more than to feel her hot tongue caressing my swollen lips. She moved very slowly, put her hands on my arse, and inched my pussy closer to her face. First teasing me with soft kisses on the inside of my thighs, she finally sunk her tongue deep into my sensitive slit. The feeling was so incredible that I wanted it never to stop. Her talented tongue was licking and massaging my clit, until I finally exploded with the most amazing orgasm I have ever had.

After licking up all of my come, she kissed her way up to my mouth, pausing on the way to give special treatment to my sweaty and erect nipples, and then led me to the bedroom. She quickly slipped out of her clothes, lay down on the bed, and began to finger-fuck herself as I got undressed. I too lay down, and she climbed on top of me so that we were in the sixty-nine position. With my face only



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FORUM

a couple of inches away from her sweet wetness, I couldn't help but make my first muff dive. She moaned deeply as I inserted my tongue and swirled it around in her hairy tunnel. After tongue-fucking her for at least a good ten minutes, I withdrew and sucked on her clit with all my might. When she finally came, I eagerly gulped her juices down. Then it was my turn. She slipped her expert tongue into my steaming hole and caressed my inner lips. After a few minutes of this, I felt the intense pleasure of a pulsating vibrator massaging my clit. The movements of her lips and the whirring of the vibrator were too much for me to handle. I exploded into her mouth again. We kept it up for a couple of hours and then finally fell asleep in each other's arms.

Ever since that night Aurora and I get together as often as we can. We've made love in the women's toilets during our break — nearly getting caught a few times. My experiences with Aurora have changed my sex life for good, and definitely for the better. — *Name and address withheld*

Small packages

I am a girl of only 17 but I can already boast a 36-24-35 body. I learned at an early age the power available to me

through sex. When a man's cock is in my mouth I have complete control over him. This craving for physical domination over men may be because of my small size (I'm only five feet one).

Going to school is sheer pleasure because of all the virile young men available to me. Once, when my parents were away, I took four guys home for hours of sucking and fucking. But last week I had the ultimate experience.

I was sun-baking on a quiet stretch of beach near home when I noticed a man walking along the beach towards me. He was a giant! Well over six feet tall, and as broad as an ox. As he got closer I could see how much his muscles were stretching his T-shirt.

He came up to me and said "Hi", and we started chatting. My well-tanned body contrasting with my brief white bikini must have been quite a sight and I was getting pretty aroused from having this awesome man stand over me. It would really be something to seduce this hunk. I told him I was getting hot and asked if he would like to join me in the shade of the trees at the back of the beach. Soon we were in a clearing and I could feel my heart thumping and a tingling between my legs as I asked if he would lie beside me on my towel.

He said he would be more comfortable in his Speedos so as he removed his shirt I smiled in admiration, but then when he

dropped his shorts I nearly gasped in astonishment. Whatever was inside was barely being contained. I just looked him straight in the eye and said: "I want to see it." Full of confidence, he told me to take his Speedos off, so I knelt in front of him and drew them downwards. Hanging down between his legs was a prick longer and thicker than I thought possible. The head was as large as a door-knob and was throbbing as this abnormal organ started to grow. I lifted it towards my lips and even with both hands holding a section of it, there were still several inches overflowing.

Opening my mouth to the widest, I still had to force my lips over the knob, which then completely filled my mouth. As I started sucking I slid my hands along his shaft, which started him moaning in ecstasy. His cock was still increasing in hardness and I was scared he would become too big to keep in my mouth, but using my tongue to get him wet and slippery, I started squeezing more of him in, while feeling his tip pushing against the back of my throat.

He started to withdraw, but I tried to hold him, no longer feeling in control but totally at the mercy of his penis. He pushed me down on to my back, then with his powerful hands he ripped my bikini bottoms down the middle, leaving me exposed to him.

Now completely stiff, he lowered himself on to me. For once in my life I was scared by what I saw; all power had left me. At the same time I knew I would not be satisfied until this perfect specimen of manhood had made me come. It wasn't so much the length of it — although it must have been nearly 12 inches — but it was as thick as a beer bottle!

Full of wanton desire, and completely drenched with my flowing juices, I reached down with both hands and guided him into my cunt. As he pushed forward I could feel my pussy lips being stretched further and further apart. What relief when they closed around his knob!

Still holding on to him, I writhed around in ecstasy, not comprehending how something so big could fit inside me. With small in-and-out movements he forced more into me until I thought I would burst, then he settled into a slow rhythm of pulling most of his dick out then pushing it back into me. The fit was so tight that each time he withdrew I could see my pussy clinging to his shaft. The sight was so arousing that I started coming and bucked my hips against his thrusting as I reached the most intense climax imaginable.

I didn't think I could take any more of this exquisite torture, but now I was so saturated that he began penetrating still deeper inside my slippery pink tunnel. I let out one long, low groan as I watched inch after inch disappear into me in one fluid motion. I didn't think it would have



SIX APPEAL



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FORUM

been possible, but soon my pussy was wrapped around its entire length. Then he stopped and just let me experience the glorious feeling of being so completely filled.

My climax was building again so I couldn't help it when I started to wildly thrash around under him. This had the desired effect as he began pounding into me, his solid chest squashing into my full breasts. Oh boy, I'd never been fucked like this before!

Very soon we both cried out, "I'm coming!" at the same time. We ground into each other and I felt the hot pressure of his semen shoot high up inside me.

As he slowly withdrew, another spasm wracked my body. He collapsed beside me, a look of sublime satisfaction on his face. I could only marvel again at his massive dick and proceeded to lick my juices off it, running my tongue from his balls along the entire length of his meaty shaft.

I still like exerting my power over the boys at school by blowing and screwing them, but I now intend to visit my new lover regularly to experience a fucking no-one else can possibly give me. — *Name and address withheld*

Ribald reunion

My husband Art and I are American expatriates living in New South Wales. For a decade now, we have travelled to Kansas City for an annual reunion with his army buddies and their wives. However, what started out as a weekend of barbecues and poker games at Laura and Steve's private house in the suburbs has become hotter and hotter over the years, first with increasing sexual innuendos, then with poolside lovemaking. Finally, on our last visit, I was introduced to the joys of lesbian lovemaking by Catherine, the wife of Art's friend Sid.

It all started at the pool, where the wives were tanning while the guys were off playing touch football. Laura and Paula, Joe's wife, were skinnydipping at the far end of the pool, which was not unusual for our group. We had become more and more intimate over the years, and it was not unusual for a couple, or a threesome, to make love right there on the sundeck, no matter who was around. You could say we were a close bunch.

Paula and Laura rejoined us on the tanning mats, lying together on their bellies, engaging in what was obviously an intimate conversation. Then their hips met in a soft kiss as they massaged the back of each other's neck, their slim lips undulating in slow, sensuous circles. As they kissed, I could feel my pussy lubricating with love juices and a flush spreading from my chest up to my face. I had always enjoyed looking at the naked

bodies of my friends, but this was an especially tender moment and the sensations it gave me were truly pleasurable.

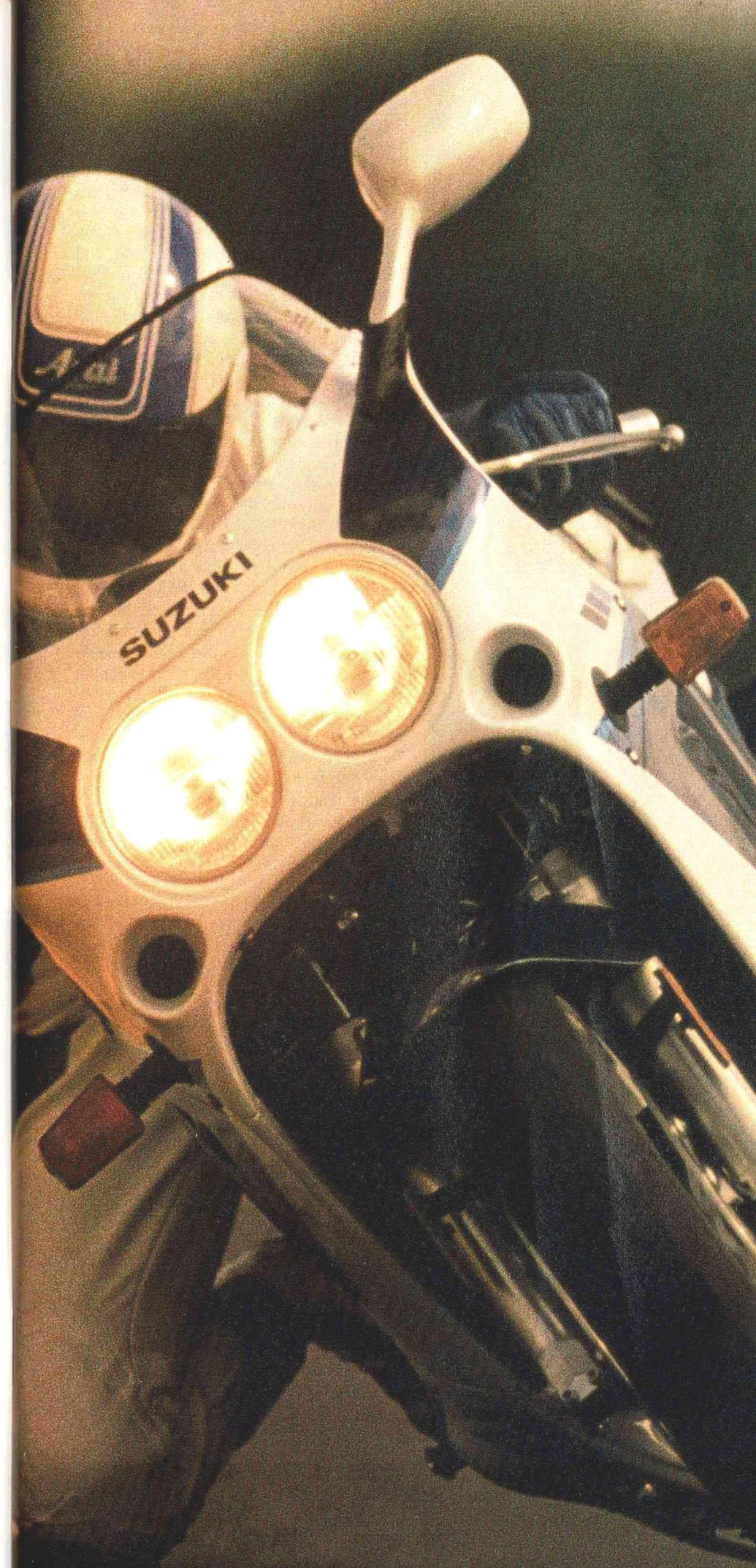
Catherine picked up on it right away. "That's nice, real nice," she murmured as Paula and Laura got hotter and hotter. By now, Paula was on her back and Laura was on top of her, pressing her pubic mound into Paula's as their bodies moved in unison and their skin glistened with a patina of sweat. I lay on my belly and watched with a clear view of two gleaming, pouting pussies. Catherine straddled my hips and began massaging suntan lotion into my writhing back, all the while keeping a steady pressure on my lower back with her pubic mound.

I could feel the heat through our bathing suits. Then she leaned down and brushed the back of my neck with her lips, making the fine hairs stand straight up across my shoulder blades. As she kissed my ear, she whispered with hot breath, "I'd like to try that with you. I want to hold your big breasts in my hands and pinch your nipples. Then I want to kiss your pussy and make you come with my tongue. Let's go to my room."

By this time, I was ready for anything. The air was electric with anticipation as we left Paula and Laura to their erotic adventures and walked through the house to Catherine and Sid's bedroom. I stood before her as she sat on the bed, put her hands on my hips and drew me to her, kissing my flaming pussy through the sheer nylon of my bikini bottom. Then she rolled my bathing suit over my knees and past my ankles, revealing a pussy engorged with desire and dripping with love dew.

She kissed my pussy lips and my knees went weak. I held on to her neck as she lapped up the length of my pussy with her pointed tongue, finally settling on my throbbing clitoris and holding me to her, kissing my belly and the top tufts of my pubic hair. As I became aroused again, she poured on the pressure, sinking her tongue deep into my vagina, straining for my inner walls. I got wetter, hotter and hotter, and she finally returned to my clitoris and brought me to an orgasm that left me flopping on the bed.

Then she lay back and spread her legs, drawing me to her. I had never kissed another woman's vagina before. I tingled with excitement as I held her hips and felt her buck beneath me and come to a quick climax. Her juice poured from her and over my chin and on to my chest. Her pussy lips glistened as the afternoon sun poured through the window, and I kissed her wetness over and over, not wanting to let go. We spent as much time together that weekend as we could, and I promised to fly over to San Diego to see Catherine the next time Sid left town on business. Once a year just won't do. — *Name and address withheld*



"10"



GSX-R1100

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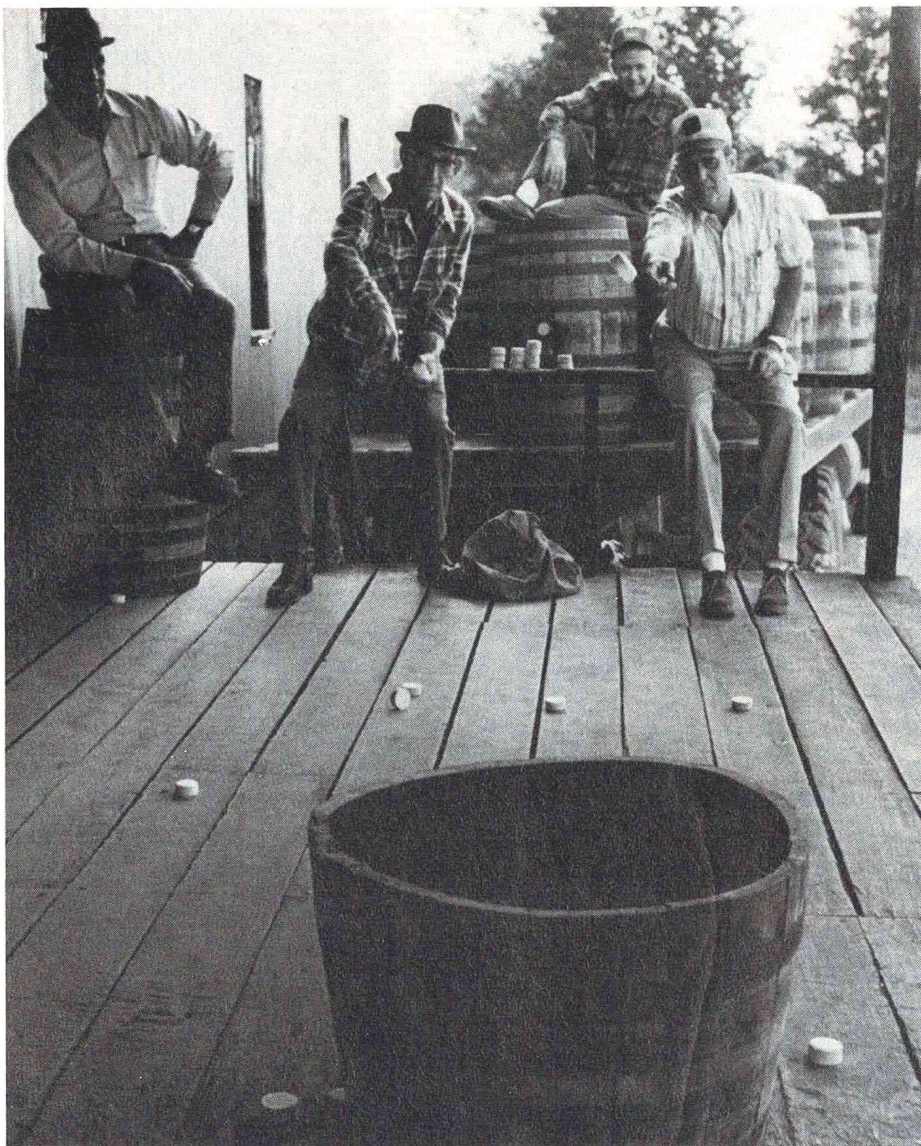
But whoever thought so has obviously never ridden Suzuki's GSX-R1100.



Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "Ride It Right" Campaign. Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing. * Read your Owner's Manual carefully. * Enjoy safe riding.



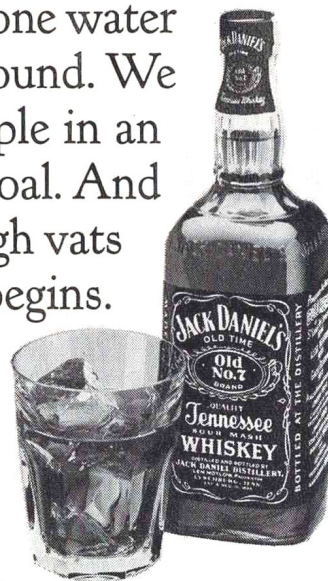
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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

FORUM

Big

I have just returned from Noosa after being laid off due to the pilots' dispute. I worked as a housemaid with one of the popular resorts and while the work was pretty ordinary I had a great time and some interesting experiences, one of which I'm sure Forum readers will enjoy.

We used to start cleaning the guests' rooms at about nine each morning and usually finished by one, which was great because it left me the rest of the day free. The only drawback was that I had to work weekends. The procedure was to ring the doorbell, wait a little while, then open the door if there was no answer. On entering the room we would call out "Room service" just to make sure we were not disturbing anybody.

One day recently we entered our last room for that day after following the normal procedure. The sliding louvre doors to the balcony were closed, leaving the room quite dark. This was not unusual as it is so hot up there some people close them and leave the airconditioning on to keep the room cool.

My job was to vacuum the floor and make the sofa bed in the lounge room while the other girls attended to other cleaning duties. Well, as I was making the bed I glanced outside to the balcony, which was just visible through the louvres, and saw a guy lying naked and face down on one of the outside lounges. I turned to the other girls and told them. The senior girl, Pauline, said that he must not have heard us, and with that we quickly picked up our gear and moved quietly outside. Once there, we rang the bell a couple of times but still no answer. This should not have surprised us considering there was a lot of noise coming from the pool just below the balcony.

I turned to the girls and convinced them that it would only take another ten minutes to finish and we could go home. In we went, I moved to the sofa bed, completed making it and closed it up. I couldn't resist peering through the louvres to see what the guy was doing. He hadn't moved and was probably asleep. I was about to turn away when I noticed his very large cock hanging straight down between the plastic strips that criss-crossed the lounge he was lying on. It was the longest and thickest penis I had ever seen or even imagined possible. I called the other girls over and, apart from being mildly shocked, they also could not believe the size of it. After some laughing and joking we finished up and left.

A few days went past during which we didn't see this guy, and then we caught him again on the outdoor lounge. The doors were closed and it was obvious he hadn't heard the bell ring.

This time we just continued working. I was just folding the sofa bed when the balcony doors slid open and this guy walked into the room completely naked. None of us said a word, we all just stared in amazement, and I don't think any of us were looking at his eyes. He smiled, apologised for interrupting us, and asked us to continue servicing the room. Then he moved back to the balcony and closed the doors behind him.

We finished up quickly and left. I was about to go home when I thought I should go back to the room and apologise; I was sure he was just as embarrassed by the incident as we were.

I rang the bell and he answered almost immediately. He was wearing a pair of green Speedos and I couldn't resist looking down at the large bulge at his crotch. I then explained that he must not have heard the doorbell and that the girls and I were very sorry for any embarrassment we caused him. He insisted that it was his fault and that he should have realised the room was to be cleaned and left the doors open a little so he could hear the bell. He then introduced himself and said he was opening a bottle of champagne and asked if I would join him. Before long, Brad and I were making idle conversation and drinking, my eyes continually drifting disbelievingly to his crotch. We had finished one bottle and were a good way through a second when I blurted out that I had to know how long his cock was. There was a long pause, and I could feel myself blushing at my crude outburst. He smiled and sat in silence for what seemed like ages, then got up from the stool he was sitting on and moved over to his briefcase on top of the television.

He produced a ruler, handed it to me, then slowly slid his Speedos down to his knees. I looked disbelievingly at his beautifully-formed cock hanging between his skinny but muscular legs. I was shaking with embarrassment as I put the ruler beside his cock. It measured 235mm and looked so good that I started to caress it. Slowly it began to rise. I knelt down and lifted the hard head to my mouth and sucked it very gently. Brad moaned with obvious pleasure. After a short time I pulled away and watched it grow to its full length. It glowed crimson and pointed straight up, almost touching his firm stomach. Brad then pushed his huge cock down until it was pointing directly at my watering mouth, before letting it go to smack against his stomach. He picked up the ruler and handed it to me. After pushing the monster down again he asked me to put the ruler on top and measure it again. This time it was 280mm and much thicker. I continued to play with it, pulling it down until I saw Brad getting uncomfortable, then letting it go to smack loudly against his stomach. He was obviously anxious to fuck me or at least have me suck this incredible erection.

He moved to the sofa bed and began to open it up. I undid my top and revealed my tits. They seemed to turn him on even more, if that was possible.

He sat on the edge of the bed and beckoned me over. He pulled me down to kneel between his legs, then gently pulled my head down to his waiting cock. At this moment we heard a key in the door. I stood up quickly and did my top up again while Brad looked for his Speedos. He pulled them on over his still very hard cock, causing me to burst out laughing; there was no way a flimsy pair of Speedos were going to disguise that erection. The door opened and in walked a girl I had seen around the pool. She smiled and introduced herself as Wendy, then looked at Brad and laughed. Brad just said "Thanks, Wendy" and then introduced me. Wendy was an old school friend Brad had bumped into in Surfers and they had decided to share a room to save money.

Wendy turned to me and said, "Isn't that just the biggest cock you have ever seen? You know I still haven't managed to take it all the way without hurting." Brad looked genuinely embarrassed and sat on a stool near the bar. Wendy asked Brad to show us his party trick. He didn't look amused, but Wendy persisted. "You know he won't sunbake around the pool because he gets embarrassed when the girls look at that monstrous bulge between his legs," she said.

Wendy continued to rib him, and she was very funny — I couldn't help but laugh. After a few more champagnes Wendy walked up behind Brad, who was still sitting on the stool near the bar, and put her arms around his waist. She said she was sorry for spoiling his afternoon and pleaded with him to show us his cock tricks. She moved her hands down to Brad's now flaccid cock and began to slowly massage it. She then lifted her top off to reveal medium-sized, very firm tits. She then moved in behind Brad again and started to rub herself against his back, and at the same time reached around to continue massaging his cock. She continued to beg him to show us the tricks. I had no idea what she was talking about but I was feeling very good, particularly after more champagne.

Finally Brad stood up and removed his Speedos. His cock was about half erect and getting harder. He then sat on the floor, then held his cock in both hands and sort of pulled it up as he lowered his head towards it. He couldn't quite reach to get his mouth over the end of the monster but licked it wildly with his tongue. He continued to lick it as it grew harder and finally he was able to put the bright crimson head of this magnificent cock into his mouth, and was obviously enjoying it.

Continued on page 122



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Sins

REVIEWS & OPINIONS

LUST

THE MORAL MINORITY

**Celibacy is
a fine thing
— for
anyone else
but you**

There were these two sophisticated-looking women lunching at a Darlington brasserie the other day. One of them was upset because the fax refused to function and the automatic feed on her office photocopier

had jammed again, and the other was elated because she'd found out about a new variety of sculptured nails. They got around to discussing sex, so I leaned closer in the hope of discovering something I didn't know. I learned that Brooke Shields is *still* a virgin even after having been with Rob Lowe, and that celibacy is by far the best option for life in the Nineties.

Chalk up another two victims of propaganda. Neo-virginity and designer celibacy have been stylish for far too long. It seems "in" to have doubts about everything, and sexuality is the most fashionable thing to be confused about. It's gone too far.

Every month there's an article in a women's magazine called either "The Joy Of Celibacy", "The New Monogamy" or "The Return Of Morality." Or any variation thereof. Soon we'll be skimming over articles entitled "The Joy Of Atlantis", "The Dragon As Domestic Pet" or "The New Fairies At The Bottom Of The Garden."

An in-depth survey recently revealed that many people are, in fact, unaware of the "new morality." They'd read about it and could grasp the concept momentarily, yet seemed unable to really imagine it happening to them or anyone they knew. Far from being "sexual crusaders", the participants merely wanted to get laid when they wanted, how they wanted and with whomever they wanted. If having a relationship or getting married somehow helped them in this ideal then, yes, they were all for it.

When will people start

growing up again and admit that the moral majority is actually a moral minority? Everyone should know that practice makes perfect, and it's a fact that sluts or ex-sluts of both sexes make the best lovers. Virginity once lost can never be regained — and who'd want it back anyway?

There's this false assumption floating around that celibacy somehow makes people into more caring human beings. It's turned everyone I've seen try it into raving shrews or sullen little creeps. Sex is what most adults are designed for. There'll be plenty of time for not doing it if we survive into senility. And even then, I'm sure we won't be rocking in our chairs and thinking about all those nights we *didn't* do it.

People are getting so keen on the neo-virginity fad that they're even lying to their closest friends. Someone with a past lover count that reaches well into the dozens will cheerily reassure everyone that there were only two or three. (This of course applies more to women than to men.)

Sex, we're told, is dangerous. Shock! Horror! *Really?* Maybe that's big headline thrills for Noddy but it shouldn't be news to grown-ups. Sex has always been dangerous, and lust has always been impervious to fear. For some reason people who die violent deaths are said to become sexually aroused. The French charmingly call the moments after orgasm *Le Petit Mort* — "The Little Death."

The media have been frightening enough with their "Killer Sex Plague" stories to make sure every "liberated" person carries condoms. But it's like they're a sort of talisman, because nobody seems to be using them. Sales have hardly soared and most people I know carry condoms around till well past their expiry date.

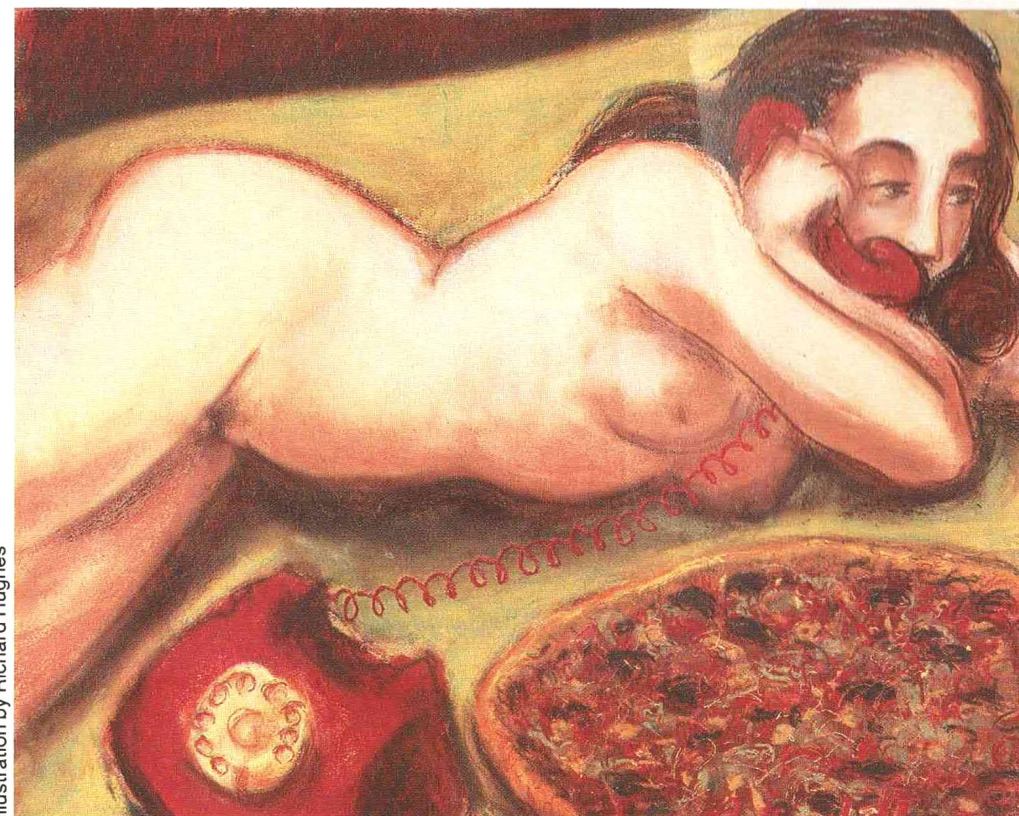


Illustration by Richard Hughes

It's also interesting to note that despite the startling "new morality", there's been no consequent decrease in the number of sexual services available. Yes, telephone sex has taken off recently, but so have dial-a-pizza outfits. Business in the sex industry is

booming like never before.

Maybe this morality thing is coming to a neighborhood near us soon. I'd rather think that all this transcending sexuality bullshit is just a fad, and soon we'll be able to go back to reading about The Joy Of Promiscuity. — *Jean Norman*

AVARICE

SLOUCHING TOWARDS DISASTER

Cover your arses while you may

I've just spent the morning going through old copies of *Penthouse*, looking for an article I wrote on comparative standards of living. *Tres* droll. Amazing what women can get up to. When you look at 30, 40, 50 different naked or semi-naked women one can only have mixed thoughts about the importance of international standards of living as measured by real income on an adjusted exchange rate basis. There are, after all, standards of living and then there are standards of living. Money measures some things but not all.

Anyway, I did find what I was looking for, which was a quick check on the per capita average Gross National Product of Australia compared with the same of a handful of other nations, including the developing economies to our north, Thailand and Korea.

The comparison showed that we were worse off than Japan, the US and Europe, but still slightly better off than our neighbors. This would not last, I opined.

The Tiger economies — Hong Kong, Singapore, South

Korea — and the other South-East Asian economies, like Thailand and even Malaysia, have been mustering their masses of cheap labor to build a solid economic base of heavy industry and are now manufacturing many of the industrial and household products we in Australia, and people in the rest of the world, must import to maintain our "standard of living."

Which is a joke. For while maintaining this standard we are at the same time under-

mining it; and will continue to do so as long as this standard requires us to import nearly everything we "need."

What's happening can best be explained by analogy: Australia is like a man who retired too early. He had done quite well in his career and had enough investments to throw off the 9-5 rat race and settle down into the occasional day's work. True, he wasn't a Rockefeller — didn't want to be. Comfortable was the word and comfortable was the deal.

However, as the years rolled by, things changed. Some of the investments went bad and inflation ate into many of the rest. Then the car packed it in; he had to dip into savings (ie, capital) for a new one, and the same for the washing machine and, can you believe it, the golf club fees. He even had to use savings to pay for this year's annual trip to town to see the kids.

He saw an investment adviser who totted up the value of his investments, made some assumptions about interest rates and told him that he could go on like this for another 20

years or so and would then have to go on the pension. The adviser then suggested he go back to full-time work. "Cripes," said our man. "I've forgotten how to." Besides, there's not a real lot of work out there for 45-year-olds who haven't worked for ten years.

When he does go back to work he finds that he can't keep up with the young fellas. Many of his trade skills have become outmoded, his friendly compliant bank manager has been replaced by a young hard nut who wants to see a full risk analysis, and there's a whole host of new methods and regulations he doesn't quite understand.

Eventually, of course, he may come up with some miracle. But it looks as though, failing the miracle, he'll sell his dream haven to some rich city-slicker, get a cushy job for nobodies in the city and spend the rest of his life in a modest unit.

That's the story of Australia. We're wealthy, but we're not Saudi Arabia. We can work hard but we seem to have forgotten how. We are competent, but at non-economic skills — Olympic

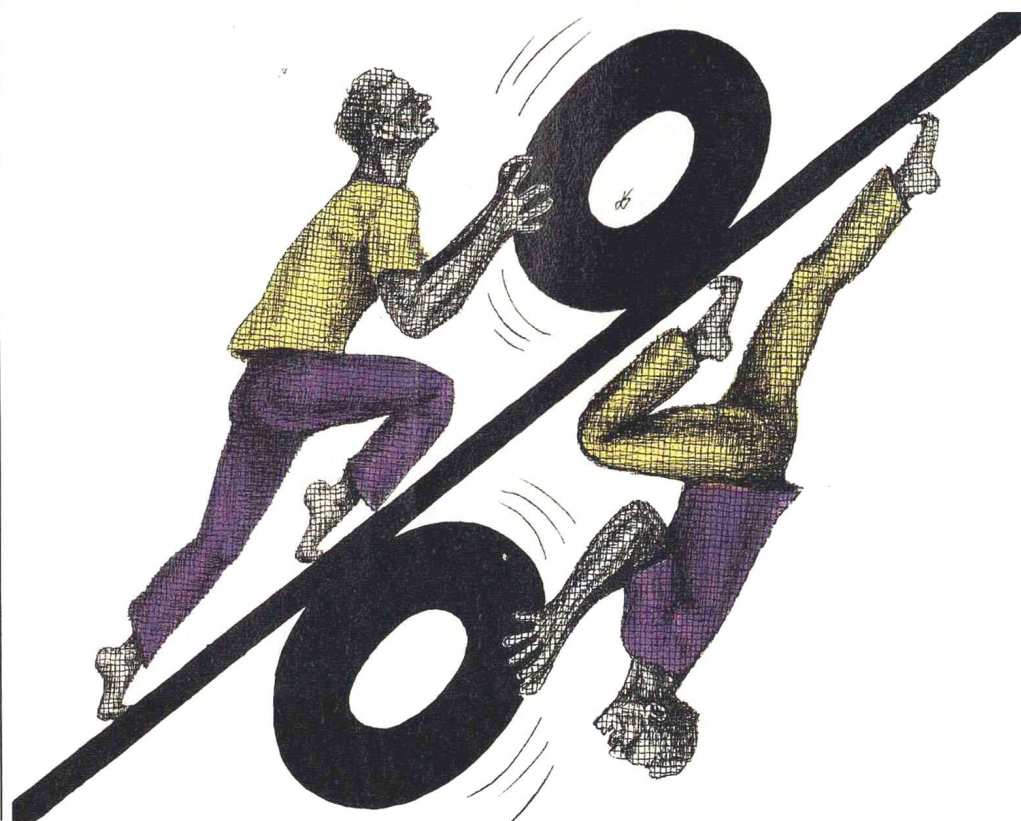
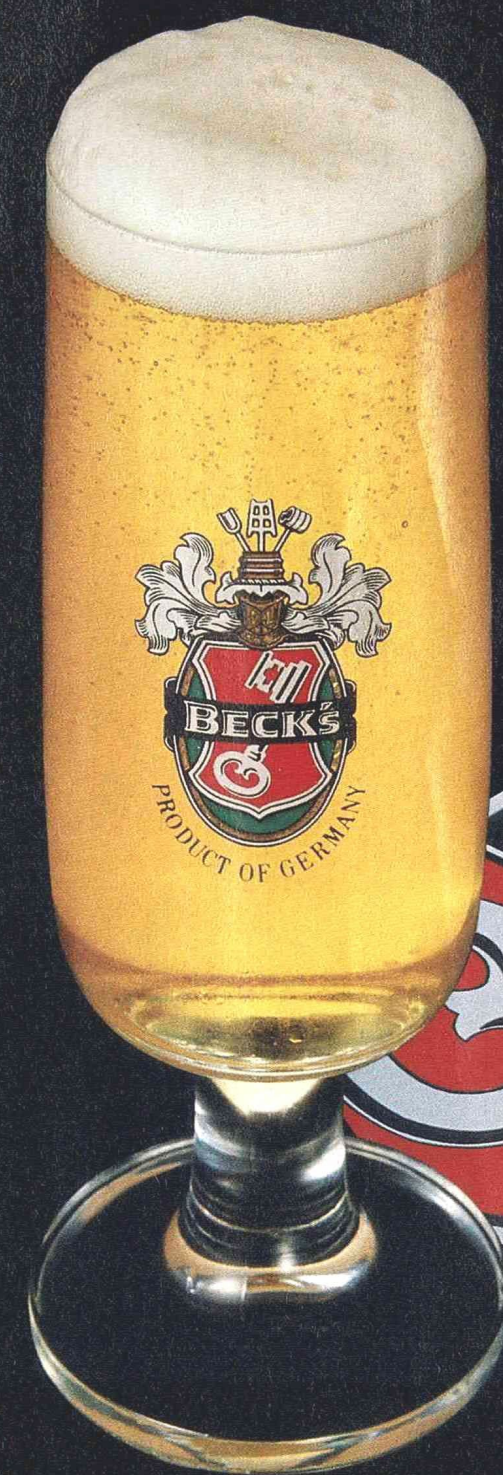


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gold medals don't add much to the Balance of Payments. We did have good contacts but times have changed: Mother Britain is miles away and Uncle Sam has problems of his own. And, besides, neither of them speak Japanese.

Nomura Securities, the world's biggest stock broker, recently did what I, the world's smallest stockbroker, did: they ran a per capita GNP comparison. More, it added about 600 econometric equations and projected ahead to 2000AD. At which time Europeans will earn, on average, a quarter again as much as Aussies, the Japanese two-thirds as much again, and both Singapore and Hong Kong will be richer, per head, than Australia.

Economic commentator Max Walsh points out what this will mean for our professional elite — our computer programmers, designers, engineers, etc. They'll be much better off working outside Australia. We'll be condemned to just getting by.

But worse, political pressures will probably enforce this trend. "We're poorer than the Asian workers doing the same job" is the sort of complaint few union leaders can resist. The pressure on wages, under control since 1983, will be huge. Only the short-sighted will not see that such pressure only aggravates the problem. Going for quick wage rises is like selling the spare block of land to invest in high-interest short-term bank deposits. You may be better off in the short term but much, much worse in the long run.

No Government has yet spelled it out fully and brutally. Paul Keating had a go with his Banana Republic line but was howled down. Instead, Governments will let history take its course until it is no longer necessary for an authority figure to tap you on the shoulder and say: "You may not like this but the fun's over." You won't need to be told because it'll be staring you in the face: low wages, third-rate public services, squalid living con-

ditions for the masses, upper class monopoly on opportunities to progress, etc, etc.

However, there is a bit of good news. The way out for the individual also happens to be the same prescription for the nation: that is, the individual can look after himself and, if everyone else does it, we'll all be better off, rather than worse off, which is more usually the case.

Obviously, in a nation going to the dogs it makes sense to be well-armed and able to repel the baying hounds. Your own home and money in your kick is the best way. And if you can't afford a three bedroom plus ensuite overlooking the river then you'll have to settle for something less. You may have to do without a new video or microwave oven and keep the car a little longer but that's no problem, really. I'd rather have an old bomb and my own

Sins

GLUTTONY

BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

Begorrah! Stout's gone and moved up market

Remember when stout was the favored brew of Central Casting Irishmen complete with caps, peat-scented clothes and accents that would have embarrassed

paign featured the biggest wanker ever to grace Australian TV screens. The agency admits that people either love, hate or completely misunderstand the ads with a passion. I'm divided. I hate some of them and love others. My favorite is the one where "our hero" is seen with a cocktail that looks like it has been made from an odds and ends sale at the local sex shop. "Don't worry," he hisses, "it's only a nightmare." Millions of drinkers throughout the world have made this statement a dream come true for the Guinness company.

The Guinness brewery in



bungalow than pull a rickshaw for rich tourists.

As Mr Keating has said, we must save more and spend less. Do this voluntarily, or else economic forces will do it for us.

I've never been more fair dinkum in my life. — David Quicksilver

James Cagney in *The Fighting O'Briens*?

The wheel has turned full circle. Stout is now being aimed at trendies, those who see themselves on the cutting edge. Witness the recent Guinness ads which were too clever by half for the mass market.

The Ogilvy And Mather cam-

Dublin is the largest in Europe and the Guinness company is the world's largest exporter of beer.

You either love the taste of Guinness or you hate it — it's as simple as that. The defining characteristic of Guinness is an intense hoppiness that has somehow been welded on to



The Northside Gardens isn't your run of the mill, boring hotel. It's just been refurbished to be a fun and lively place, even after the rest of Australia's 3rd largest C.B.D. has closed down.

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RHG101/Palace

Sins

the roasted barley palate typical of the style. The unmistakable complexity of a good Guinness is the end result of centuries-old methods, the main one being a remarkably slow brewhouse procedure.

If you love Guinness, you have to make the pilgrimage to Ireland. The Irish claim that Draught Guinness on its home turf bears the heavenly touch of holy water. This is, of course,

wooden casks so that its weight is softened by a shot of sharp, thirst-quenching sourness.

The other great stout of Ireland is Murphy's, tragically available only in Irish pubs. It's the roastiest of Irish stouts — one sip creates instant addiction if you are that way inclined. I know people who religiously take their holidays in Ireland for their annual fix of Murphy's. To my mind Murphy's is on a par



complete blarney. The truth is that the enormous turnover in Irish pubs means that Guinness do not pasteurise stout for consumption in Ireland, so it is fresher than Guinness served elsewhere. All Guinness available outside the Emerald Isle is pasteurised. The creaminess of Draught Guinness is aroused by a unique method of pressure tap which puts paid to the fanatics who claim that it is "naturally" conditioned. For this reason, many aficionados prefer the drier bottled version sold under the Extra Stout label. You don't get the nose-smearing head but many argue that you get greater finesse.

Foreign Extra Stout, exported mainly to the Caribbean, Africa and Asia (where it is also made under licence), is a sort of Guinness "Lite." Brewed from a very high gravity, it is then blended with stout aged in

with Draught Guinness but lacks the unbeatable finesse of bottled Extra Stout.

Cascade, Australia's oldest brewery, has been making stout for over 100 years. The Tasmanian-based company has now come up with Special Stout, the first stout to be specially made for the premium end of the market. Produced by special batch brewing at company headquarters in Hobart, Special Stout relies on the master brewer's tastebuds, rather than computerisation, for its final taste.

Cascade claims that Special Stout gets its distinctive flavor and dark color from a high "charge" of colored malt. The malt or barley is roasted in a kiln until the kernel is almost completely burnt, producing a unique caramelisation. The colored malt is extracted during the brewing process but leaves

behind a special full flavor and dark color to the final beer. In addition, Special Stout also contains a higher percentage of other ingredients which give a full-bodied flavor and a higher alcohol content.

Special Stout won a gold medal for product excellence at the 1989 Monde Selection in Brussels, testimony to the slow and careful eight-week brewing process. Cascade hopes that Special Stout will help carve out an exclusive niche for the company as Australia's leading specialist brewery. For a premium product it is very reasonably priced — only \$8.99 for a six-pack of 345 ml bottles.

Stout originally got its name by way of the fact that it was the strongest beer available — full of strength or stoutness. Quite frankly, it is the very robustness of stout that has precluded it from modern popularity — winning it a dedicated rather than a mass following. The association with anaemia and recuperating patients hasn't helped to promote a sophisticated image either. I don't think the new push will

create an untapped market, so to speak, but it will definitely draw increased and welcome attention to this unique product.

Personally, the farthest I've ever gone with stout is a small glass of Black Velvet, a spunky dark mixture of Guinness and champagne. The mixture resembles fizzy Guinness, a lighter alternative to the heaviness of straight stout. A Black and Tan, half stout/half beer, resembles a slightly sour stout, in my opinion still the preserve of the stout fans. According to Cascade really adventurous drinkers mix stout with cognac or cider. To each his own.

On the food side, stout goes down well with oysters (the supposed aphrodisiac combo) and the robust taste of game. Perhaps Ogilvy And Mather's next Guinness ads will feature pheasant and stout dinner parties — hopefully bereft of their erstwhile leading man. Homing in on stout's uplifting qualities, we might see a Tom Jones-like feast featuring Kevin Costner and Kim Basinger clones. You will read it here first. — Elisabeth King

ENVY

FAG HAGS

Why do women bend over backwards for poofs?

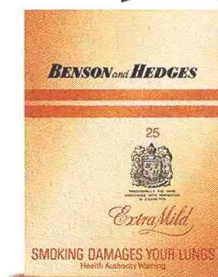
Mae West, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, Bette Midler, Marilyn Monroe, Cher, Kim Basinger, Jerry Hall, Madonna and even Elle McPherson have all been known to prefer gay boys for a

good time. And hetero men have always been known to suffer dire envy over a woman's fag haggery. Threatened by her intimacy with one or more poofers, they whine: "Why do you need to hang round with queers when you can be with *real* men?" This is a cute example of a man trying to communicate, but a woman will always be insulted. Yes, females do get off on the idea of every man on Earth lusting after them, but they also quite fancy the idea of themselves as human beings. Thus the implication that they wouldn't enjoy the company of a bloke who couldn't bonk them brainless is

A large colony of King penguins is shown on a rocky shore. The penguins are densely packed, with many looking towards the camera. They have dark blue-black heads and backs, with bright yellow-orange patches on their chests and necks. The background is a mix of grey rocks and the white underbellies of the penguins.

"The groom seems to have disappeared again..."

"I know."



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sexual. He'll dress like something out of GQ, spend money in a torrent, gush over her every nuance of behavior, have eyes for any spunky men only, quote poetry, worship her new frock and hold animated conversation.

It's a similar relationship to the ones females have with their close girlfriends — gay boys give great gossip, do the bitch scene beautifully and, in their own fashion, are loyal. But they are men, and a girl can confide the Official Boyfriend's latest lunacy to them and get the man's reaction, only uncolored by possessiveness. It's a more objective opinion than hetero men can offer, yet it's the masculine other point of view.

Not only that, women can go out with a gay friend and be unbothered by morons lurching over with crappy pick-up lines. Girlie outings are always interrupted by hordes of hoons saying: "Giddy ladies — all alone are you tonight, then?" And women get to confide sal-

acious details about their past lovers to a man who doesn't flip out and grunt, "Oh, so he was better than me, was he?" Even platonic male hetero mates can't stand hearing that a girl's last boyfriend was better than Mel Gibson on speed. But the gay boys swoon and say, "Tell me more." And if an Adonis saunters by, women don't have to pretend to look fervently into their laps or at the ceiling. Both parties can leer without that hungry look so tackily exhibited by girls alone. There's something especially pleasant about being able to talk with a man and know for a fact he isn't having lewd fantasies about coming all over your face.

We really are quite flattered when we're called fag hags. And there's something about a man squirming with envy that brings out the Messalina in a woman. She was, you may recall, the Roman Empress who used to masturbate while her male slaves were being strangled in front of her. What bliss! — Jean Norman

SLOTH

CALYPSO CRUISING

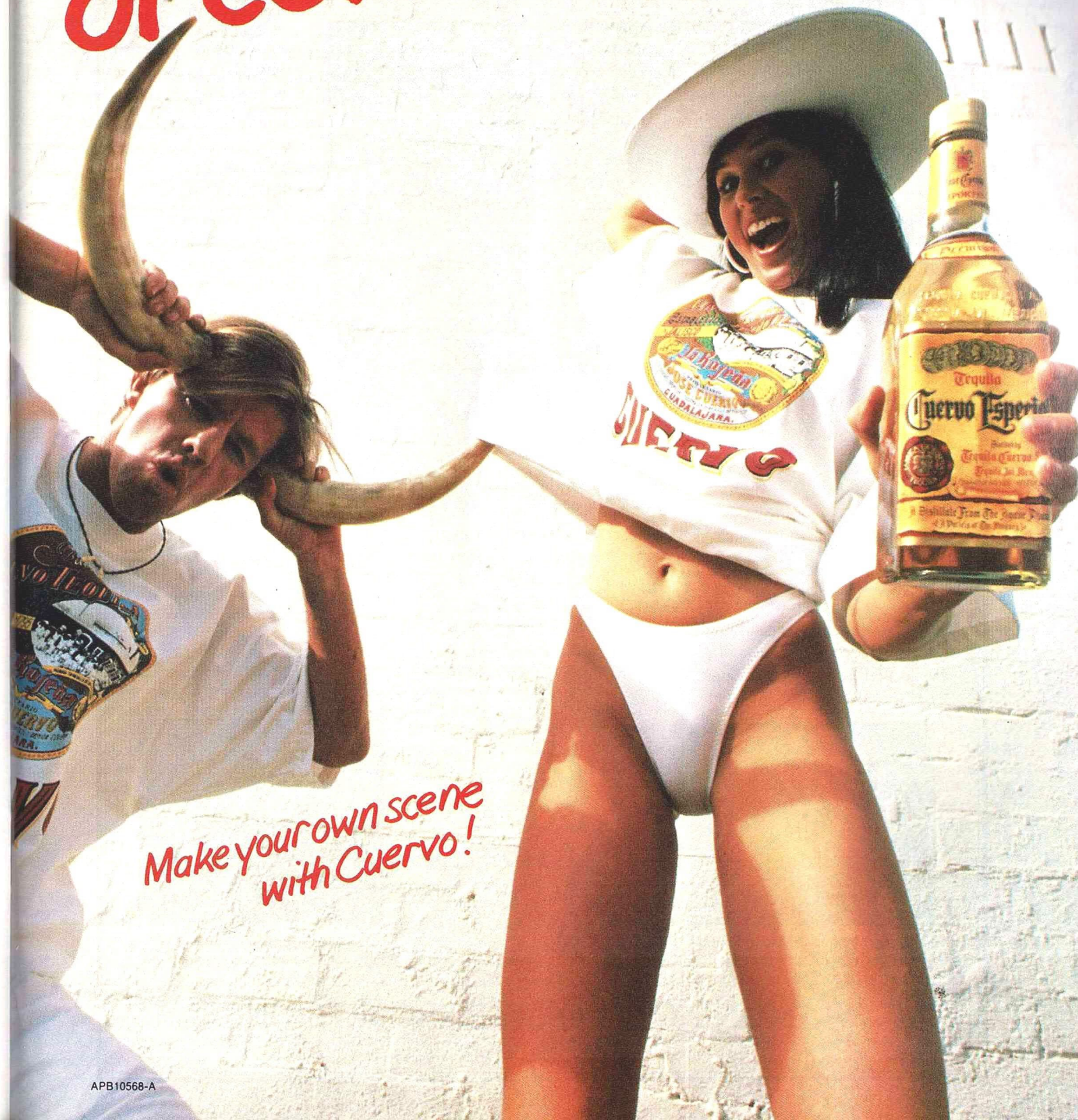
Roaming the Caribb takes you through Heaven and Hell

A visit to the Caribbean is a bit like fronting up for an interview with Jerry Lee Lewis. Certain things aren't to be brought up. You're sup-

posed to talk about paradise, not about being hassled for tips by people who accompany you, uninvited, to the top of historic viewpoints and proceed to deliver a lacklustre monologue.

The loose-limbed "Hey mon" brigade aren't always amusing, they are frequently menacing. Poverty sits restlessly beside multi-million dollar yachts and the pleasure palaces of the rich. But just as you don't really worry about the implications of Jerry Lee's marriage to 13-year-old Myra when you're toe-tapping to "Great Balls Of Fire," the Caribbean manages to hang on to its lush mystique in spite of the fraying at the edges of the dream.

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infuriating.

Cynicism aside, there are some terrible dangers associated with fag haggery. Some females become so enamored with the nebulous adoration offered by homosexuals that they shy off hetero men (and liaisons with them) totally. They turn into pseudo-transsexuals in their pathetic attempts to retain their toy boy's worship. They're trying to evade the issue and probably really just need a good fuck — although I know that sounds terrible, especially coming from a woman.

The other pitfall — and this has happened to more girls than you would dream of — is when a girl falls in love/lust with a homosexual. A female trying to seduce a gay guy into the sack is not a pretty sight. He may be sort of in love with her, but in the same way that he's in love with his mother, the Virgin Mary and Doris Day. It will never happen, although he may play games and hint that it could. For

some women it becomes the ultimate challenge because no other man is so unattainable.

There are also certain homosexual guys who vomit at the sight of a female. They look nervously away from us as the bile rises in their hoary throats. They're bristly, leathery-up, moustachioed, macho-styled misogynist creeps, and they call females "fish." Others are screaming queens who consider real girls drab compared with transsexuals, whom they see as the epitome of femininity.

But somewhere in the middle of the bridge of sighs connecting the two is the perfect poofter — a woman's best friend. Smart girls always have at least one of these up their sleeve. (Smart men should realise that the gay boy relieves them of the pressure to be all things, all men — to one woman.) When a female needs an escort to make someone jealous she'll choose a homo-

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Sins

Our Caribbean cruise began in Fort Lauderdale and the first island stop was the Bahamas. The natives will tell you that it's better in the Bahamas and they are right. Nassau is the classic colonial mix of Greek Revival buildings, tropical beaches, aquamarine waters, steel drums and gambling.

The ship lets you off at Rawson Square, once the site of the busy Straw Market. Across Bay Street is a statue of Queen Victoria as a young woman, majestic pink and white colonial buildings and the beginning of a long walk of duty-free shops specialising in luxury goods. The Queen's Staircase, a steep line of steps carved out by slave labor almost two centuries ago, leads up to Fort Fincastle. The most quoted reason for going there is to view the fabulous panorama of downtown Nassau.

If shopping and trumped-up curiosities aren't too appealing, the waters around the Bahamas offer incredible visibility, coral reefs and spectacular tropical fish. Most hotel beaches offer equipment for hire and diving trips. Hot tips are Rose Island Reefs, the wreck of the Mahoney and Goulding Cay Reefs.

Saint Croix (pronounced Saint Croy) is the largest of the US Virgin Islands and for the most part subsidised by funds from the US. A tour guide took us past Miracle Mile — "One morning there was nothing and before we knew it there was McDonalds, Burger King and Kentucky Fried Chicken — it was a miracle." The ship docks at Frederiksted and the best plan is to make straight for Whim Great House, a superb plantation house.

Cruzan Rum, thought by many to be the best rum in the world, is worth the stop at the completely tourist-oriented distillery. Take a bottle down to Sandy Point, one of the Caribbean's best beaches, or snorkel off the north side of the island at Cane Beach.

If you're taking your girlfriend on the cruise, don't get off at St

Thomas, also in the Virgin Islands. This is the discount capital of the Caribbean and engagement rings will cost you only 25 percent of Australian prices. No excuses now.

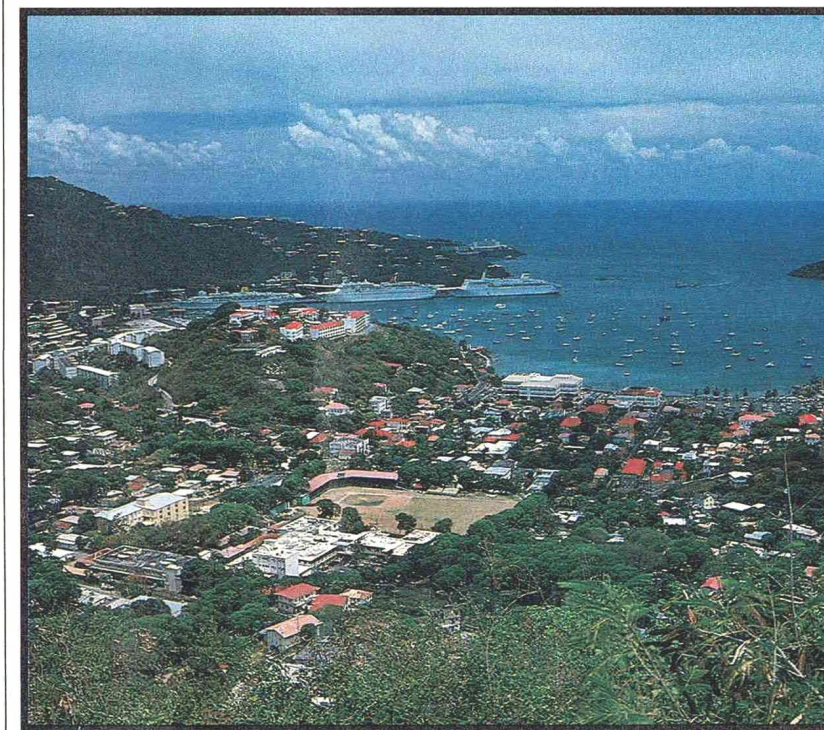
Better to make straight for Mogens Bay Beach, named by *National Geographic* magazine as one of the ten best beaches

Rose Hall, built in 1770, is the main attraction. Meticulously restored, it was once the home of Annie Palmer, the White Witch of Jamaica, and the tour is a catalogue of this tiny woman's misdemeanors.

Down at the public market the air is constantly perfumed by the whiff of ganja, primarily

franked Hell. The finest dive shop on the island is located at Parrots Landing, a quaint Cayman structure that also houses sunbeds, picnic tables, volleyball courts and some of the best shallow reef diving.

The last stop on our itinerary was Cozumel, a Mexican island



**Left: The
Virgin Islands
town of St
Thomas —
discount
capital of the
Caribbean
and no place
to take your
girlfriend.**

in the world. Unfortunately, most subscribers seem to have read this issue and will be crowding out the picnic tables, showers, restaurants, snorkelling and boat rentals. Nearby Hall Beach has escaped media attention and remains a favorite with boaters and surfers who enjoy rougher waters. Mountain Top, 1500 feet above the island capital of Charlotte Amalie, is the official birthplace of the banana daiquiri. On the way back down, you can catch a glimpse of Bluebeard's castle, more legend than fact.

There's an underlying current of aggression in Jamaica that makes it unique. Montego Bay, or Mo Bay as the locals call it, is a mixture of corrugated iron shanties, high security hotels and T-shirt sellers who make you feel that their families won't eat for a week if you don't buy at least one of their offerings.

emanating from the "higglers" (street merchants). A healthier peek at the island can be had at Martha Brae, a 35-kilometre long river tailor-made for rafting. Montego Bay also sports terrific beaches — Doctor's Cove, Walter Fletcher and Cornwall Beaches.

Grand Cayman has a sterile air, largely due to its recent and huge success as a tax haven. Ten minutes sightseeing should wrap things up here.

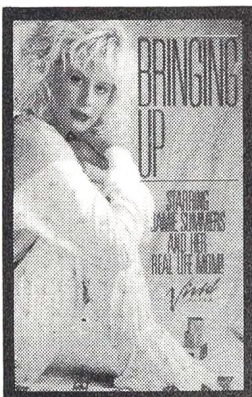
Not so with the surrounding waters which offer some of the best scuba-diving opportunities in the Caribbean. Seven Mile Beach is the place to aim for, or continue north straight to Hell, a small district of oddly shaped rock formations made up of limestone shells and the remains of a shallow reef that grew in shallow water. The site has its own post office where you can send your postcards

20 kilometres from the mainland. Once known as the Caribbean's best secret, the whisper is well and truly out.

Formerly the home of the Mayan fertility goddess Ix-Chel, the island is covered by Mayan ruins, some of whom pass themselves off as tour guides. For the less historically minded, the western side of the island is lined with classically perfect coves of the tropical paradise variety. Cozumel still conveys that seductive Mariachi air.

For further information on this and other Caribbean cruises contact P&O/Sitmar Princess Cruises or pick up a brochure at your local travel agent. Princess Cruises are promoted as a package with Continental Airlines. It's a good idea to use the Continental Airlines ticket as a base for a US holiday after the cruise ends. — Elisabeth King

BRAT - BB 390



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ANAL - BB 392

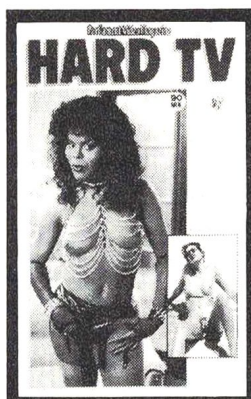


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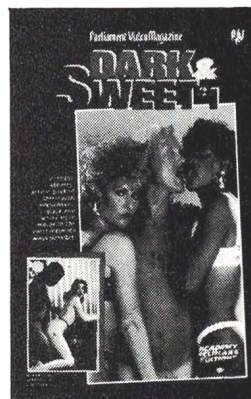
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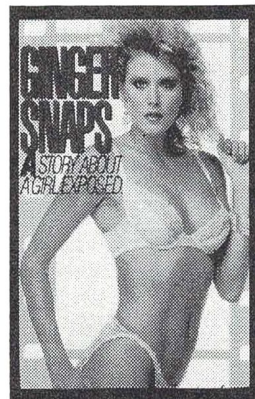
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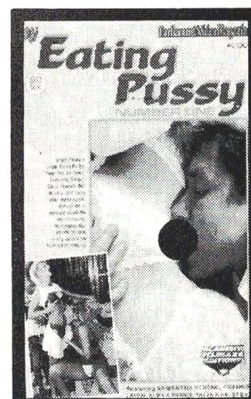


BB 382



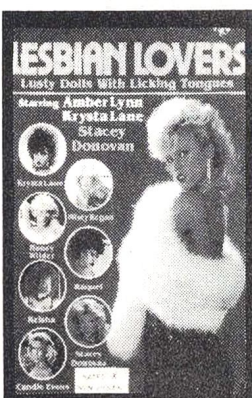
Super Head II & Tops & Bottoms

BB 384



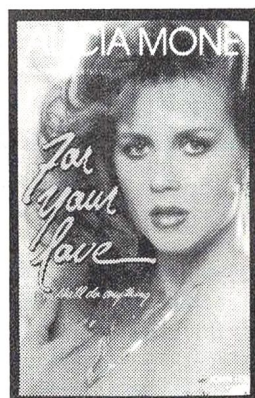
Eating Pussy & Shaved #1

LESBIAN - BB 398



Lesbian Lovers I & Lesbian Lovers II

HETERO - BB 400

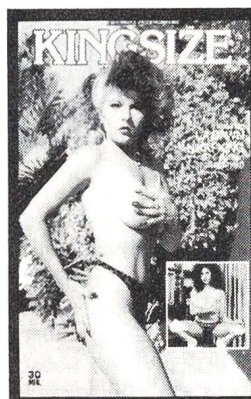


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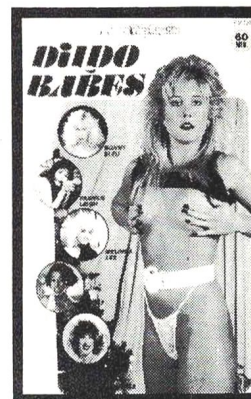


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ELECTRICITY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL MAYOR

When you work for an all-girl dance troupe called "Electricity" life is seldom if ever boring. Sparks fly when sizzling 21-year-old Samantha turns up the voltage on stage. "We use every form of dance from belly-dancing to ballet. It may look easy, but it's not. One routine can take weeks to perfect."

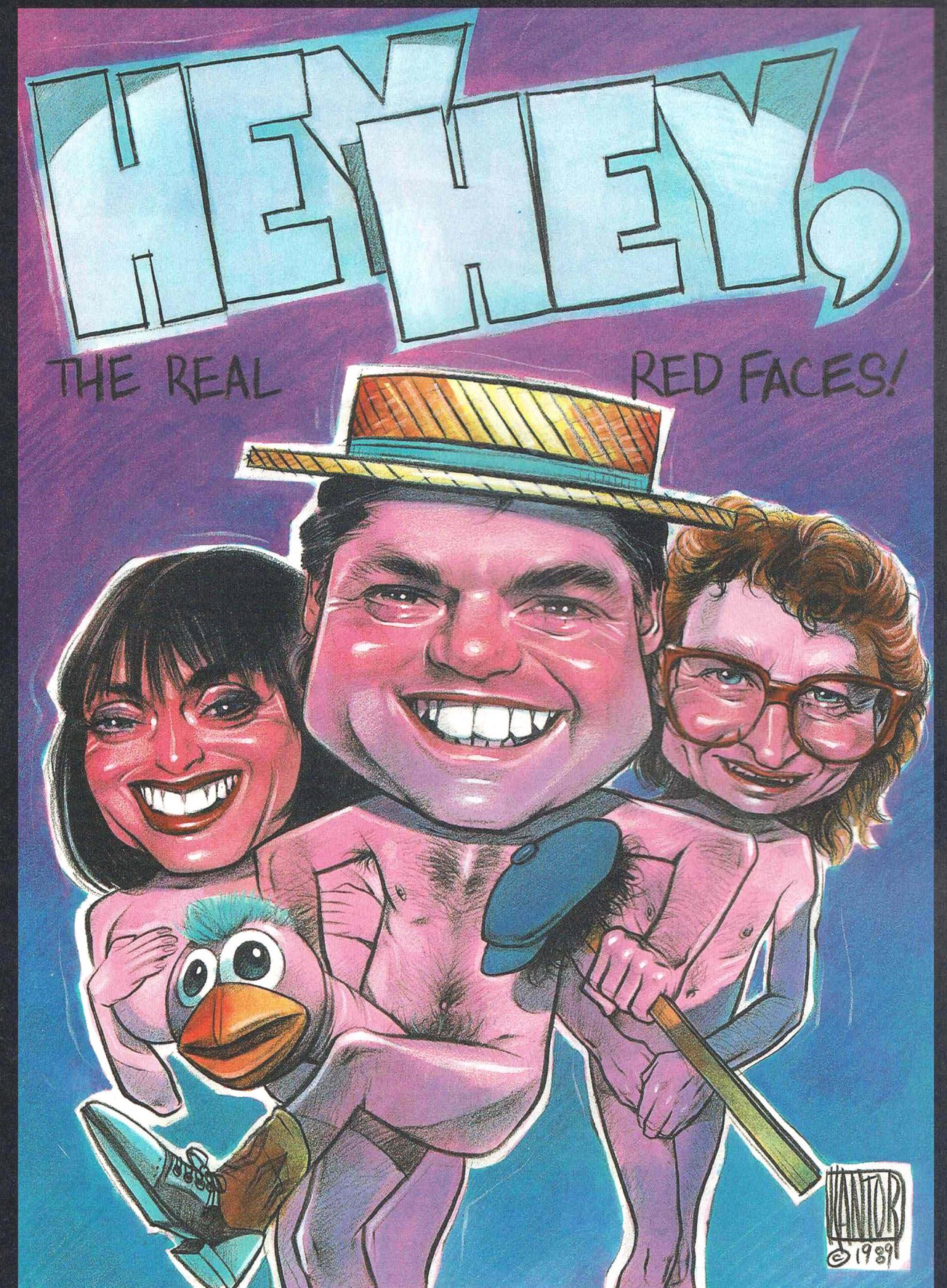


It wasn't a huge transition from stage to page. "I work with my body all the time so I'm not shy about it," says Sam. "In fact, I love the feeling of nakedness." So would a lot of men if Samantha was the naked one in question.





Samantha intends to use her dazzling footwork to sidestep into the film industry. As with so many uninhibited and beautiful girls, the actor factor is the big motivation. Sam's got plenty of guts and determination; a little bit of luck could see her through.



KANTOR'S GALLERY

t r o u b l e d WATERS

Possibly within 20 years from now, and certainly in 40, the rich will buy "free range" fish and the rest of us will make do with "battery" fish: flaccid, fatty fish bred and raised on a sea farm. Fishermen won't be

opment money, because if these farms could replace the sea farms, industry could resume pouring its shit into the sea. Also, the land farms would almost totally eliminate the role of capricious Nature.

How many fish are left in our seas?

rough, horny-handed sons of the sea. Instead of flannelette check shirts they'll wear lab coats; they'll carry clipboards and know exactly how many fish, and in what range of species, will hit the market in twelve months' time.

In relatively clean places, like Tasmania or parts of South-East Asia, whole bays will be fenced off and divided into pens. These farms will thrive as long as the politics of food outweigh the power of industry. Land-based fish farms will attract a lot of devel-

Temperature, salinity, turbidity and so on can all be controlled if you're turning the tap; regulating the South Tasman Sea would be a little harder.

There will still be sea-going fisherfolk. Mostly they will catch stuff like krill or fast-growing fish like mackerel or small tuna, which will be turned into meal for the fish farms. And there will still be real fishermen using big boats and trawling for whatever turns up in their net. But their numbers will be cut in half, and they will be so controlled

BY P.D. JACK

ILLUSTRATION BY IAIN MCKELLAR



WATERS

by rules and regulations that any resemblance to the fiercely independent piscatorial pirate of today will be long gone.

Off the Pacific coast of Canada there are now fisheries which are open for only 20 minutes a month. Such restrictions will become more commonplace everywhere. However, restrictions on the open sea won't have been written without much anguish and military huffing and puffing. Britain put the Royal Navy to sea to protect British trawlers in the so-called "cod war" of the Seventies; the Royal Australian Navy regularly patrols our northern waters hunting down Indonesian fish and shell poachers. Some time before the end of this century, shots will be exchanged between one fishing boat or naval vessel and another over the rights to haul a net or shoot a line.

Out on the open ocean, the fishfight has already begun in earnest. On Christmas Eve, 1988 pole boats owned by Port Lincoln's Lukin family were on to a school of tuna when, the Lukins allege, the *Maria Louisa* shot a purse seine around the school and readied to steal the whole catch. Two of the Lukin boats, over the net, were ordered to drop anchor, an action not designed to do any good to the \$250,000 net. The skipper and a deckie on the *Maria Louisa* then fired rifles at the bow of one Lukin boat and at the anchor line of the other.

During the same tuna season off our south-eastern coast, semi-reliable gossip has it, a number of Australian fishermen added to their equipment by appropriating apparently unidentified floating beacons which — *surprise surprise* — had hooked and baited lines attached and, sometimes, fish as well; the fish may or may not have been removed. "We couldn't get our own lines down," one fisherman recalled. "We'd go out to the grounds and there were 50 bloody Japanese long-liners out there. There was no room for us."

Competition for what is fallaciously seen as an unlimited resource is becoming more intense, resulting in increased intervention from government, often involving international negotiations.

Just because men have been fishing for millenia does not mean we can go on doing so. It didn't take 17th Century civilisation long to destroy the dodo; and Australian civilisation hasn't done too bad a job on our freshwater fisheries.

In 1944-45, the NSW Government recorded a catch of 89,099 lbs of Murray cod or trout from the Murray, Darling, Lachlan and Murrumbidgee Rivers. By 1970-71, a bumper year for the NSW inland fishery, thanks to the introduction of gill-netting, the Murray cod catch was down to 15,986 lbs, due to, said Fisheries, "climatic conditions." By 1980, two-thirds of the fresh-

water catch was the European carp, an introduced species.

Above the bar of the Tumut RSL Club hang several mounted cod heads: huge things, representing 100 lbs of fish. The trophies are engraved with the dates of capture: always in the Forties and Fifties. There are none from recent years. As Murray cod take decades to reach a decent size, it's likely to be well into the next century before we see any more old river monsters — if we see any at all. Murray cod (as do our other freshwater fish) like rivers filled with old trees, rivers that flood, rivers that aren't filled with chemical run-off or European carp or floating salvinia.

In NSW, the authorities have bowed to the inevitable. There are, at present, around 80 or 90 licensed commercial fisherman operating in the inland waters. No new licences will be issued and those now in issue are not transferable; the right

6
Some marine biologists say the southern bluefin has been fished to such an extent that its life as a species is threatened

7
to take commercial quantities of freshwater fish will die with these fishermen. Fish buyers of next century are therefore unlikely to see any of these fish, caught in the wild, in shop windows.

Most Australian fisheries are now limited entry fisheries: that is, new licences aren't issued but those that are in existence can be transferred. Also, in an attempt to redress what is now seen as the mistaken policy of letting the fishermen work it out for themselves, some fisheries are being reduced by various licence reduction schemes.

For instance, in the Northern Prawn Fishery (the Gulf of Carpentaria), the industry is co-operating with the Commonwealth Government to buy back prawning licences. There are 233 boats now operating — not all of them successfully. The aim is to cut down to 165 boats endorsed for the fishery by 1993.

The South-East Trawl fishery — from Barrenjoey lighthouse at Sydney around to Kangaroo Island in South Australia and down around Tasmania — has been divided into units of fishing effort. This is not a quota on the catch system, but a

quota on the catching equipment. A 30-metre trawler equipped with so much horsepower will require more units than a 20-metre trawler.

Despite the panoply of regulations, there is some doubt as to whether the SE Trawl is a well-managed fishery. At best it is a holding operation, slowing the destruction rather than eliminating it. "We have to go farther and farther for fish," says big Mario Puglisi, who with his brothers operates two big trawlers out of the South Coast town of Ulladulla. "It's got worse in the last four or five years," he says, speaking from 29 years' experience.

Mario is helping — perhaps "advising" would be a better word — his brothers and nephews to repair a net which had been ripped by that morning's trawl. "You shoot the sandy bottom, you get nothing. We have to shoot rougher and rougher ground," he explains.

He had just unloaded 107 boxes of fish from his boat. That's \$5000-\$10,000 worth, depending on the species break-up; but more likely the lower figure, as among the boxes of fine-looking John Dory there were boxes of the evil-looking, aptly-named rat-tail, which the trawlermen sell for a few bob to the local long-liners.

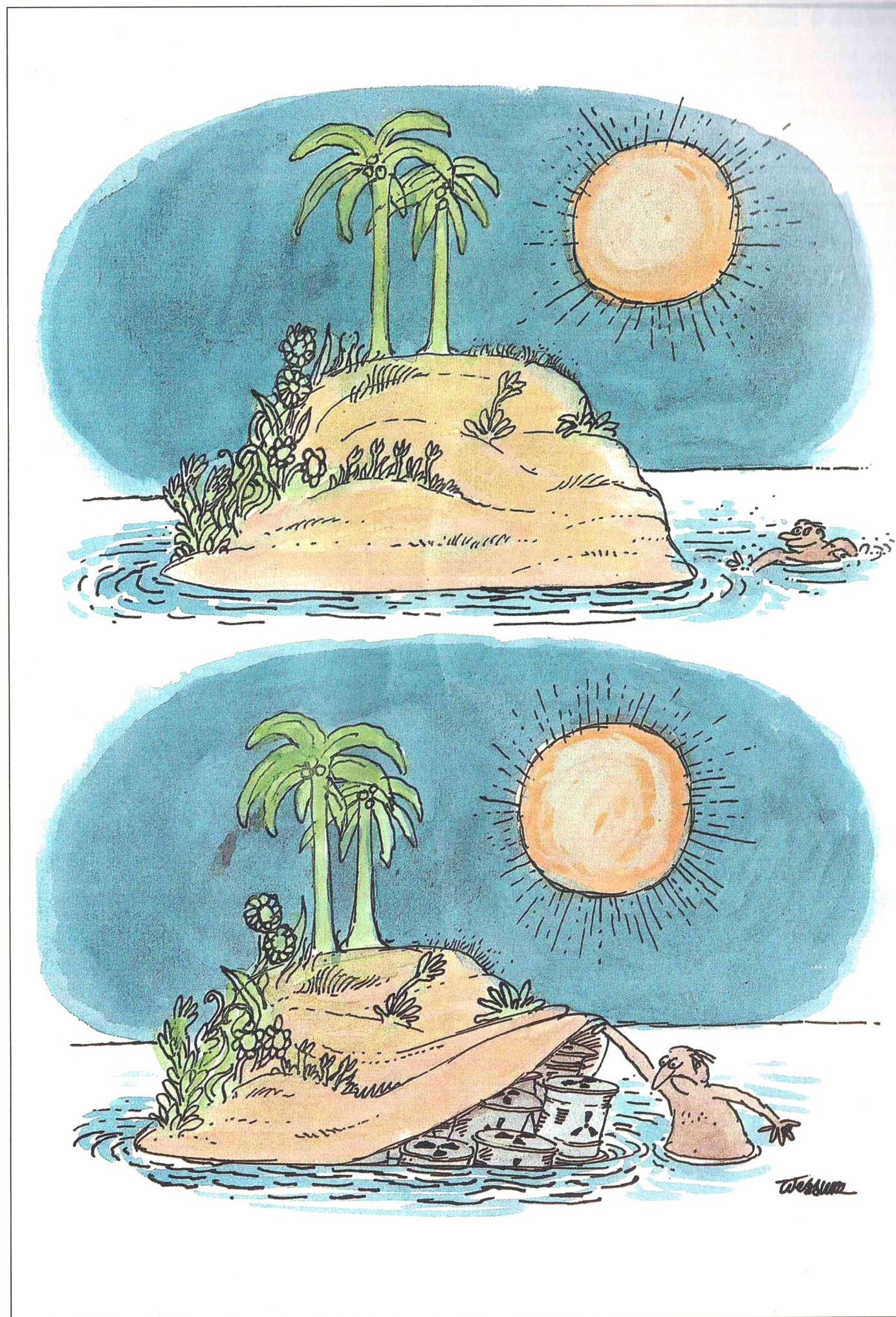
"So we shoot the rocky bottom and some days get lucky . . . and some days" — he points to the men tying off the new net section to the headline with two half hitches every hand span — "and some days you rip your gear."

Another man is grumbling good-naturedly: "Every day we come in early and every day we're still here at five, six o'clock." Ripped nets, it seems, are regular; which is why the modern trawlers are rigged with two.

When Mario Puglisi talks about the catches getting harder to come by, he's talking about an area of some 570 kilometres of coastline. He fishes from Port Stephens in the north to Gabo Island in the south. This would probably be the most heavily commercially fished area in Australia. So it could be seen as a harbinger of things to come. It is not being fished out; it's just that fish are harder to come by.

Fish are such prolific breeders they can't be completely fished out. Fish are not like, for example, birds, which can be fairly effectively blasted out of an area. A bird lays two or three eggs, a fish two or three million. Of course, the sea is full of creatures that eat fish eggs, others that eat fingerlings, and yet others that eat the grown fish. Mrs Fish just has to drop a few hundred thousand eggs if she wants to give her offspring a good chance of reaching adulthood.

Man, of course, is the least of the fishes' worries. For every trawler out there dragging a net 80 metres wide across the seabed there are thousands of fish hunting for schools of smaller fish to eat. Thus, to some extent, the heavy pressure on the big predators, like the southern



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bluefin and other tuna, can be seen as good news for the fans of bream, John Dory and other trawl fish. Which leads to the question: what the blazes is going on out there?

The longtime professionals admit that while their total catch may be just as big as ever, the species in the catch have changed; and their fishing grounds have moved — to farther out, to deeper water and dirtier bottoms. The markets are swamped with new fish: ling, blue grenadier, gemfish, orange roughy. But the fish of the Forties and Fifties — the bream, perch, and so on — make up less of the total catch; and the old trawling grounds have not recovered.

Meanwhile, the big predator fish have been disappearing as fast as you can say: "Six slices of sashimi, thanks Sugimoto-San." The graph of the southern bluefin tuna catch looks like Thredbo's High Noon ski slope: from a peak of 81,000 tonnes in 1961 to 25,000 in 1987, less in 1988, and probably less again, if any, in 1989.

The cannery at Eden used to deal with fish caught nearby — some boats need not have ever ventured out of Twofold Bay for their tuna. Today, Australian boats are lucky to supply a quarter of the cannery's needs.

David Bateman, Heinz's manager at Eden, is competing on the world market to buy fish caught by giant purse seiners in the waters way north of New Guinea. In 1988, three Australian purse seiners and eight pole boats supplied the Eden cannery with 1500 tonnes over the four month season. In late 1989, when *Penthouse* visited Eden, Mr Bateman had just farewelled the US purse seiner *Western Pacific*, which had sold a cargo of 780 tonnes, mostly yellowfin tuna, caught in Micronesia; that is, half the Australian catch from just one boat.

Some marine biologists say the southern bluefin has been fished to such an extent that its life as a species is threatened. They are calling for a total ban for two or three years to let the stock replenish. The tuna boat men, not surprisingly, disagree, although they do admit the catches are way down on the peak years.

Now, if the big fish that eat the little fish have been wiped out, what's happening to the little fish? It would be fair to assume that the little fish ought to be making a comeback. The fishermen say no. But fishermen, despite their sometimes strong claims to the contrary, do not know everything. And so we must turn to the bureaucrats.

Naturally, getting an answer to the question: "How many fish are there in the sea?" was not going to be easy. But you wouldn't expect any trouble getting

figures on how many fish are being caught from the sea. For years, both NSW and Queensland published records of the landings by commercial fishermen. Victoria, for some reason, didn't. All states supplied the Australian Bureau of Statistics with data to enable it to come up with a pretty rough estimate of the total Australian catch.

However, in 1981, Malcolm Fraser's razor gang decided the ABS was costing too much money and the ABS told the states to count their own fish, starting in 1984-85. This was the end of published fishing statistics, at least for the eastern states.

A weary-voiced public servant from the NSW Fisheries Information Service (since renamed "Lack of Information Service") explained that it was taking time to get the bugs out of the computer system. He was unable to say when fishing statistics would be available. Five years? Ten? Who

The saga of statistics is a paradigm of the approach to fisheries: it is half-baked, underfunded, mistrusted and sometimes mismanaged

knows?

Both Queensland and Victoria had their new-fangled data collection programmes up and running by the end of 1989, having spent considerable effort in doing so. As the director of the Victorian Fisheries Division, Wayne Chamley, wryly observed: "Fish production data is a cornerstone of management."

Yes indeed. What if, say, a greenie comes along and says that trawlers and purse seiners are destroying the finny environment and a trawlerman wishes to defend his vocation? Can he quote chapter and verse? No. All he can do is deck the critic with a well-swung block and tackle.

No doubt there are those who would see conspiracy in the fact that the eastern states stopped publishing fishery production figures at around the same time; and that this coincided with, as the fishermen have noted, a decline in the traditional trawl catch — and with voices of concern, from greenies and amateur fishermen, who were suggesting that if the "rape" of the seas continued, piscivores would be left with nought but South

African fish fingers and sild sardines.

As a scenario, it does have legs. And now, the answer to the question: Are some fish species disappearing? *Ta-ra, drum roll* ... then the lights go out and the answer card is stolen; so, instead, up pops a politician who says: "No, they aren't. Trust me. I'm well informed — and piss off those troublemakers who don't believe me."

But as Mungo MacCallum observed many years ago: if given a choice between conspiracy and cock-up, go for the cock-up and you'll be right every time.

Just as fish don't worry much about politicians, the politicians don't worry too much about fish. The whale and the dolphin, maybe, because they're cuddly and are in the newspapers — and no voter makes a quid out of killing them anyway.

And in the hierarchy of the public service, Fisheries is ... where? In Victoria, resource management is the responsibility of a division of the Department of Conservation, Forests and Land (which is a pretty odd conglomeration anyway) and marketing is looked after by Agricultural and Rural Affairs. Queensland has just set up an independent authority to oversee management and privatised the old Fish Board by selling it to a Raptis family company.

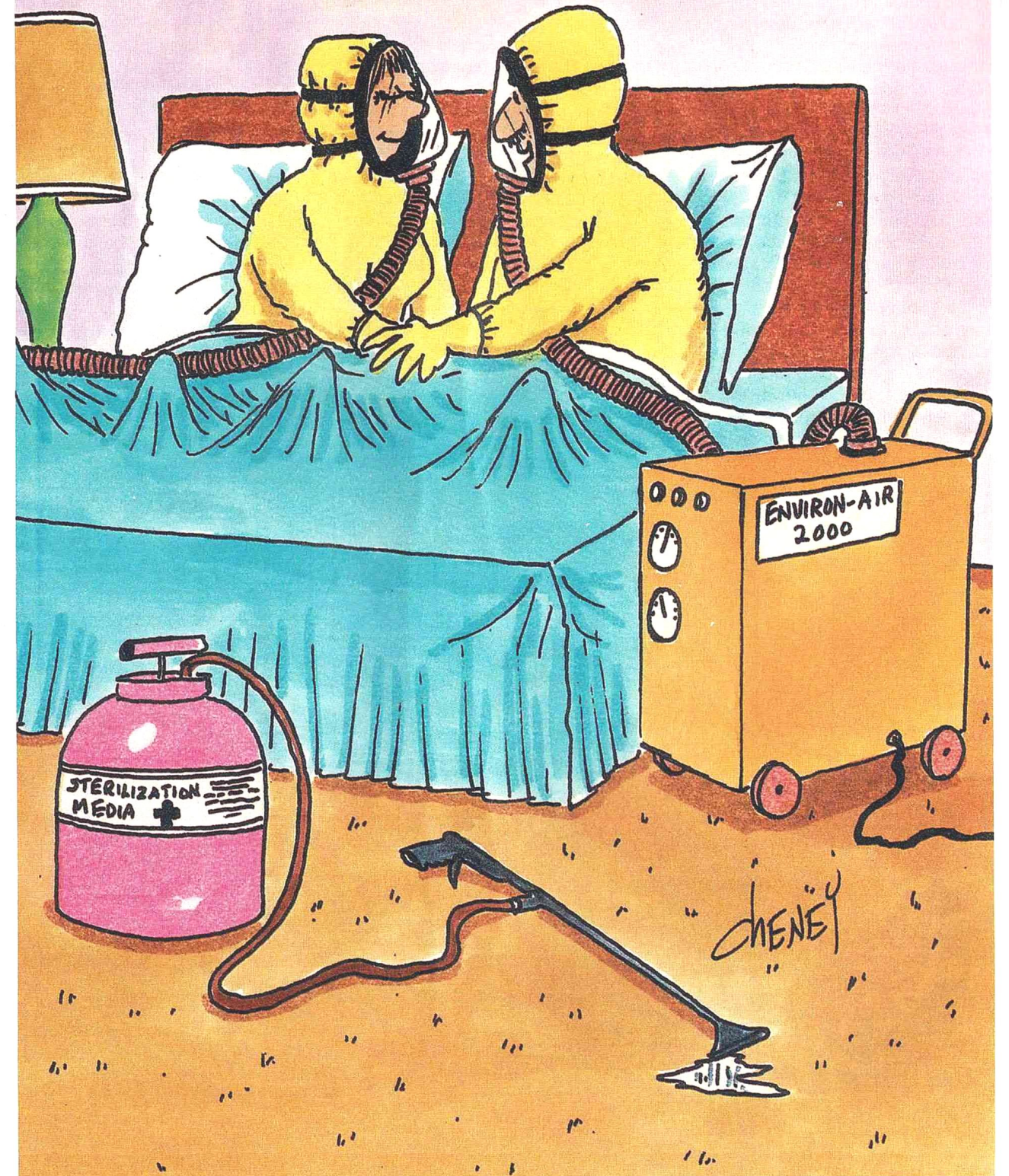
NSW shoved Fisheries away into the much bigger Department of Agriculture in 1983, put a rural agronomist in charge and did away with comprehensive public reporting. The annual report it produces these days is a joke, a scant two pages smothered by details on wheat rust and photos of orchards. A breakdown of expenditure reveals that a blight in strawberries is considered as about as important as fisheries.

The funny thing is, there are figures. Every commercial fisherman is obliged to fill in the details of his catch and send them to his state fisheries office — a "Form 49" they call them in NSW. Many of these have been upgraded to full-on log books. The Commonwealth Fisheries hope to be able to give interested parties a shot by shot, species by species, fart by belch description of every day at sea. (Some of the boat owners have, of course, different ideas.)

Terrific. There's this vast panoply of fish experts in that angler's paradise, Canberra, going on about CPUEs (catch per unit of effort) and ITQs (individual transferable quotas), and yet you can't get any figures to compare how many fish were caught last year with how many were caught in the Sixties and Seventies.

In NSW, for example, the Form 49s have just been piling up, uncollected, year after year, while they developed the software to produce the sophisticated data needed in the Eighties to manage fish resources. A two-dollar foolscap pad and pencil are not, apparently, sufficient.

Penthouse has been assured by someone in the Commonwealth bureaucracy that there's no need to worry, the boys in the Australian Fisheries Service



"Was it safe for you, too?"

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keep tabs on things and they have assured him that there have been no awful trends developed since fishery statistics were subsumed by Operation Oyster — that is, tell the public nothing.

Fine . . . if you trust 'em. The trouble is, the fishermen regard public servants with the same respect they accord goatfish, jelly blubbers and other nuisances of the sea. But the saga of the statistics is a paradigm of the approach to fisheries: it is half-baked, underfunded, mistrusted and sometimes mismanaged.

Yet the fisheries bureaucrats have been responsible for some marvellous things. The orange roughy fishery, for instance, which has made some fishermen millionaires overnight, was developed largely by the bureaucrats sending out research vessels to plumb the depths.

The West Australian rock lobster fishery is a very well managed resource where price is virtually the only variable. Thanks to the research of marine biologists, the WA Fisheries can predict the likely catch up to four years in advance.

Concerted action by government and the industry saved the Gulf prawn fishery from becoming a bigger graveyard of broken dreams and bankrupt fisherfolk than it is; and nobody needs reminding what government intervention has done

for abalone divers: it's turned them into millionaires.

Dennis Watson is one of NSW's 45 licensed ab divers. He bought his first licence for \$2. That's worth half a million today, because someone would pay that much to spend their time fossicking about the sea floor three or four days a week in return for a hundred grand a year.

Watson attributes the ab divers' privileged position to political nous and, when necessary, to unity. He also has a product the Japanese will pay dearly for and, just as importantly, a fairly small number of divers in the industry. And while he doesn't always agree with the details of regulations, Watson agrees with the key to the ab divers' success: control. Also, the divers themselves have a big say in what those controls are. The divers' policy, he says, when the dreaded bureaucrats get things wrong, is to "give 'em heaps."

The maligned bureaucrats also get "heaps" from other fishermen, but rarely are the other fishermen all rowing in the one direction. Many, in fact, have contrary aims. The most efficient fishermen are also the most unpopular: the gill netters and purse seiners. The gill nets are banned from all but a few minor fisheries and there is a continuing debate over the purse seiners.

The economic rationalists — usually identified with the Canberra bureaucrats and big fishing families — point to the effi-

cacy of 40-metre plus boats that use satellite spectrophotometry, spotter planes and sophisticated sonar, and sweep the ocean floor with football-field sized nets or wrap entire schools of fish in a mile of net.

This is efficient fishing. There are crews working shifts so the fishing can be endless. There are vast freezers so the boats can stay at sea for weeks, thereby saving expensive fuel. Fish can be landed in vaster quantities and more cheaply, giving consumers regular and cheap supplies of low-fat high-protein nutrition.

"And what happens to Eden, and Bermagui and all the little fishing towns?" asks Gary Hamer, fisheries advisor to the NSW Minister for Agriculture. "Such fishing is 'efficient' if the benefits are shared by those disadvantaged by it. But what benefit did our South Coast operators get from the South Australian fishermen converting to purse seiners? We didn't have a bluefin tuna season last year because the big boats from the south got the fish first."

Hamer indicates that the NSW policy is — at the moment, anyway — against the "economic rationalists" and in favor of the way things are: small boats providing a lot of work to a lot of men. "And if they can't go out because of the weather, that's good — it gives the resource a chance to restock," he says.

Even further opposed to the big boat, big net approach are the recreational fishermen, many of whom also blast the ordinary commercial trawler for taking "all the fish."

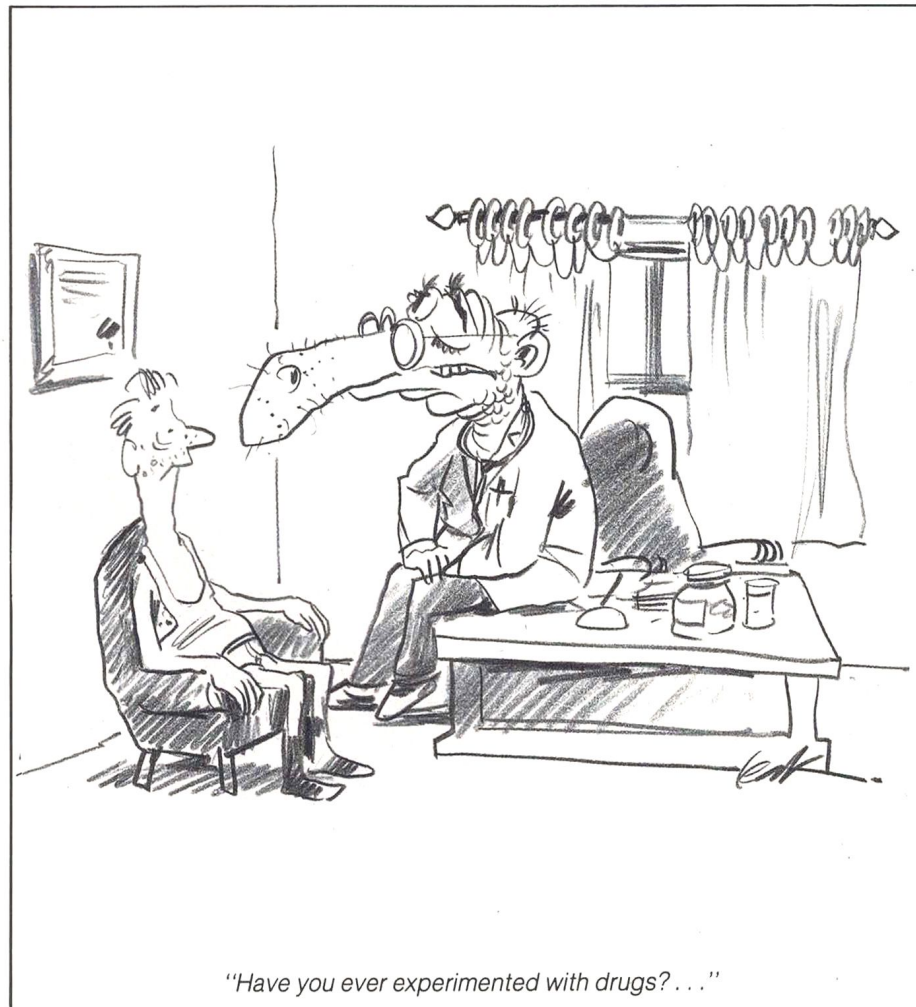
The trawlers do, undoubtedly, catch a lot of fish, which is why professionals have been banned or severely restricted in certain popular holiday spots. But is this always fair? Should I, on my holiday, deprive another bloke of his livelihood?

The damage done by the recreational angler is often not realised by practitioners anyway. Creel surveys of weekend fishermen in popular fishing spots where commercial fishing is allowed have shown the amateurs, as a whole, place just as much, if not more, strain on the fish population as do the professionals.

For instance, a 1980 survey of Tuggerah Lakes, near Sydney, showed that the 40 licensed fishermen had an annual catch of about 300,000 kilos a year and this would be roughly equivalent to the estimated 334,000 fish caught by amateurs.

(By the way, that survey showed the amateurs landed 0.63 fish per fisherman per hour; the pros brought in 7.5 kgs per man per hour. And in another survey of the Wallaga Lake, a long way south of Sydney, where the fishing is better — 1.04 fish per man per hour — half the entire amateur catch was made by less than a tenth of the fishermen.)

A fascinating study of Sydney Harbour done by Gary Henry of NSW Fisheries in



"Have you ever experimented with drugs?..."

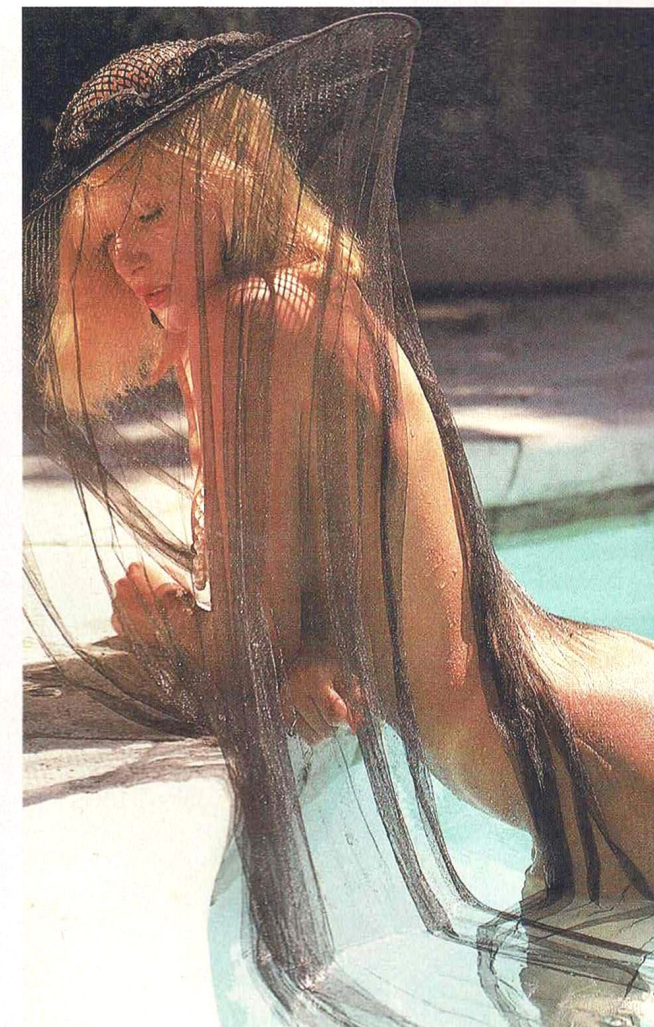
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MATT JOHNSON

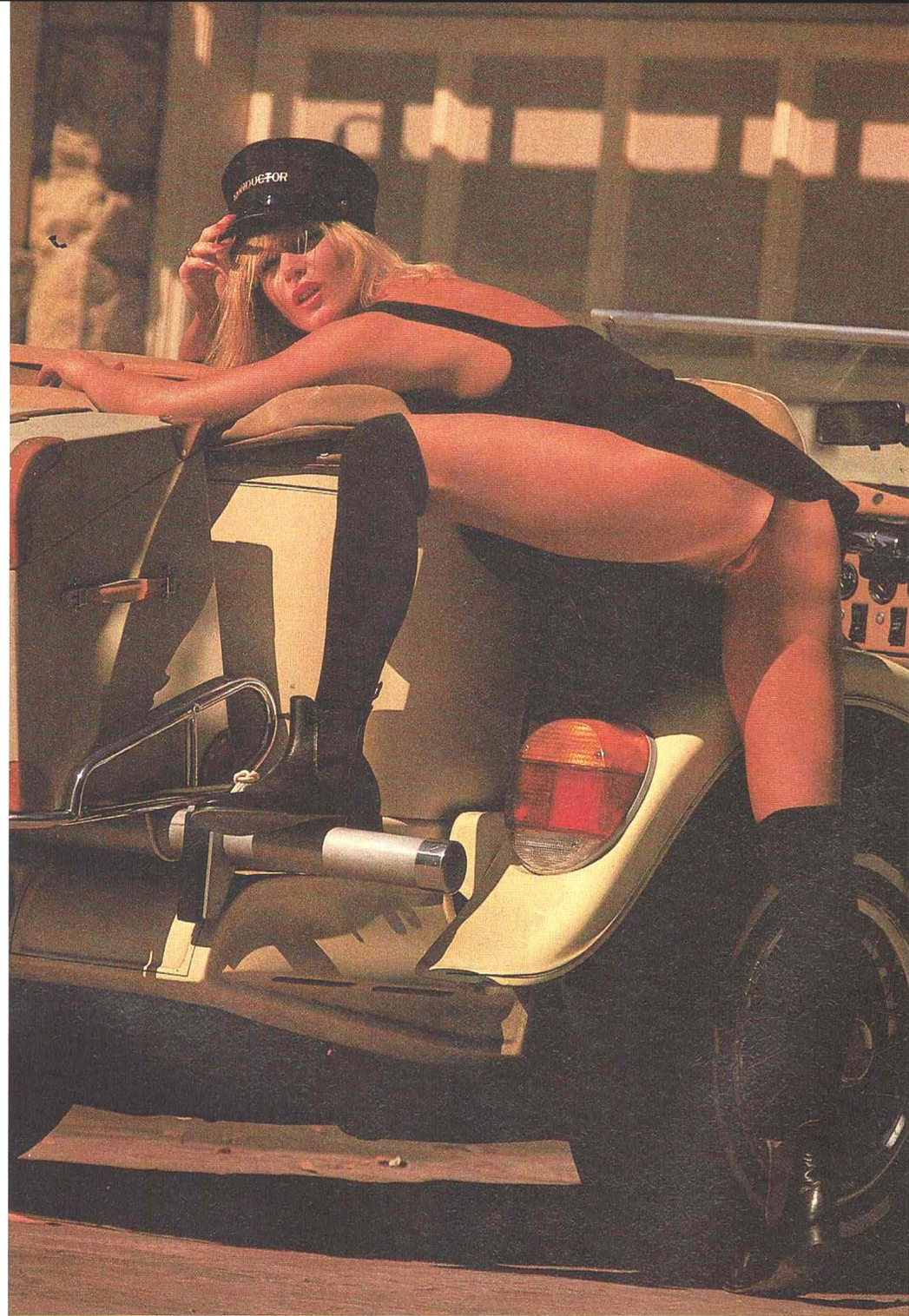
CALLING THE TUNE

With a name like Felicity, the last place you'd expect to find this shy 23-year-old would be up on stage behind a microphone. But Felicity can belt out the decibels like a runaway train, as well as playing a pretty mean guitar, in a band called The Harrys. "It's the best band I've ever been in and I'm confident we can really make it," she says with conviction.





"It's funny — I'm very shy around people I don't know and in crowds, but as soon as I get up on stage I'm another person. It's kind of like this energy takes over. It's pure adrenalin. The whole world stops when I'm singing for an audience."







In her spare time Felicity likes to curl up with her man and let their bodies sing a long, slow duet. Her favorite accompaniment to sex is Rene Geyer's version of "This Is A Man's Man's World" — but it wouldn't be nothin' without a woman like Felicity.



CRASH COURSE

MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY

The Toyota Team Australia Celica was flat out in fourth, zinging along a dirt trail at maybe 130 km/h, when things suddenly went ominously quiet. Gravel ceased peppering the car's underbelly. We were spearing skywards, soaring not quite with the eagles, not high enough to get nosebleed, but Up There nevertheless.

The landing was not graceful; more a jarring, untidy belly flop. The cabin filled with dust. Alongside, in the co-driver's (or navigator's) seat, Nick Senior swore loudly and grabbed his neck. "I'm putting a massage on your room service bill tonight," he howled.

My concern, though, was for the health of the car. That had been an arse-splitter of a touchdown. It's all over, I figured.

But it wasn't. The wheels kept turning, the suspension went up and down, and the Celica steered like it always did. The only extra noise was Senior bleating about his aching neck. It was the third day of the world championship Commonwealth Bank Rally Australia. A special stage called "The Pipeline", it was 11.83 kilometres of twisting, leaping, bad-arsed

Do rally drivers have a death wish?

rocky track uncomfortably close to the huge silver water pipe which snakes from Mundaring Weir all the way to Kalgoorlie. Crests followed blind corners. And we'd just discovered one of the crests. Later, the wise

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY THE PROJECT GROUP AND RICHARD WHITFORD



heads looked askance when they learned we'd tackled that last big hump on The Pipeline flat out. But were were only innocents on a magical mystery tour...

The international aces had jetted in a week earlier and had driven over and over the 32 special stages, committing them to memory while noting in their own peculiar rally shorthand every kink in the road, every undulation, every dodgy bit. This is the process of "pace noting." We arrived three days before the event, checked out three special stages and made cursory observations like: "Watch Out For The Tree Stump" or "Bit Rough Here." All rather pathetic upon reflection.

It was dawning on us that we were way out of our depth. We had been naive or stupid in accepting Toyota Team Australia's offer to drive in an event of this stature.

This was no local paper chase. This was the *world championship*, conducted by the nabobs of the *Federation Internationale du Sport l'Automobile* to a myriad of inflexible rules. This was Big Time. Bathurst had the Tooheys 1000, Adelaide the grand prix, and now Western Australia had grabbed the rally.

Rally Australia had attracted a large quota of fevered flying Finns, and mad-eyed Italians, and youthful Swedes whose surface innocence camouflaged apparent death wishes, and speed-besotted through frighteningly efficient Teutons, and the fearless grandsons of Japanese kamikazes, and crazy Kiwis. And of course the Aussie guns: Ross Dunkerton, Greg Carr, Wayne Bell...

One other thing of significance: neither Senior nor yours truly had ever competed in a rally before, let alone one of this lofty status. I'd done stuff like Bathurst and the Wynns Safari, but Senior, poor little babe, was a motor sporting neophyte.

Our mount was solid enough, but hardly a hi-tech purpose-built rally machine. It was, in truth, a one-time press test Celica, bog standard save special rally shock absorbers and springs, a sump guard, the mandatory safety equipment and a pretty paint job.

We were among the pros, the best in the world. Blokes who drove for a living and blokes who navigated for a living. The internationals, which comprised more than half the field, had mindnumbing logistical and financial support matched only by the free-spenders of grand prix racing.

Toyota Team Europe arrived with 32 personnel, having requested workshop space in Perth to house 800 tyres and 400 wheels, 50 large boxes of spares. The team also brought its own pair of turbo-charged four-wheel-drive Celica GT4 rally blasters — numbers 1 and 3 — and three fully-equipped Hi Ace vans. Additionally, it requested Toyota Australia to supply the

RALLYING ROUND THE FLAG



Greg Carr, Australia's best rally driver, is on course to become our first world champion

BY ERNIE VAN VEEN

If Greg Carr lived in Europe he would be a household name. Simple as that. But he lives in an ordinary townhouse in suburban Canberra and holds down an ordinary job. He doesn't even have a car alarm.

However, Australia's three-times National Rally Champion is hoping to change all that. Greg Carr wants to do for Australian rallying what Wayne Gardner has done for motorcycle racing in this country — he wants to be world champion. And he's got the skill, experience and dedication to go right ahead and do it.

Carr has been winning rallies since 1972, when he took his Mk1 Cortina to victory against the all-conquering Datsuns in an ACT Championship round. Over the next couple of years Carr's performance with Nissan semi-works cars helped him make a name for himself in what was then a very popular form of Australian motorsport.

Ford Australia, not wishing to leave

following: two practice cars, three Camry sedans, three Lexcen wagons, four Camry wagons, five Dyna trucks, two Hi Ace vans, four 4wd Corollas, one mobile home, and one light plane. The plane was the only item the team didn't get.

An extra 300 tyres were air freighted in just before the event after Pirelli produced a special batch more suited to work on the slippery ball-bearing gravel that character-

Nissan and Holden with the lion's share of the glory in rallying, asked Colin Bond to pick a talented driver and head a two-car, full-works factory team. While Bond may or may not have hesitated to turn his back on his success with the Holden Toranas, his obvious choice for second team driver was Greg Carr.

Carr's relationship with Ford was a rewarding one for both parties. Carr won the Australian Rally Championship in 1978, won the Castrol International Rally a record six times (twice in a Datsun), and conquered overseas stars like 1980 and '84 world champions, Ari Vatanen and Stig Bomqvist, not to mention local heroes Peter Janson, George Fury, Peter Brock, and Carr's own team leader, Colin Bond.

After three successful years with the Ford team, Carr's racing career nearly came to an end, as did those of many other drivers. In 1980, the withdrawal from rallying of the three major manufacturers, Holden, Ford and Nissan, left the sport floundering — and it rapidly became a backwater in Australian motor-racing.

Some drivers, like Brock and Fury, had already made their mark in touring cars, and focussed their energies in that area. But for drivers like Carr, there was only rallying, and the frustration of watching their sport deteriorate to a few of the boys "bashing old cars around the bush."

But Carr's love of rallying never waned, and he kept on going and kept on winning — or almost winning. In 1986 he and his team bought an Alfa Romeo GTV6, an unlikely mount, to run in the Australian Championships. "The car had been doing well on the pavement in Europe," says Carr. "But hadn't shown any form on gravel as yet. I figured that with a few modifications we could be competitive."

Carr's team used 1986 as a development year for the Alfa, preparing for a full assault in '87.

The following year he pitted his two-wheel-drive, normally-aspirated Alfa against the might of the 4WD, turbo-charged Mazdas and Subarus. In spite of the vehicular handicap, he showed rally goers just why he'd been so successful in the past, putting in some very convincing performances in the Alfa to win the Australian Rally Championship for the second time.

A year later, in 1988, Mitsubishi capitalised on Carr's success, offering a factory-supported, turbo-charged (but 2WD) Starion to contest the championship. Not

dunces. It was like feeding caviar to pigs. It would not be smart to crash on the first stage.

Of the 59 cars in Rally Oz, we were seeded 41, an unrealistically high starting slot considering our inexperience and the standard nature of our mechanical horse. Senior and I reasoned, with no false modesty, that a seeding of 59 would have been more appropriate. One more thing:

for the first time Carr strutted his stuff in a car that wasn't up to standard, and once again the championship went down to the wire. For no apparent reason, halfway through the final round, the Starion stalled in a creek and couldn't be restarted for five minutes. Carr lost the round, and the championship, by less than two minutes.

In 1989 there were no worries about the title being lost in the last round, or competing in a sub-standard car. The reason for this was simple — Carr had bought the best, fastest and most expensive rally car in the country: a semi-works, 2-litre, turbo-charged, 4WD Lancia Delta Integrale.

But this time Carr didn't buy the Lancia just to contest the Australian Championship. For almost two decades he had been at the forefront of Australian rallying, winning almost everything worth winning in this country, including three National Titles. It had cost him a lot of money and a lot of time away from his family, and there were many rewarding moments. But he didn't need another Australian title.

Carr bought the Lancia to help answer a question that's been niggling at the back of his mind for the past ten years or so: *Am I good enough to be world champion?*

Carr has faced world champions before, both at home and away, and some of the champions have come out the worse for wear.

His first real exposure to the realm of world championship rallying came in 1979, when Ford Great Britain offered Carr and long-time friend and navigator, Fred Gocentas, the chance to drive a works Escort RS in the prestigious RAC Rally in England.

That year's RAC Rally was unusual for two reasons. The first was that it proved to be the largest spectator event in Great Britain for the entire year. The second was that it had drawn well over 20 of the world's top-seeded drivers and works teams — and very few of them failed to finish.

Carr and Gocentas placed tenth, one position behind the current world champion, and with ten full-works teams behind them. It was a performance that drew the attention of many factory bosses, and with a little pushing Carr and Gocentas may have been able to wangle a full-time position with one of those factory teams. But both men felt they had too many commitments back home to take the risk. It was a decision both men regret.

Now Carr wants another chance to be

the first Australian to win the World Rally Championship. He admits that his Lancia is far from world championship material in its current form, but the aim is not to use it to win the World Championship, just to use it to get him there.

Until 1989 the only way an Aussie driver could ever attract the attention of the major rally teams was to live and race overseas — much like Wayne Gardner did in Great Britain before breaking into the world championship circus. But now there is an intermediate stage Australians can use to attract the notice of the major teams, and even race against them, without moving to Europe — the Asia-Pacific Rally Championship. This is where Carr intends to put the Lancia to the test.

The level of racing in the Asia-Pacific Rally Championship is much more competitive than in Australia. All the major manufacturers (and some of the not-so-major ones) have second-string, full-works vehicles being driven by some of the world's leading drivers. While it may not match the pace of the world championship, it comes very close — close enough to run the Australian and New Zealand rounds of both championships together.

So far, Carr has had two chances to test himself and the Lancia against the best in both championships. At the Indonesian round of the '89 Asia-Pacific Rally Championships, in front of two million spec-



tators, he had just taken over the lead from the works Ralliart Gallant when he was forced to retire with an engine out of oil due to a torn hose. Carr was disappointed, but humorously philosophical: "... As they say in Finland, if you can't win, make sure you go out while leading."

One of the lessons the team is now quickly learning is the delicate art of extracting huge amounts of money from incredibly wealthy organisations. Carr rec-

ognises the importance of good promotion, and he feels there is plenty of money out there.

"There are heaps of drivers with good cars and sponsorship that aren't doing much with them. In the final analysis, what I've got to show them is that I can do better," he says.

Later in the year he contested the Rally Australia in Perth, designated a round of the world championships for the first time. With about eight sets of tyres, a privately-owned car and limited spares, Carr's team was starting with somewhat of a handicap. They had also hoped to receive a new central diff to replace the suspect one on the car, but the pilot's dispute meant they saw neither hide nor hair of it.

Carr decided to race anyway, hoping the diff would hold out. Unfortunately, while he was running seventh, and picking up the pace to head for fifth, the over-worked diff called it a day.

In spite of the disappointment of not finishing, the result was encouraging. Carr was the leading privateer up until the demise of the diff. And against a strong field of 19 of the world's top-seeded drivers there were only five full-works teams and one semi-works team in front of him, and he was gaining on them.

Team manager Caroline O'Shanessy was full of praise for Carr's performance. "We've always known Greg is a truly world class driver," she said. "But we were surprised at how much faster he was than some of the works drivers. Only the top four world championship drivers were consistently faster."

O'Shanessy's appraisal of Greg Carr's driving ability is supported by the man most capable of commenting, Carr's former navigator of 12 years, Fred Gocentas. Gocentas has navigated for some of the best drivers in Australia and the world, including Peter Brock, Colin Bond, Andrew Cowan and currently for Japanese driver Kenjiro Shinozuka in the works Mitsubishi Gallant.

Gocentas has always maintained that "Greg is the best driver in Australia", and also rates him very highly in terms of competing for the world crown. "You need world standard competition to help you get over the mental block that you can't go faster. Greg would need about two years experience at the top level to develop the new techniques required to drive the super-fast works cars. But I'm confident that he could win it." O—

missing the proper stage start. He was immediately excluded, just like that. "Sorry, fella. Home you go to Honkers. Have a nice day now." The officials of FISA take no prisoners.

Back at the Sheraton, and pondering the 1800 kilometres ahead, Senior and I figured we were in deep *merde* without pace notes. Enter Greg Carr. He and navigator Iain Stewart had spent a week running over the course. Two thick spiral notebooks full of notes were testimony to their preparedness.

A deal was done. Every page of the two notebooks was photocopied. And we had pace notes. More to the point, we had dozens of pages of apparently meaningless hieroglyphics. Carr, bemused by our amateurism, patiently sat down with Senior, explaining that 6L meant an almost straight kink to the left, that 3R was a 90 degree right-hander, and so on.

And thus we went world championship rallying with borrowed pace notes, going quietly at first but then picking up the pace as our confidence in Carr's handiwork grew.

Carr's system was simple. He "graded" corners in order of severity from 1 (most severe) to 6. Crests, particularly blind crests, were emphasised, bad spots — cautions — highlighted. After half a dozen stages I came to appreciate and rely on Carr's gradings. Using pace notes, say those who know, reduces stage times by about 15 percent. I believe it. Confidence in the notes enables a driver to go flat chat over a blind crest, knowing or at least believing that the track doesn't perhaps immediately swing hard left on to a narrow bridge on t'other side.

The navigator's role is the tough one. He must ignore the prospect of Armageddon, ignore the fact that at any moment the car may suddenly lurch off into the scenery. The mind must focus on the need to keep the calls coming. He must speak with clarity; screaming is not helpful. And a late call to the driver when a nasty piece of road is coming up fast could see the car suddenly re-arranging trees.

That the gent on my left, hitherto a rally greenhorn, managed to concentrate on his job through all kinds of automotive gymnastics earned my respect and eternal gratitude. Perhaps his worst moment came when he discovered the pocket calculator he'd thoughtfully brought along to work out average speeds was solar-powered and consequently less than effective during after-dark stages.

The onset of darkness brought a further problem on Saturday evening when smoke began pouring from the spotlight fusebox mounted in front of Senior. Fearful of becoming a mobile barbecue, we hurriedly switched off the long-range spots and tippytoed into control using only the

regular headlights. Ahead lay two stages, one a 30km piece of business called Beraking, described as winding through a pine plantation, fast flowing but narrow in parts. Good illumination would be essential to survival.

There could not have been a more welcome sight than that of our support crew waiting for us just before the start. With only a minute or two to spare, they quickly traced the problem — a loose fuse — and fixed it. And we laughed hysterically and motored on. Beraking proved to be our most satisfying special stage performance, helped by an outpouring of relief which had us prepared to believe in Santa and the Tooth Fairy if not Christianity.

With a mixture of caution and fortune, car 41 remained largely on the beaten tracks through days one, two and three. Each night we noted the list of survivors had shrunk. Sadly, our benefactor Carr

I kept
the boot down,
hoping it might grip
and claw its way
back on to
the track

was a casualty, and Dunkerton too. And the visitors Jorge Recalde, Ingvar Carlsson, Sepp Haider and Franz Wittman.

At the head of the pack, the majestic Finn Kankkunen was in front of Swedish teammate Eriksson, the pair luxuriating in the Celica GT4's estimated 450 horsepower and the traction that four-wheel-drive offered. The rival Lancias, Mazdas, Mitsubishi's, Subarus and Vauxhalls had been blown out of the forests.

Our Celica, front-wheel drive and with relatively modest power of 138 neddies, was no match for the four-wheel-drive grunTERS on the rough and sandy stuff. But show it some faster, flowing, smoother stages and it was surprisingly quick and agile. Unfortunately, there were too few like these and too many rocky or boggy stages where the Celica literally dragged its belly along the terrain.

As well, without previous experience to draw on, we were unsure how hard we could punish the Celica. We became increasingly adventurous as it became obvious that it was a tough critter. All in a day's work, we bounced it off earthen

banks, fell into holes, leaped off crests, slammed into sandtraps... and it kept on boogieing.

The final day. Time for a review of the battle plan here. We concluded that this was not the time for heroics. Sanity should prevail, along with a more conservative, no-risks doctrine. Steady as she goes over the final seven special stages. We wanted to get to the finish.

I was uptight. Too uptight, I reckon. I took the first stage of the day too quietly. The second one, longer and more open, suited the Celica and I felt looser, more relaxed. We gassed along nicely until dust, the rally man's curse, fouled us up near the end of the 28km stage, just when it seemed we were heading for a respectable time. Travelling blind, we (I) miscued, overshooting a hard left, miraculously without making contact with anything solid.

Right near the end, thousands of spectators gathered to watch the cars speed out of the forest. "Right 4," screamed Senior through the intercom. I swung hard and the Celica began drifting sideways on the loose gravel. The dreaded ball bearings. Sliding, sliding. Sideways on to the grass verge. I kept the boot down, hoping it might grip and claw its way back on to the track.

Go easy on the final day, eh, Cupcake? By now I could feel the bucking Celica's Dunlops trying to dig in and flip us over. We were still sliding madly, making a rapid beeline for the pine trees. Decision time. I hauled left, and hit the brakes hard. When we stopped, we could have reached out and patted the trees. The crowd loved it; the occupants of car 41 didn't.

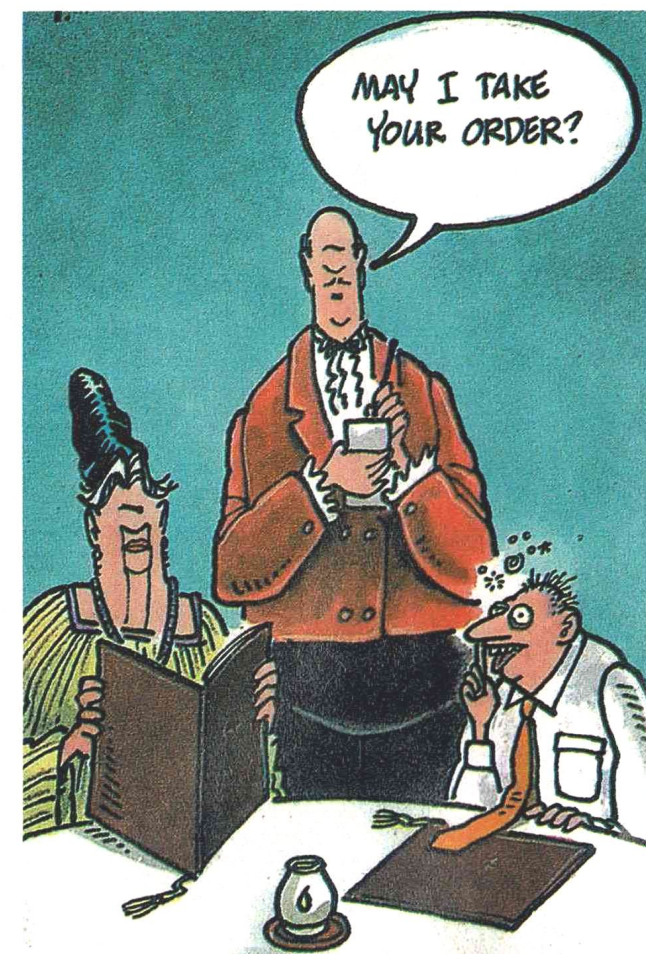
Days later, we learned Carr had fired off on this same corner the previous year. This info didn't come with the pace notes. The rest of the final day was comparatively tame. Yes, it would be nice to reach the finish, Senior reminded me pointedly and regularly. And we did. The gods are crazy.

Kankkunen and co-driver Juha Piironen won Australia's first-ever world championship rally by 1min 07secs, from Eriksson and Staffan Parmander. The big one-two for Toyota and the first win for the Celica GT4. A demoralised Markku Alen was third in his Lancia Integrale.

The pleasant surprise came with the announcement of the Manufacturer's Award. First place, Toyota, represented by Kankkunen/Piironen, Eriksson/Parmander and... McKay/Senior.

We had finished third in our class, were the seventh-placed local crew home, and 24th outright or, to put it another way, somewhere between delight and ecstasy. The muddled but unbowed Celica was bodily and mechanically unblemished, save the rear mudflaps and front plastic bib spoiler, bits of which gradually disappeared as the rally unfolded.

More importantly, its occupants were both in one piece. 



Catch

"Damn, I forgot to put the garbage out!" Ordinarily that sort of comment would be unlikely to cause an argument, but Sue said it when she was in the middle of having sex. It tended to throw Brian a little off his stride, although to his credit he recovered quickly and succeeded where a lesser man might have been totally deflated. But he was not pleased, and said so, which in turn annoyed Sue. The result was they didn't speak to each other for three days.

I've used this example in numerous talks on sexuality, both to women-only and mixed sex groups, and it always produces a reaction. There is usually some woman in the group who has a similar story to tell: suddenly noticing mould on the ceiling, remembering a dental appointment, starting to talk about

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BY DR SANDRA PERTOT

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



financial problems, and so on. What is interesting is that women can't understand why their partners get so upset about it, and the men can't understand how any woman can possibly think of such things during what is meant to be a total mind/body experience.

This is just one of many examples where the sexes can differ in the way they think and behave sexually. In fact, differences in sexuality between men and women are the bread-and-butter subject matter for clinical psychologists. Will males and females ever understand each other's sexuality?

The trouble is, men and women are each approaching sexuality from different points of view, both in terms of their biology and the way they are raised. Because of this, many couples come for sexual counselling when there is really nothing wrong with either of them — but the differences between them are causing all sorts of trouble and sometimes bringing them to the brink of divorce.

Jeff complained that Anne never seemed to feel like sex, although often, once they did get started, she would enjoy it. Allan was particularly hurt that although Barbara seemed to want sex as much as he did, she was never the one to start it. These women, for their part, felt their partners put too much emphasis on sex — that other things were more important.

How does it happen that women often seem to be less interested in sex than men? Is she frigid? Is he a sex maniac?

It seems to result from a combination of factors. Our society discourages both little boys and little girls from exploring their bodies, and particularly from experimenting with masturbation. Then, at puberty, males *automatically* experience sexual arousal, erection, and ejaculation, which is usually associated with a feeling of pleasure. By contrast, females begin to ovulate and menstruate, which, as any female will tell you, is *not* associated with pleasurable feelings. While they may notice vague sexual stirrings, they do not automatically experience arousal and orgasm.

Also, the male sexual apparatus is large and obvious, and it doesn't take the average male too long to work out that he can make these nice feelings happen whenever he wants. Masturbation becomes a sort of hobby for most adolescent males. The female sexual apparatus is small and hidden, nothing obvious is happening to give her any clues, so it isn't as easy for her to discover masturbation. As a result, in a society where masturbation is still generally disapproved of, most females either don't masturbate at all, or if they do, only infrequently.

Now, masturbation has a very important role to play in sexual development. It is a

bit like a sexual exercise. It exercises the body physically, helping to develop the sex drive. Just as importantly, it helps the mind to develop sexually. What do young boys think about while they are stimulating their penises? Their maths homework? Obviously not. They're focussing on some tantalising sexual fantasy.

This gives men a decided advantage over women. It trains them to enjoy thinking about sex, it helps them to build sexual arousal by fantasy and to anticipate sexual activity, and it makes it easier for them to focus on pleasurable sexual feelings with a partner. As a result, women are generally more easily distracted during sexual activity, which helps to explain why Sue could suddenly think about putting the garbage out during intercourse.

For the same reason, Jeff is likely to think much more about sex during the day than Anne is. So he's already way ahead of her when he tries to get her interested.

How can
having an
orgasm be
hard work?
Yet it
is.

From her point of view, his attempts to start sex come from out of the blue, and she needs time to catch up with him. Both Anne and Barbara don't approach their partners for sex because: (a) the thought rarely occurs to them; (b) if they do feel sexy, it's harder for them to ask for sex because of the way they've been brought up; and (c) it is easier for them to ignore any sexual feelings and let them go away.

There is another important factor to take into account when trying to understand why women may be less interested in sex. It's a generalisation, but it seems to hold true for many couples: *Women need to feel good before they can respond sexually, whereas men often seek sex in order to feel good.*

If Anne has had a busy day, if she's feeling tired and a bit hassled, chances are that when Jeff tries to get her interested, she'll respond with irritation. Jeff believes that having sex is a good way to settle down and get a good night's sleep after a hard day; but for Anne, breast and genital stimulation can be very annoying.

There is a very simple reason for this. When women are tired or feeling negative

for any reason, physiologically their ability to become aroused is depressed, and their time to reach orgasm increases. Jeff knows that when Anne is feeling this way, he seems to have to work hard to bring her to climax, but it's nothing like the hard work Anne herself is doing. She has to really concentrate, and it seems to take forever before she gets those nice feelings that let her know she is on her way. When Jeff is tired, though, he's more likely to come quickly, so he can't understand what the problem is with Anne. How can having an orgasm be hard work? Yet it is.

But here's the catch. Sometimes, when he persists despite her initial groans, she slowly becomes interested and eventually responds well. Jeff can't work it out. What on Earth is he supposed to do? Leave her alone as soon as she says no? "But," says Jeff, "that's most of the time. How am I supposed to tell when to continue and when to stop? Sometimes if I keep going she ends up getting really angry, and other times she has a great time."

The easiest answer to this is to reconsider foreplay techniques. Jeff's way of letting Anne know he wanted sex was to cuddle her and begin stroking her breasts — hence the groan of annoyance. On an average night, when he's not too sure of her reaction, he would do better to talk to her, tickle her back, give her a massage. This isn't guaranteed to lead to sexual interest on Anne's part, but it gives her time to be more in tune with her body so that she can let Jeff know whether she's keen to do more or not. Jeff shouldn't persist if it is clear that his attempts to continue are only getting her more annoyed.

Many male clients experience this confusing indecision with their partners and it drives them to distraction, because they don't want to be inconsiderate and force themselves on their partners, nor do they want to give up if there is a chance she might actually be interested. The only way to cope with this is to move slowly and keep your sense of humor.

Jane and Rodney sought counselling because Jane never seemed to have an orgasm, even if she was relaxed and they spent time on various techniques and positions. Rodney felt he was letting her down; Jane thought she must be frigid. It soon became clear, however, that Jane often enjoyed the different things they tried, and sometimes felt a pleasant sort of tingling around the genitals during foreplay. It left her feeling relaxed and contented — and she was surprised to learn that this was an orgasm.

Orgasms can be rated on a scale of one to ten. Books and movies always describe tens, but ones, twos and threes can be very pleasant too. Males also experience this sliding scale of enjoyment, but because they ejaculate "proof" that they have come, they do not get caught up in

Continued on page 120

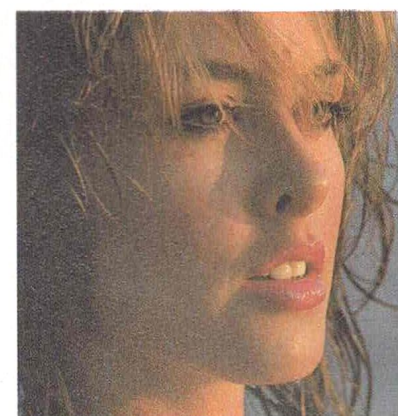


Janet



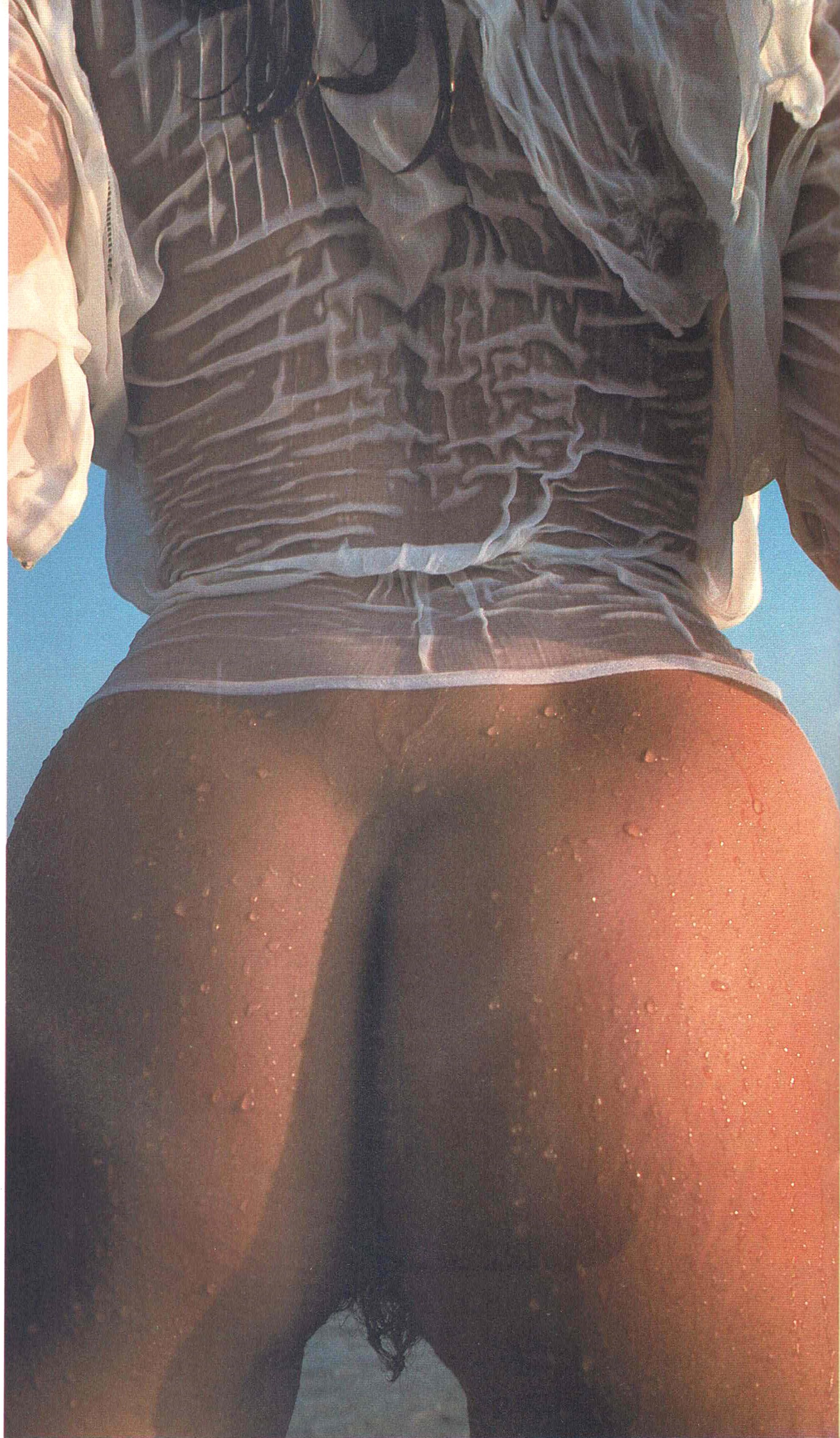
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

Twenty-three year-old Janet Stewart is a girl who approaches life at full throttle. Hell on wheels. A female Jack Nicholson with a body that won't quit. "You only live once and you've got to go for it," Janet enthuses. That's okay by us.



FREE
spirit

Trekking in
Nepal, shooting
white water
rapids by canoe,
cooking damper
over open fires
— all in a day's
fun for Janet.
You'd need to be
a fit man to keep
up with her —
but it would be
worth every
minute.





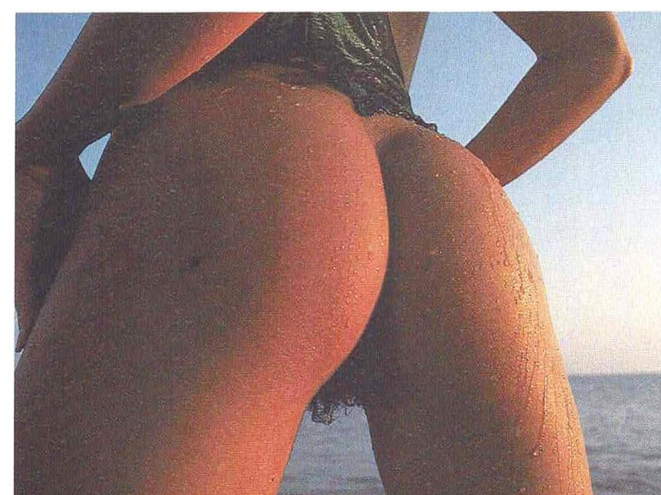
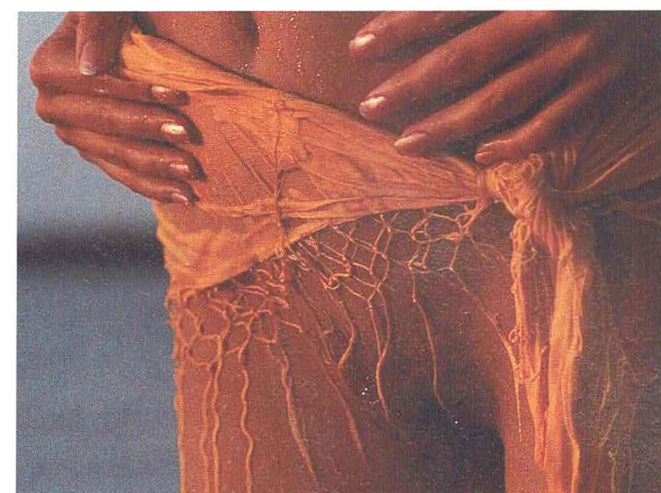
Janet is studying photography at the moment and she definitely doesn't want to shoot flower arrangements. It's got to be action stuff, real people, real places, and plenty of sweat in the atmosphere. There'll be no vaseline in Janet's photographic technique — at least, not on the lens.



Janet likes bushwalking and bodysurfing. "My idea of bliss is finding some sun, a deserted beach and, of course, a Man Friday . . . and Saturday . . . and Sunday. A man who'll obey my every whim." Sounds like a hell of a long weekend.

"I'm a free spirit," Janet insists. "I can't stand being tied down. I can't imagine myself with a house in the suburbs and a tribe of kids. Any man who is with me has to appreciate my independence."





"My ideal man is unpossessive, intelligent and easy-going. My last boyfriend tried to keep me in chains. He was always throwing jealous tantrums. I've learnt my lesson. I want someone who can trust me and encourage me to get on with my life."





BY TONY BOURKE
ARTWORK BY STUDIO DOOR 34

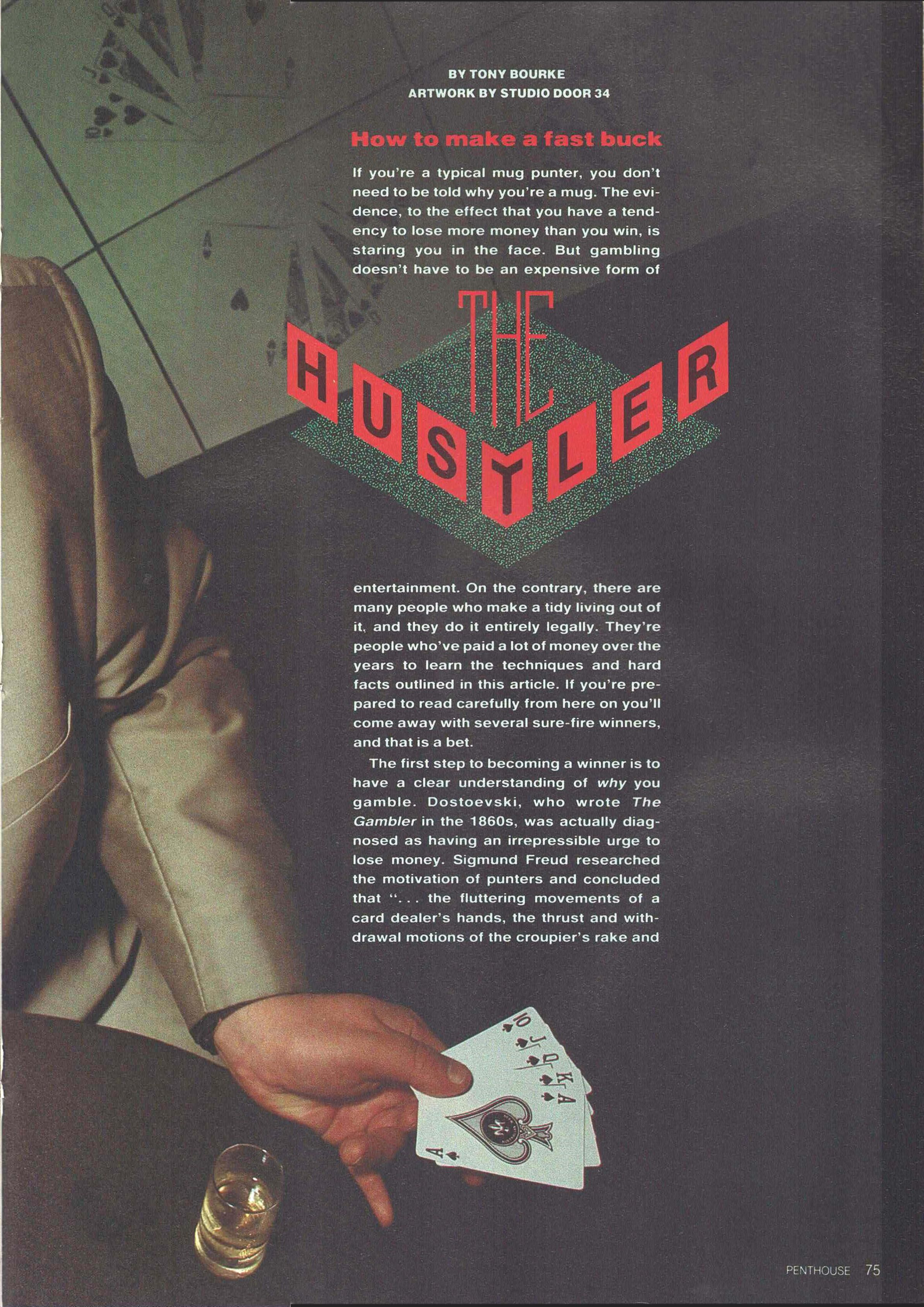
How to make a fast buck

If you're a typical mug punter, you don't need to be told why you're a mug. The evidence, to the effect that you have a tendency to lose more money than you win, is staring you in the face. But gambling doesn't have to be an expensive form of

THE HUSTLER

entertainment. On the contrary, there are many people who make a tidy living out of it, and they do it entirely legally. They're people who've paid a lot of money over the years to learn the techniques and hard facts outlined in this article. If you're prepared to read carefully from here on you'll come away with several sure-fire winners, and that is a bet.

The first step to becoming a winner is to have a clear understanding of *why* you gamble. Dostoevski, who wrote *The Gambler* in the 1860s, was actually diagnosed as having an irrepressible urge to lose money. Sigmund Freud researched the motivation of punters and concluded that "... the fluttering movements of a card dealer's hands, the thrust and withdrawal motions of the croupier's rake and



THE HUSTLER

the shaking of the dice box can all be identified with sublimations of copulation or masturbation." Maybe so for some, but if you were into gambling as a sex substitute you'd have your head stuck in *Best Bets*, not *Penthouse*, and I don't want to bore you.

Boredom — universally recognised by the experts as the major reason why bets are placed. The word "gambling" itself is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "gamenian", meaning to sport or play. It's a diversion. Boredom is the reason bingo halls are filled, casino dayshifts make money and one-armed bandits remain unconvicted. How often have you heard a mug punter say: "I put a hundred through the pokies but it was a good night, good entertainment"? Lesson One: PUNT FOR PROFIT. GAMBLE TO WIN. Any other approach will cost you money. If you're bored, go to the pictures, jump on your girlfriend, shove your money up your nose — but don't gamble.

Lesson Two: Avarice is not called a deadly sin for nothing. GREEDY GAMBLERS LOSE. And that's not a contradiction of Lesson One; what you need to do is punt to win *without* being greedy. Never punt with scared money — money you can't afford to lose — in the hope of getting out of the shit with your next bet.

You cannot buy hope on credit.

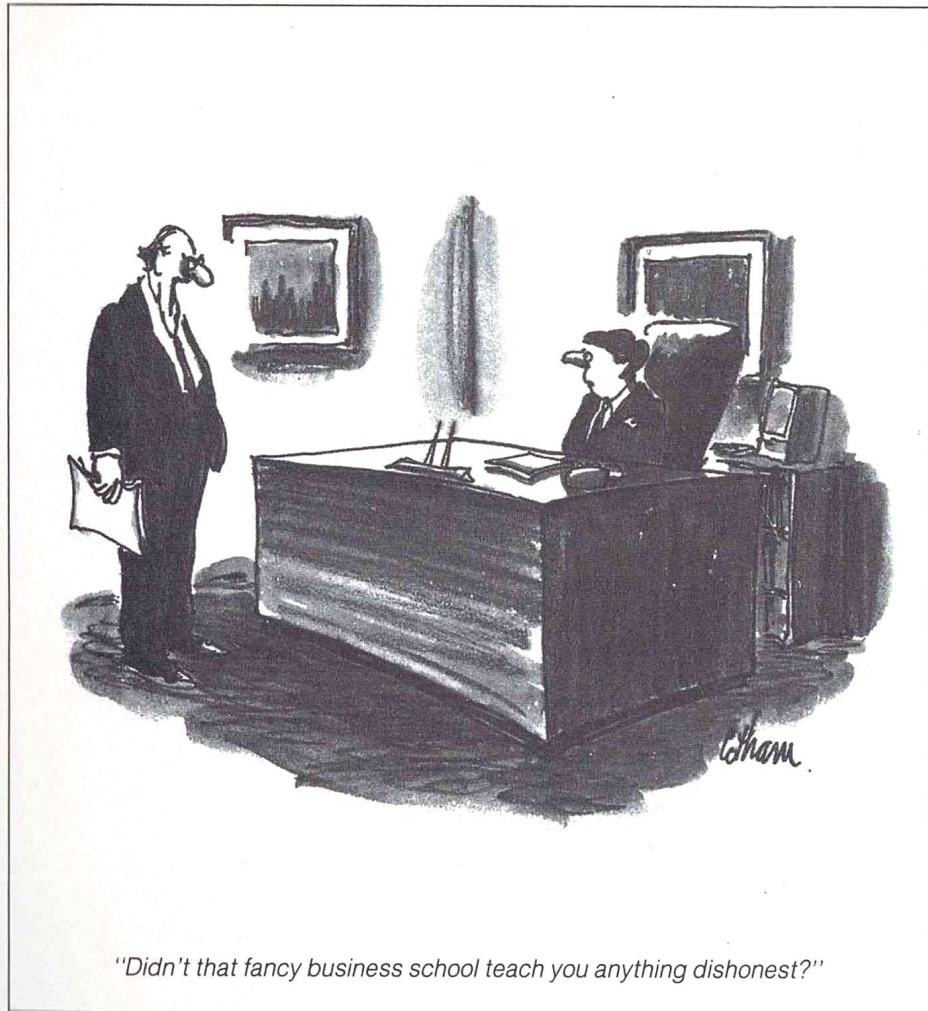
Now, bearing all that in mind, how do you go about actually making money out of gambling? Assuming you don't want to be a bookie (which is no longer the licence to print money it once was, anyway), then there are two avenues: cheating and hustling.

Let's first dispense with cheating. Cheating in the gambling business is only a slightly more dangerous occupation than explaining, in lurid detail in a magazine such as *Penthouse*, how to do it. So we'll forget it was ever mentioned.

Hustling, then. A hustler gambles for profit. He is primarily a psychologist; he understands the mug punter's motives and uses them to his advantage. That brings us to the last and most important of the mug's motivations: *pride*. An understanding of this will turn you into a *good* punter and start you on the road to professionalism.

To explain: a mug punter succumbs to the double-edged desire to prove intellectual superiority over a proposition (bet) and the person proposing it. Grist to the hustler's mill. A good punter must know the odds for or against a proposition and then accept or reject it, as is appropriate, without consideration as to *how it was proposed* or *who proposed it*.

Here's an example. You are in the pub. For three hours the aggravating bastard next to you has been carrying on about



"Didn't that fancy business school teach you anything dishonest?"

gambling. You order another beer and go for a leak. When you come back, the aggravating bastard asks you to settle an argument about what makes a good punter. You decide to shut the aggravating bastard *up*: "I am a good punter. I gamble to win, I'm not greedy, I don't chase losers, and I know the odds of the games I play. Anything else?"

"Yeah," says the aggravating bastard, raising his voice for the whole bar to hear. "If you think you're so bloody good, I'll bet you 50 bucks you can't even name the Seven Dwarfs."

"You're on! There's Dopey, Doc, and Sleepy . . . and Grumpy . . . and . . . Shit!"

You have just been hustled. You forgot to ignore the personal challenge and you ignored your own advice about knowing the odds. You accepted the bet *thinking* you knew the answers. That's the difference between a good punter and a hustler: one thinks he knows, the other *does* know. The professional edge.

Okay, good punter, you now want to turn pro — become a hustler. Remember, this is a profession. It requires study, dedication and an awful lot of carefully considered bullshit — just like all professions, really. So it's time to get a bit technical.

There are three cardinal rules of gaming:

Rule 1 — The precise outcome of a random process cannot be predicted.

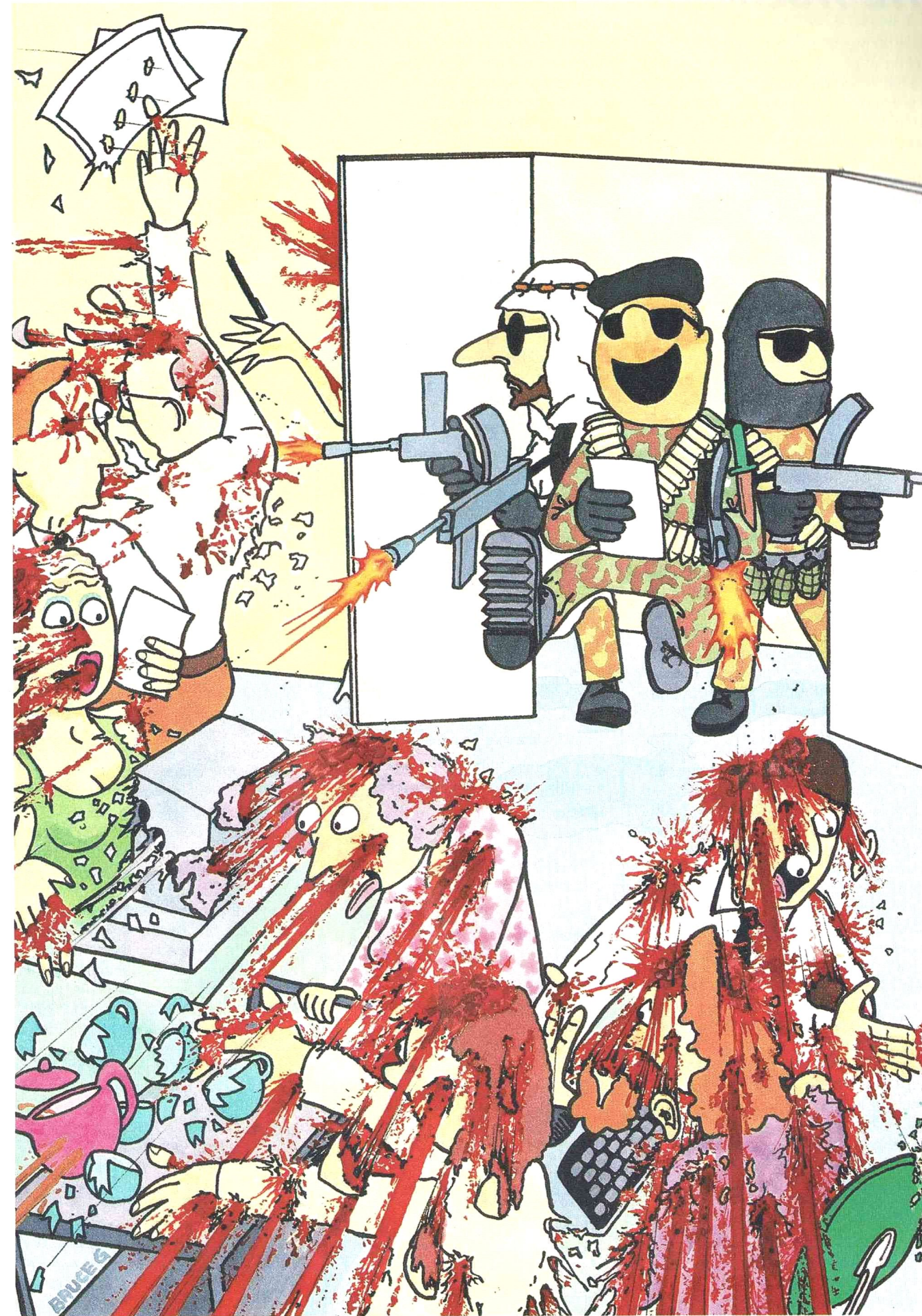
Rule 2 — The outcome of the next chance in a random process is not affected *in any way* by the results of the previous chances.

Rule 3 — As the number of chances in a 50/50 random process increases, the probability of getting half wins and half losses *decreases*.

In one fell swoop we have eliminated from the hustler's repertoire all casino games except blackjack (and that only when played by a highly skilled card counter). We've also eliminated the greatest of all gambling myths, the so-called "Law of Averages."

If, after ten decisions at two-up, you have six heads and four tails, the result is 60 percent heads and 40 percent tails and the difference between half wins and half losses is one. After 100 decisions you may reasonably expect 56 heads and 44 tails: 56 percent heads, 44 percent tails. The *percentages* are getting closer to 50:50, but the *number* of decisions differing from half wins and half losses is now six, not one, and so it goes, *the probability of the number of decisions approaching 50:50 decreasing.*

So why chase losers? We have just made a mockery of everyone who has ever sat at a roulette table and written down the numbers. We now feel sorry for anyone who has waited for three heads to appear in a two-up game and then bet tails, expecting a better than average chance of winning "because of the Law of Averages." You will now pity that same mug punter who lost his bet, then doubled up



"Guerillagram!"

THE HUSTLER

on tails for the next spin, because you now know he is greedy, is chasing a loser, and does not know the odds. The only hustler you will find at a casino will be the guy at the bar taking money off bored, greedy, usually pissed mug punters.

There is probably as much money wagered on proposition bets in offices, pubs and clubs around Australia as there is in casinos and TABs combined. Hustling can be defined as proposing a bet to another party or parties, knowing that the result, more often than not, will be in your favor.

A good hustler has to sell the proposition in a manner that is irresistible to all within earshot. This means a studied boastfulness that requires sensible men to try and beat the hustler regardless of the odds. A good hustler uses an arsenal of psychological and statistical bullets that are fired at times of the hustler's choosing — usually late at night, in a bar or after a race meeting or poker game, when one of his audience is "on a roll" and suffering from the invincibility syndrome so costly to the average punter.

Alvin Clarence Thomas, better known as "Titanic Thompson", once lured all America's top sports writers and photographers to Washington DC by boasting he could hit a golf ball 500 yards. Titanic had chosen the time and the place — Washington in mid-winter. He stepped up to the tee and drove the ball 800 yards, across a frozen lake.

Titanic won \$2000 from Frank Jackson, the world horseshoe pitching champion, on a court Titanic had built 41 feet long — one foot longer than the regulation court. He also bet he could toss a walnut further than Walter Johnson, a famed baseball pitcher of the time. Titanic had filled his walnut with lead and easily won the well-publicised event. Titanic Thompson's lesson: Don't play other people's games.

Ten years ago I was inspecting a roulette table in the VIP Room at West Point Casino. In those days the government's rules stipulated that no person could gamble if they were drinking alcohol. Because of the difficulty in policing this rule most casino staff chose "not to see" all but the most blatant infringements — particularly in the VIP Room, where, like Mabel's Whore House in Vegas, "The customer comes first." The exception was in the presence of a "GI" — one of the Government Inspectors who patrol casinos Australia-wide ensuring the punter gets a fair go and the casino operators comply with the rules as writ.

This particular night a large group of punters had been flown in from the mainland and the roulette game was enormous — so much so that the duty GI had been standing beside me for more than an hour making sure the game was kosher.

Enter a well-known but reasonably small punter and his wife. Let's call him John. The wife breastst the bar while John exchanged pleasantries and bought five \$100 chips at the roulette table. It crossed my mind that he must have won Lotto, as he usually only played \$5 chips.

The wife arrived with the drinks. They stood behind the game, watched, and sipped for four or five spins. Then John leaned over the crowd and dropped five \$100 chips on Red.

"I'm sorry John, but . . ." the dealer said as the ball dropped into 23 Red, ". . . you can't place a bet while you're drinking." And she pushed the bet off and proceeded to do what dealers do when the ball drops.

John left the bet where it had been placed by the dealer and politely approached the GI and myself at the top of the table. He quietly explained that his

drink was non-alcoholic, and therefore he should be paid.

But . . . who the hell drinks soda water with an olive in a conical martini glass?

"John does," confirmed the barmaid. "Or at least that's what his wife ordered . . . Two of them . . . What the customer wants, etc."

Okay, okay, pay the man!

John had always spent more time observing than playing, he was a regular customer and knew the rules, and his timing was perfect — a big game, the GI present, the ball dropping. If the number had been black, he would have simply picked up the removed bet, apologised, and waited as long as it took for the circumstances to again be right.

\$500 to nothing: a great bet, a great hustle.

Long before casinos were around they still cut sugar cane by hand, and the North Queensland cane fields were a hustler's delight. Men working hard and drinking hard, with little entertainment or diversion after a highly paid day's work.

A well known Brisbane card sharp (of the cheating variety) was lured by the easy pickings and arrived in Bundaberg mid-season. Dressing down for the occasion, he was soon welcomed at a table of four hard-faced poker players in the corner of a local pub. The high stakes of the draw poker game caused the card sharp to suppress a smile. *Nirvana*.

For four hours the considerable amount of money on the table was distributed and redistributed amongst the five players, as it is in fair poker games between equally skilled players. Eventually the suspicion over this new face in an old game eased, and so the card sharp dealt himself four aces. The youngest of the players, on the dealer's left, bet the maximum — half pot. The next three players folded and the card sharp saw the bet and raised the maximum. The young bloke back-raised, as did the sharp. The young bloke briefly checked his cards and reraised the maximum, followed by the card sharp. The young bloke had the necessary \$500 to look and, as it was a table stake game, end the betting. Both players stood pat; no cards were drawn. Both hands were exposed and the card sharp, with four expertly dealt aces, reached for the pot.

"Hold on, mate," drawled the young bloke. "The pot's mine. I've got a 'bunyip' — three clubs and two hearts. Beats all hands in North Queensland."

"He's right, mate. A bunyip beats all hands," said the six-foot-four cane cutter sitting next to the youngster.

"Yeah," concurred the other two.

Shit, thought the sharp. *I should have known better. Learn the local rules! Okay, stay calm, don't get rattled, and use all rules to your best advantage.*

The deal went round the table for another hour; the cash was distributed and redistributed as it is in fair poker

games between equally skilled players. The sharp dealt himself a bunyip — three clubs and two hearts — and four aces to the young fella just for good measure. The betting went as before, only higher. The sharp finally went "all in" for \$2700. The young bloke covered the bet, jubilantly turned over four aces, and reached for the pot.

"Hold on, mate," growled the card sharp. "Cop this, a bunyip — three clubs and two hearts. Beats all hands!"

"Er . . . Agh," the six-foot-four cutter gargled, and stood up, his eloquence frightening. "Er," he said, "in Bundaberg the Bunyip can only be used *once* a night."

A good hustle will beat a good cheat, and by now I don't have to explain the other lessons in this story to a good punter. (This is assuming, of course, that the cheat was hustled. Stranger things occur in North Queensland than the once-a-night appearance of a bunyip.)

Now we must get very technical. Numbers and percentages are the final area of expertise that must be mastered by the competent hustler.

The Chevalier de Mere, hustler and punter to the aristocracy of France, first saw the merits of applying mathematics to his trade. In 1654 he engaged Blaise Pascal, philosopher, mathematician and physicist, to ponder the following quandary.

The Chevalier had won many francs over the years betting even money he could roll a six with one die in four rolls. As de Mere's bankroll swelled he found fewer and fewer takers for this bet, and in an effort to maintain his income, applied this logic: as four rolls is to the six possible chances with one die, then 24 rolls will achieve the same advantage with two dice and their 36 possible outcomes. So the proposition offered at even money was: de Mere would roll a double six in 24 rolls. He got more takers for this proposition than he would have liked, for he lost heavily and eventually called in Pascale to apply science to the problem. Pascale developed Probability Theory in the pursuit of de Mere's solution and concluded that the good Chevalier had enjoyed a 3.5 percent advantage on his one-die bet but was being beaten by 1.27 percent on the two-dice bet.

By 1716 Abraham de Moivre had developed Pascale's work and published his *Doctrine Of Chances*, which proposed the "Magic Number" — 0.6931. Knowing that this is the co-log of the hyperbolic log of two, or the naparian or natural log of two, will not make you any money. Knowing how to use the Magic Number will.

How is this number going to help us make a dollar or two in the pub? Most punters, "educated" or not, would believe that it is an even money proposition to roll a 6 (or any other specified number) in three rolls of a die. There are six possible out-

comes, three attempts — even money! The fact that de Mere got any takers at all for his "four roll" bet is the most surprising aspect of the hustle. He would have certainly got more takers if he had offered even money *against* his aristocratic mates rolling any number *they* specified in three rolls.

They did not have your advantage of knowing the Magic Number. Let's look at the above bet. You are offered even money to roll any number you specify in three rolls of a die. First you must calculate the *odds to one* of achieving your aim. There are six numbers on a die and you want to roll one of them. Therefore the *odds to one* of you achieving this are 5 to 1. We will also approximate the Magic Number 0.6931 to 0.7, no significant change. So $5 \times 0.7 = 3.5$, meaning you have to roll the die 3.5 times to reach the break-even point. Politely decline the bet, or offer to roll your number in four tries when you know the odds are in *your* favor. Similarly, the odds to one of rolling a double six are 35 to 1. Multiply 35 by 0.7 and you get 24.5 — which is why de Mere's bet was a loser.

So, to calculate the approximate number of tosses, guesses, spins, rolls, etc required to make *any* even money bet, multiply the odds to one by 0.7. To find the number of trials required for a double event, such as throwing a six *twice*, multiply the odds to one (5 to 1) by 1.7: $5 \times 1.7 = 8.5$ rolls for even money. For a triple event,

odds $\times 2.7$; a quadruple event, odds $\times 3.7$; and so on.

So now you are almost a complete hustler. Here are a few more examples of using the Magic Number; all you have to do is work out how you will phrase and sell your proposition.

It would seem logical (there's your selling point) that given 26 chances to cut a 52-card deck to a specified card, the odds would be even money. You are generous, so offer 30 chances — because the odds to one of cutting a specified card, let's say the ace of spades, are 51 to 1. Then $51 \times 0.7 = 35.7$. So your mark really needs 36 cuts to warrant even money.

Try this one. How many people would be required to be in one place at one time to warrant you betting even money that someone has the same birthday (day and month) as yourself? The odds to one, 364 to 1 (excluding February 29 for convenience), multiplied by 0.7 = 255 people. A large crowd.

Now, how many people are required to be in the same place at the same time for it to be an even money bet that two or more of those assembled have the same birthday (day and month)? The answer: between 22 and 23. In fact, with 100 people present the odds that two people will share a birthday are more than three million to one *on*.

Such are the vagaries of mathematics, the lifeblood of the hustler. ☐

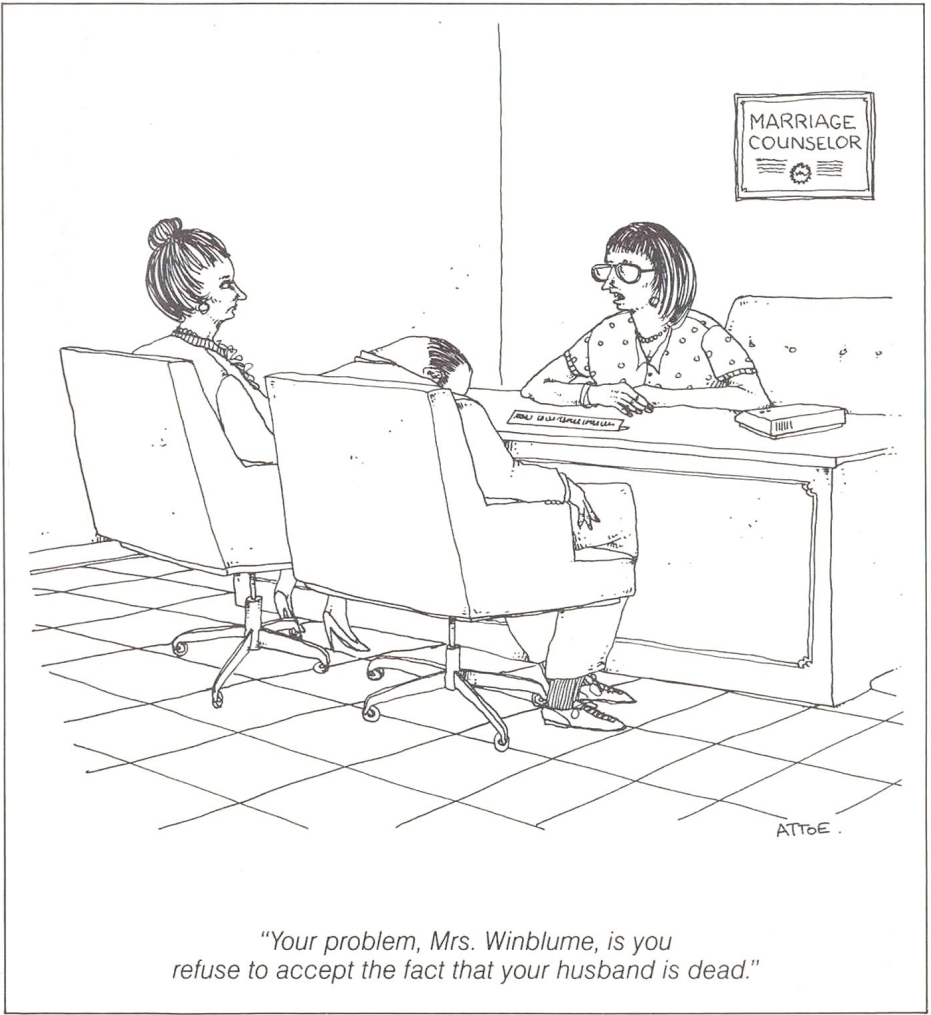
THE SURE-FIRE BET

All you need is one coin and a mug punter.

The Proposition: He will toss the coin three times. Before that he chooses any three-toss combination he wishes; the choices are **HHH, TTT, HHT, TTH, HTT, THH, HTH, or THT**. You then choose your combination and bet even money your combination shows first. Simple! But how do you choose your combination?

Mentally remove his last symbol and put it in front of the two symbols left. Change it if necessary such that it is opposite to the last symbol of that pair. Confused? Look at the table and read again.

HE BETS	YOU BET	ODDS IN YOUR FAVOR
HHH	THH	7-1
HHT	THH	3-1
HTH	HHT	2-1
HTT	HHT	2-1
THH	TTH	2-1
THT	TTH	2-1
TTH	HTT	3-1
TTT	HTT	7-1



"Your problem, Mrs. Winblume, is you refuse to accept the fact that your husband is dead."

HYPERTACTIVE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Janet works for a high-powered public relations company. "My clients will be so surprised when they see these photos. I look so corporate at work. It's like coming out of disguise," the 24-year-old beauty admits.









"My work suits me because it's constantly changing and I'm always busy. I'm a touch hypersensitive, I guess. I'm not happy unless I'm on the move. One day I'd like to start my own promotions company. It would be the greatest challenge."



It would take a marathon-man to keep up with the fast-forward Jane. When she's not working she's playing tennis, swimming or socialising. The only thing she doesn't have the energy for is household chores. "I'm not at all domestic. I'd love to meet a man who likes keeping house and can cook. The only thing I like making for dinner is reservations."



WATERS

Continued from page 40

1980-82 found the amateurs catching 1.26 fish per man per hour (mostly because they target little fish like yellowtail and leatherjacket) for a total catch of 164,000 kilos (more than a million fish) a year — and much of it undersized! A million fish a year in the oldest, most densely populated estuary in Australia.

Henry demolished many of the grounds for commercial/recreational conflict. Anglers, for instance, claim the trawlers kill juvenile fish, thereby depleting stocks of table-size fish. Henry points out that fish populations are adapted to high mortality rates; he also points out that you can still catch fish in the harbor.

I know that for a fact. I'm writing this while overlooking a backwater of the harbor, and over there at the mouth of Johnston Creek is a big fat pelican gorging himself on the mullet that feed in that filthy water.

Laurie McEnally, public servant, fishing writer and keen angler, points out that of course the main harbors have fewer fish than they used to — but they are the dumb fish. "The smart ones haven't been caught — and the dumb fishermen won't catch 'em. The smart ones will."

Sydney's Maritime Services Board had

expensive consultants to examine Homebush Bay for some redevelopment project. The consultants were having difficulty coming up with fish to prove or disprove whatever it was they had to prove or disprove. An office worker with the MSB who also knows a bit about fishing offered his services. Fishing properly, he caught 300 in the one night.

For some reason fishing is full of myth and legend. Amateurs tend to exaggerate their catch and professionals often go the other way, bemoaning their fate as they drive away from their million-dollar boat in a brand new ute (the wife's got the Merc).

The orange roughy is a classic commercial fishing story. A deep sea fish, so named because of its ugliness, it was found by fisheries and CSIRO researchers in the early Eighties and was the next big thing by mid-1986, when the then Bureau of Agricultural Economics noted a catch of 2000 tonnes and surmised that "the eastern zone of the fishery is regarded as fully utilised."

Well, nobody told the fishermen. By the end of 1986 the catch had doubled. In 1988 more than 6140 tonnes of the fine-flavored species (it's what you get in restaurants and fish shops as anything from schnapper to *poisson du jour*) were landed. There was a gold rush (earlier publications actually refer to the "golden roughy") with the boats queuing to shoot their nets — nets which are often armed

with radar to home in on the school and avoid the chasm walls where the fish congregate.

The trawlermen were stoked. "The more you catch the more there are," one fisherman told *Penthouse* in late 1989. Pure myth, of course.

The 1987-88 hot spot off Kangaroo Island was a dead fizzer the next year but, thanks to the publication in May 1989 *Australian Fisheries* of a CSIRO trawl survey which indicated new hot spots, the boats flocked to St Helens Point, Tasmania, where catches of 80-100 tonnes per ten-minute shot were bragged about. Boats were averaging \$180,000 worth of fish per trip.

Then the marine biologists and bureaucrats, who virtually invented the fishery, braved the wrath of the he-men of the sea by suggesting that perhaps the mass aggregations were for spawning purposes and perhaps the fish were as old as 50 or 75 years, meaning a couple of good fishing years could wipe out the next century for the orange roughy.

A temporary ban was criticised as "more bloody politics" — the Feds going for the greenie vote in Tasmania — while scientists with the Bureau of Rural Resources made the more sober judgement that in four years the orange roughy could have been already fished down to a third

Continued on page 134



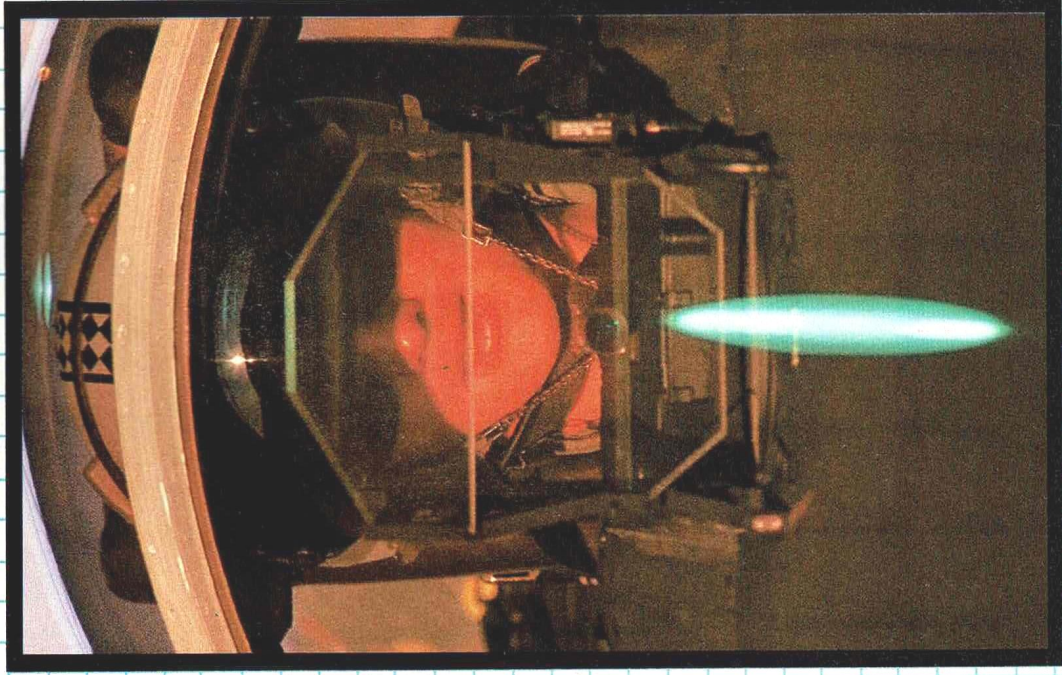
SPEED FREAKS

For sports fans the fascination with fast machines is linked inexorably with the kind of morbid curiosity that draws people to highway wrecks and suicide scenes: it offers the perverse relief of survival while those around may perish. For the performers, the adrenaline junkies who propel these technological monsters into either the record books or a catastrophic end, the exhilaration of the dance with death combines with the boyish conviction of immortality. As one speed addict has said: "While performing these feats, all sense of time disappears. The body becomes one with the machine, projected toward its goal. No longer afraid, one enters into an orgasmic sensation of extraordinary, yet gentle, violence." Like the boy in the billycart who constantly searches for a steeper hill, these four Australians are pushing the outside of the envelope on land, in the air and on water . . .

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY WAYNE MILES



Tactical fighter plane



"Aviation is not inherently dangerous, but to an even greater degree than the sea, it is terribly unforgiving of any carelessness, incapacity or neglect." — Rob Porteous

THE MACHINE

Name: McDonnell Douglas F/A-18A Hornet

Vehicle Type: Tactical fighter plane

Origin: USA. Assembled by Aerospace Technologies of Australia, Victoria.

Length: 17.7 metres

Wingspan (without wingtip missiles): 11.43 metres

Loaded Weight: 21,887 kgs

Engines: Two 7258kg General Electric F404-400 Augmented Turbo-Fan Engines.

Max Speed: 1912 km/h (1188 mph), or Mach 1.8.

Range: 3706 kms. Combat range: 750 kms.

Military Load: One 20mm Gatling gun with 570 rounds plus up to 7711 kgs of external bombs, rockets and missiles including harpoon anti-ship missiles.

Function: Multi-role aircraft designed for air to air combat, accurate delivery of heavy bomb loads, and air support of ground forces.

THE MAN

Name: Rob Porteous

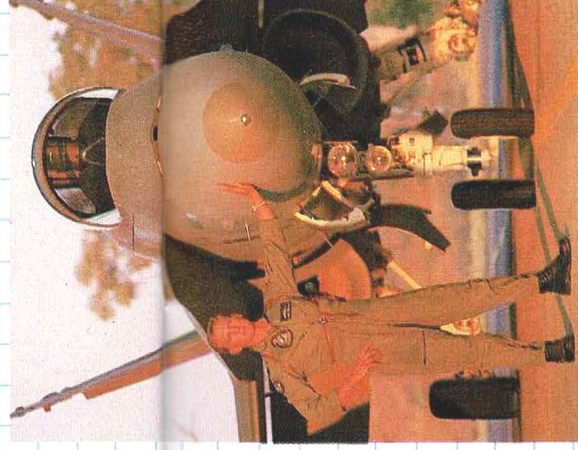
Callsign: Loop

Profession: Air Force pilot

Squadron: 75th, RAAF, Tindal, NT

Military Background: Joined RAAF in Queensland aged 20. Flew Mirage for two and a half years with 77th and 75th Squadrons. Saw Mirage out of service. Now aged 26.

Function: Provide aerial defence coverage for Northern Australia.





Drag bike

"You can't be complacent because, man, the final word is complacency will kill you." — John Hoskins

THE MACHINE

Name: Warlord

Vehicle Type: Drag bike

Class: Top Bike — Nitro Methane Fuel

Origin: Australia

Length: Overall 5.33 metres

Loaded Weight: Approx 270 kgs

Engines: MTC 960cc Magnerson with 80 cubic-inch Supercharger, fuel-injected, producing 500 horsepower at engine.

Max Speed: 313 km/h (194 mph); 7.14 seconds/quarter mile.

Records: Australia's fastest motorcycle outright; World's fastest sub-1000cc motorcycle.

Function: Australia's first 7-second motorcycle.

THE MAN

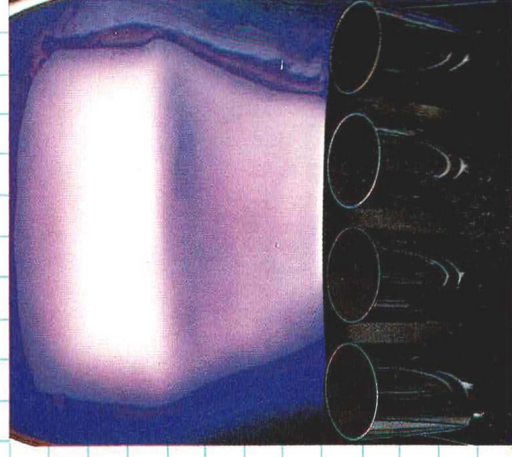
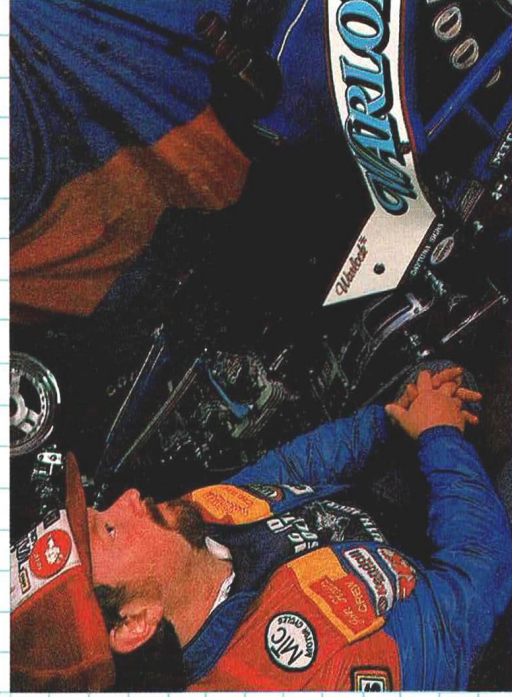
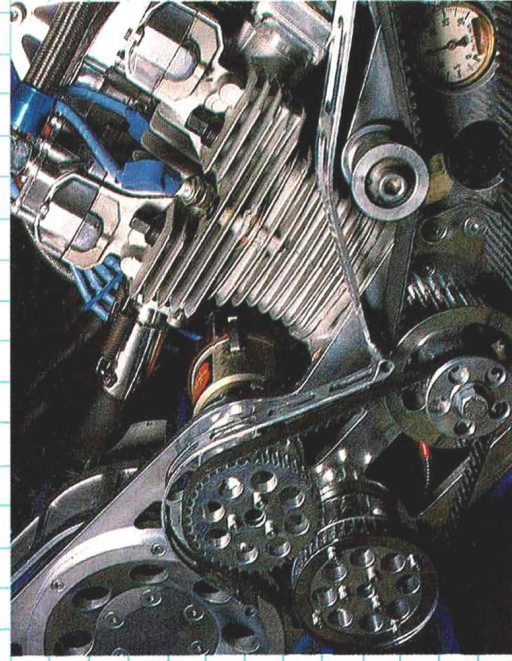
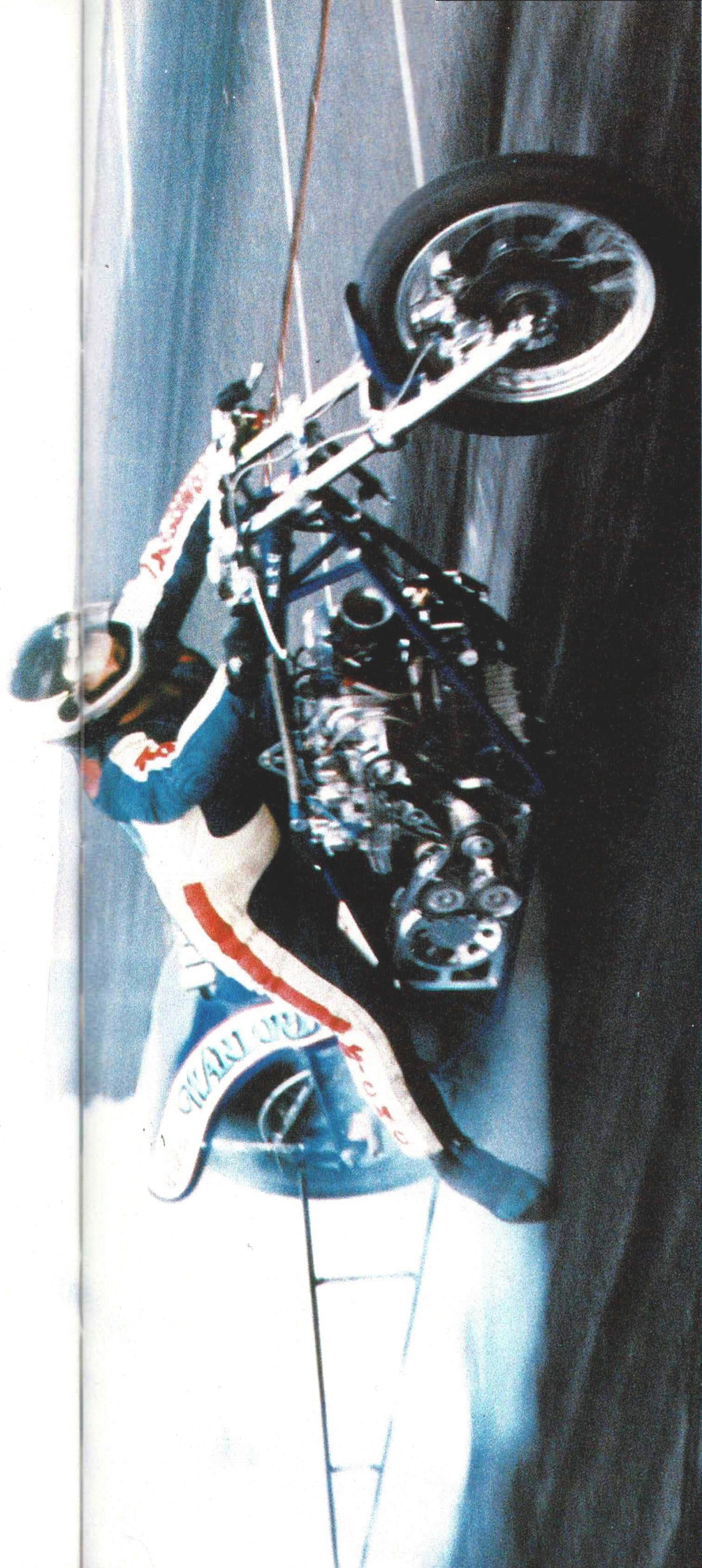
Name: John "Fat Cat" Hoskins; Co-Rider: Peter "Pommie Pete" Allen

Origin: South Australia

Profession: Drag racer

History: Hoskins has gathered countless trophies over the past ten years. At the 1980 Nationals he crashed a Kawasaki at around 240 km/h, suffering third-degree burns to his hands, shoulders and knees. At the 1985 Nationals at Surfers Paradise he clipped a fence at 280 km/h and was propelled 25 metres before coming to rest with a broken ankle, broken ribs, a punctured lung, crushed vertebrae and multiple abrasions and burns.

Records: World's fastest side-by-side pass at Nationals in 1987, Willowbank Raceway, Qld: 7.14 seconds.





Jet dragster

"We are setting out to break the world land speed record in Australia in an Australian-built car driven by an Australian for Australia. God save McGlashan!" — Rosco McGlashan

THE MACHINE

Name: Aussie Invader

Vehicle Type: Jet dragster

Class: One-of-a-kind exhibition

Origin: Australia

Length: 10.01 metres

Loaded Weight: 1015 kgs

Engines: J34 Westinghouse Turbo Jet Mirage. Originally produced 3400 lbs thrust; with afterburner, produces 8100 lbs thrust.

Max Speed: 400 km/h (245 mph) over 6-second quarter mile; 504 km/h (313 mph) on closed airport runway in Tasmania.

Records: 515 km/h (320 mph), Lake Deborah, WA, June 1987; 400 km/h (245 mph) on a half-mile strip. Australia's fastest car.

Function: "A machine promising a night of thunder, fire and fury."

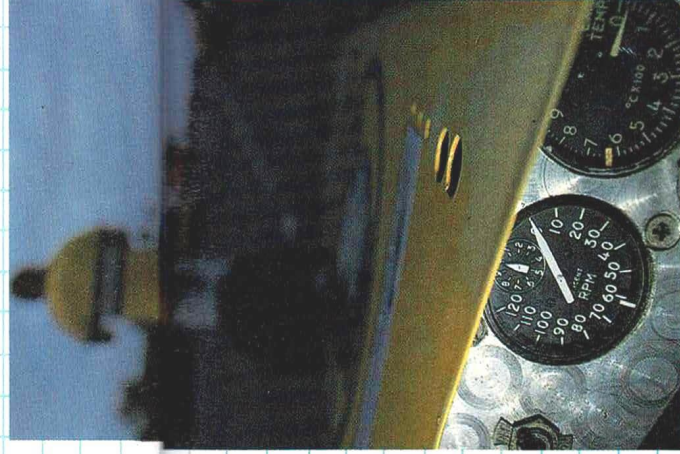
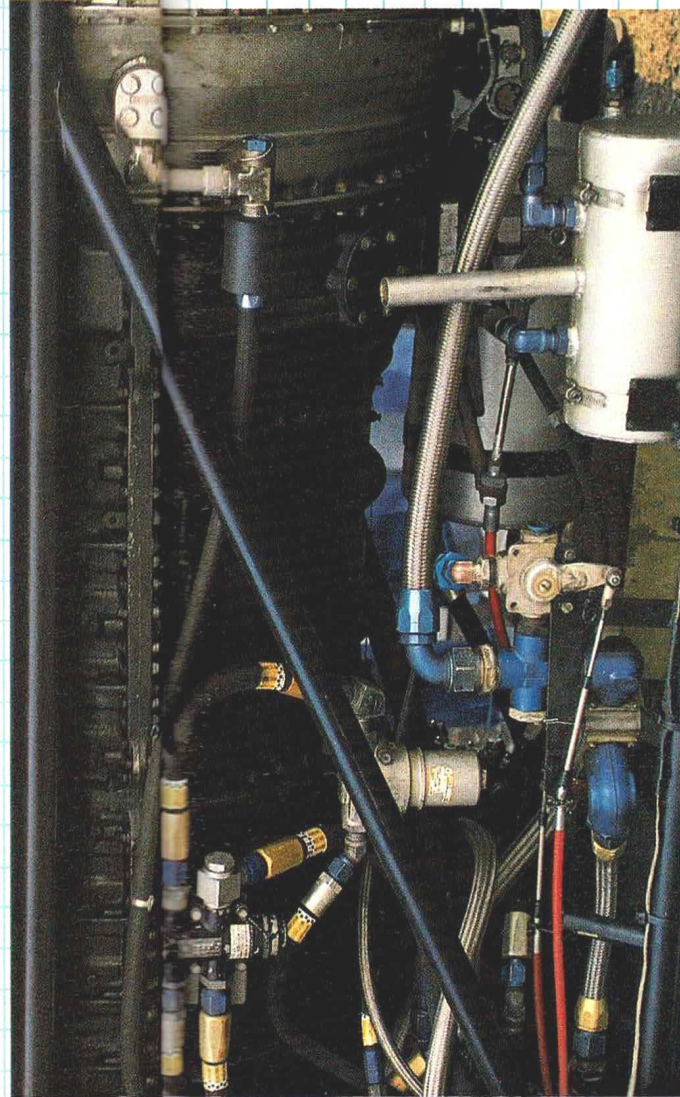
THE MAN

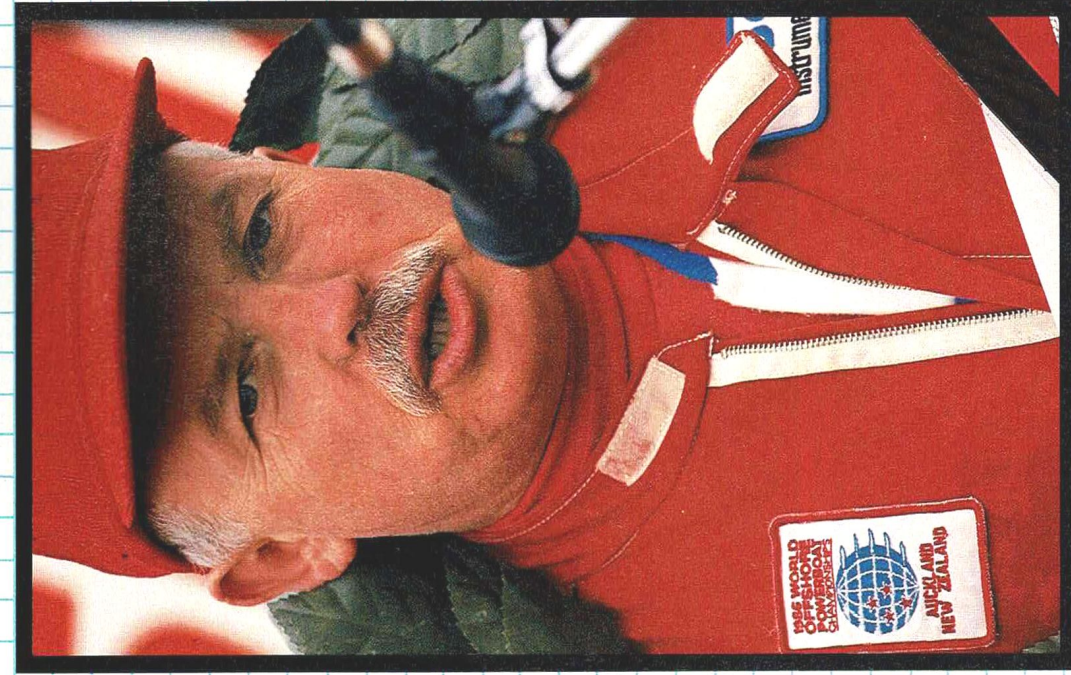
Name: Rosco McGlashan

Origin: Western Australia

Profession: Drag racer

History: McGlashan is renowned for his racing exploits, particularly the less orthodox ones. He raced a rocket-powered go-cart in the USA, covering a quarter mile in 5.9 seconds at 413 km/h (253 mph). He was the first man to build and race a V8-engined drag bike, and ran "funny cars" in the USA for the famous Fred Goesky. McGlashan is now set to challenge the Australian land speed record, still held by the late Donald Campbell, then the world land speed record, held by Richard Nobel at 1019 km/h (633 mph). McGlashan crashed a jet car through a sand barrier at 460 km/h (286 mph) at Ravenswood, Perth, and walked away.





Power boat

"Never let your perception be influenced by your expectation." — Tony Low

THE MACHINE

Name: Mach Propellers

Vehicle Type: Harris Cat Offshore Racing Power Boat

Class: 1 U.I.M.

Origin: Australia

Length: 10.44 metres

Racing Weight: 2.34 tonnes

Engines: 4 x 2.4 litre EFIs — Mercury offshore outboards producing 580 horsepower.

Max Speed: 148 km/h (92 mph)

Records: Port Phillips 100 record holder; Pacific 1000 Cairns To Gold Coast Class 1, Outright Winner 1987; Pacific 1000 Class 2 Winner, 1982; Mercury Trophy Race, July 1982, record holder.

Function: Competition in Open Offshore Power Boat Racing Championships.

THE MAN

Name: Tony Low; Co-Driver: Bruce Harris

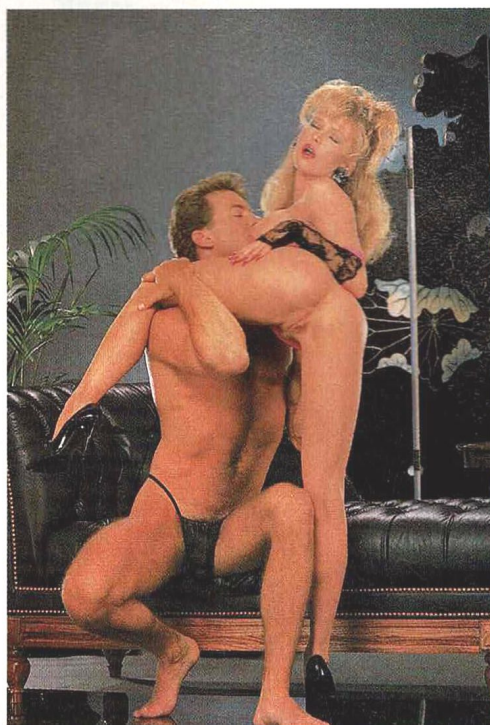
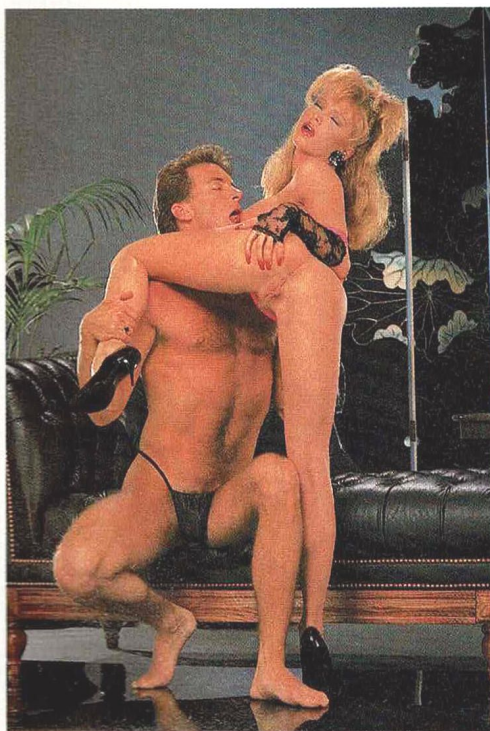
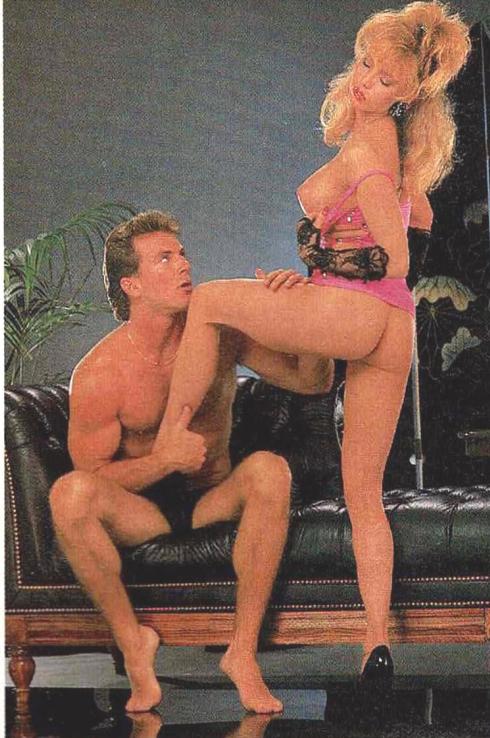
Origin: England, then Victoria

Profession: Power boat racer

History: Low and Harris have won every competition race in Australia at some time or other, and at time of writing were leading the Valvoline National Championship for 1989. Low's original boat, Force 9, caught fire in Melbourne in 1981, causing third-degree burns to his hands and face. He represented Australia in the U.I.M. Class 2 in 1979, and again in 1987. During the "Ultimate Event" at Sanctuary Cove in 1988 the boat was seriously damaged when picked up by the wind in a dangerously high swell. Low is planning a new boat for international competition in 1990, specifications classified but with a projected capability of 190 km/h (120 mph).

Records: Pacific 1000 Class 3 Winner, 1978; Australian Continental Offshore Championship, U.I.M. Class 2, 1982; Valvoline National Champion, 1988.



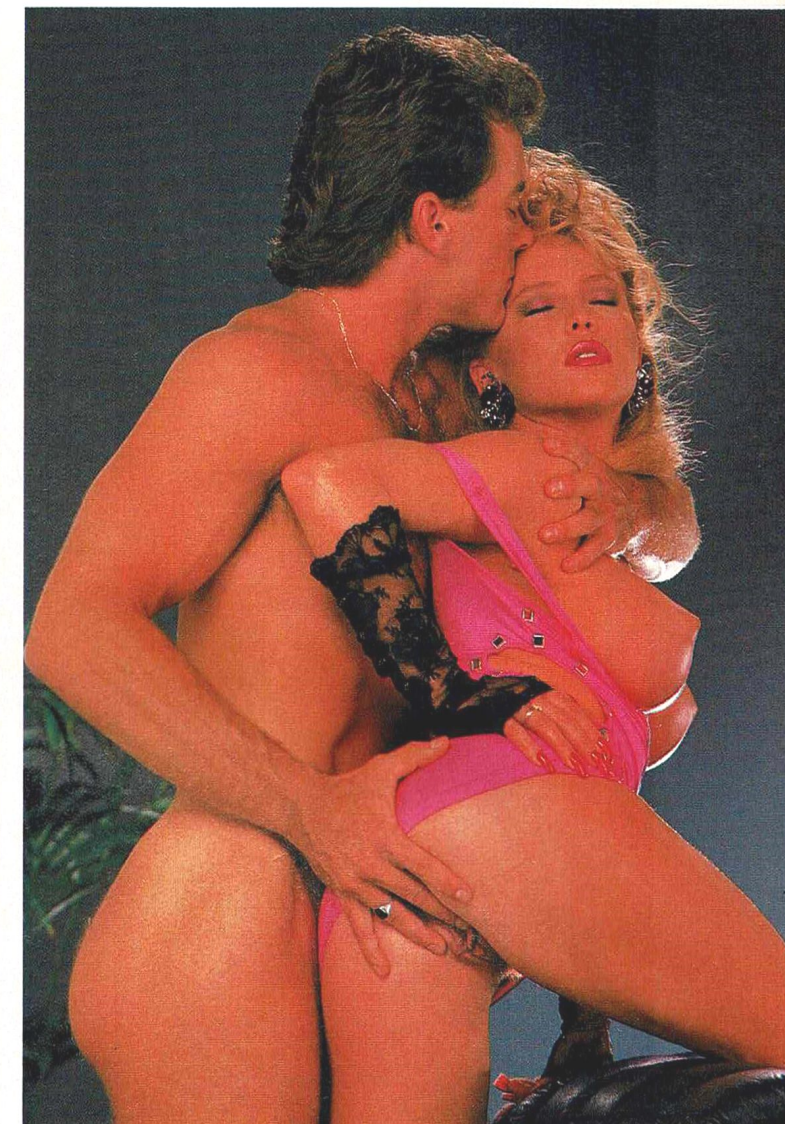


Flying Visit

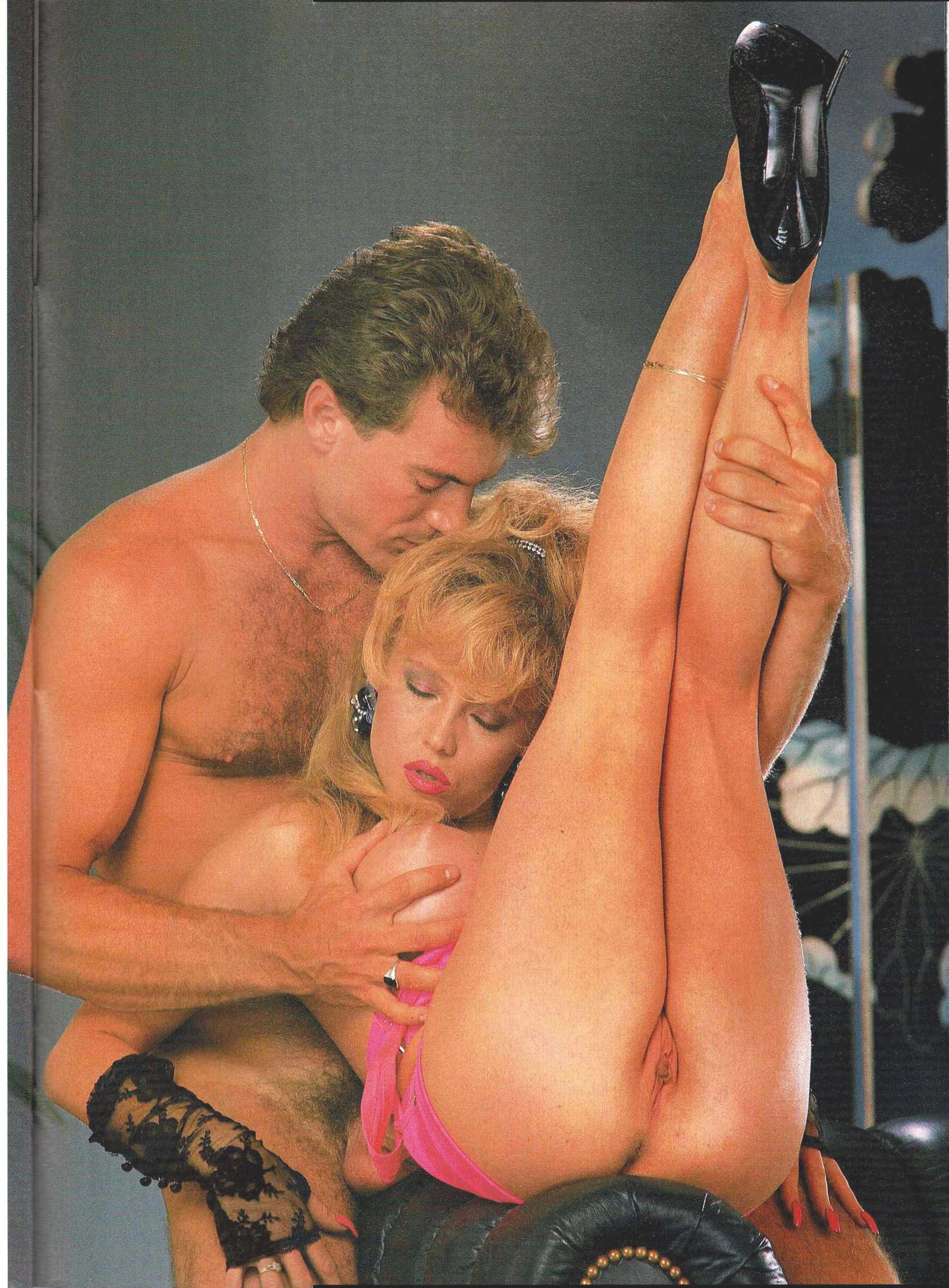
Greg hadn't seen Barbie since they were in their teens. She'd moved to London but looked him up during a stopover flight around the world. He scarcely recognised her as the gangly virginal kid from next door, but welcomed in the ravishing stranger with wide eyes.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SUZE RANDALL





It wasn't long before they started getting acquainted more intimately than they'd ever been before. Greg and Barbie took themselves to the limit and back again all through the sleepless night until it was time for her to hit the tarmac — a flying visit that went first-class all the way.



WIN

Want to become an overnight social success? Here's your opportunity to become a beer baron and the most popular person in town. For the small price of a stamp nearly \$3000 worth of imported ale could be yours. This cellar-full of premium quality beer is sure to make you the toast of the neighborhood.

Australian Penthouse and Brimps Pty Ltd, the imported beer specialists, are shouting the biggest round yet: 48 cases of beer imported from breweries around the world. That equals 1152 bottles of ale.

Enough to start your own boutique bar, host dozens of beer and bucks nights, or turn on the party of the decade — any occasion when too much beer is not enough.

To enter, just turn the page and drink in the details of these connoisseur beers. Then fill in the coupon and mail it to *Penthouse*.

Boutique beers used to be about as unpopular as quiche-eating for men that mattered. The only drop to drink was that available in the local corner pub, and that was only local beer on tap or out of a ring-pull can. In the last few years the story has changed. Drinkers have become more

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFF HOWJEN

discerning and advertising agencies have woken us all to the possibilities of more gratifying glass-pumping.

Brimps Pty Ltd is one of the companies that changed the complexion of Aussie drinking. Seven years ago, they began importing exotic beers for the enlightenment of the native palate. The demand has grown for connoisseur beers, as we drinkers arise from the dark ages of draught, and so has the range of labels Brimps bring into the country. They currently import over 40 brands of beer from all over the world.

the beers of the world





win the beers of the world

The winner of this month's competition will be well on his way to becoming an ale expert when 48 cases land on his doorstep. That will be six cases of eight brands of beer, representative of part of the Brimps range. If you're already feeling like a tall tippie just thinking about it — here are the mouthwatering makes on offer.

From Singapore, six cases of Tiger

Tiger, an international favorite, is exported to over 50 countries. A golden hue characterises this full-flavored Eastern beer. It has won several gold awards and we think it's worthy of a few more.

From Germany, six cases of Warsteiner

With a name like Warsteiner what could this precious fluid be but another leading international German beer? It's claimed by many to be the best beer in the world.

Uncork it with reverence, as you would a bottle of the best, because it is the choice of the true connoisseur. Warsteiner has a light hop flavor, a dry palate and a moderately bitter finish.

From Holland, six cases of Bavaria

Bavaria lager has been brewed according to a family tradition since 1719, in the Southern Dutch province of Brabant. Bavaria is a finely balanced lager with a delightfully malty finish. It has become quite popular with Australian drinkers and is known as the beer "brewed behind the dykes."

From the USA, six cases of Lone Star

Lone Star has been a consistent leading seller in the state of Texas, where it is known as the national beer. Recently revamped with a much overdue label change, it is still the same delightful drop on the inside. A light, simple beer, it is a perfect complement for steaks and spare ribs.

From Canada, six cases of Labatts "Blue"

Labatts is Canada's best-selling beer. It's sold throughout Europe and the US and now it is continuing its success Down Under. It is a refreshing beer with a subtle hop flavor.

From France, six cases of Kronenbourg

Originally created in 1664, Kronenbourg has finally made its way to Australian shores. Kronenbourg is Europe's best-selling beer. Internationally known, it's also the number one imported beer in Japan. France is famous for its wonderful wines but also for its "1664." Kronenbourg is a delicious blond beer with a distinctive flavor.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official coupon or a facsimile of that coupon. Only one entry per person is allowed and no cash alternative is offered for the prize.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families, and the employees of Brimps Pty Ltd and associated companies and their families.

Closing date for entries is last mail on Friday, January 15, 1988. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entrant will be the winner. On all questions, disputes and matters arising in relation to the contest the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

The promoters, Brimps Pty Ltd and *Australian Penthouse*, shall be under no liability to the winning contestant for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to property caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the *Penthouse* Summer Beer Competition (including negligent acts or omissions.)

This competition is brought to you by Brimps Pty Ltd and *Australian Penthouse*.

Send completed coupon to *Penthouse* Summer Beer Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the questions can be found on this page.

1. What is the name of Canada's best-selling beer?

2. Which province and country is Bavaria lager brewed in?

3. In what year was the first Kronenbourg made?

Name: _____

Address: _____

Telephone: _____

Taking it easy.



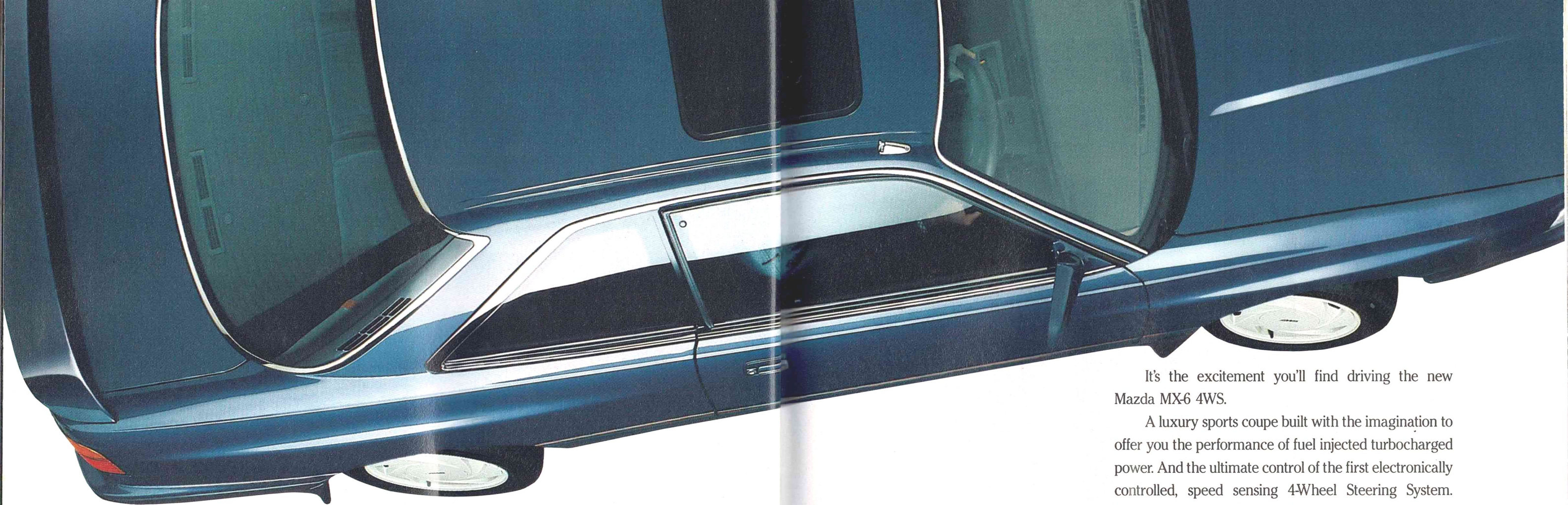
Stradbroke 35s

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS*

Health Authority Warning

*Packaging warning required by Government regulation

WD 490/89 APB 10663-C



Mazda MX-6 4WS

**Imagine the excitement of
high performance driving with the world's
first computerised 4-Wheel Steering System.**

We have.

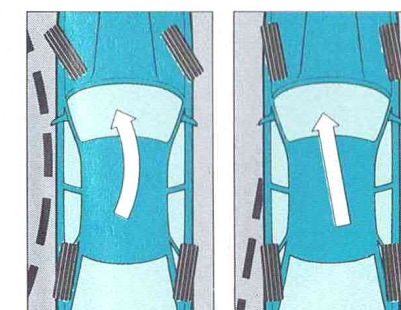


It's the excitement you'll find driving the new Mazda MX-6 4WS.

A luxury sports coupe built with the imagination to offer you the performance of fuel injected turbocharged power. And the ultimate control of the first electronically controlled, speed sensing 4-Wheel Steering System. It's the most advanced steering system in the world.

In response to steering and speed changes, the rear wheels are electronically controlled so all four wheels are turning with you. This gives you remarkable handling. Not just in better low speed manoeuvrability but greater high speed stability too. It is the ultimate in driving excitement.

Like every Mazda, the new Mazda MX-6 4WS is



Low speed wheel direction High speed wheel direction

designed and built with a commitment to unrivalled quality.

The kind of quality that makes this luxury sports coupe a pure pleasure to own and to drive.

The angle of the rear wheels in both photograph and illustration have been increased for demonstration purposes.

mazda

Unrivalled quality Pure pleasure

3 year/60,000 kilometre warranty available on Mazda 121, 323, 626, MX-6, 929 and RX7 models only. Mazda products are distributed throughout Australia by Mazda Australia Pty Limited. The specifications, equipment and features are not necessarily available on all models. For all sales and service see your nearest Mazda dealer.

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If you haven't yet experienced the extra pleasures of subscribing to the Black Label edition of Australian Penthouse, now is the time to do it.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATT JOHNSON

flying high

Jackie, 24, is a girl who's never happy unless she's airborne. She recently returned from a sun-filled sojourn in the Greek Islands and is already planning her next trip. "I love exploring new places and new people. It opens up your horizons." Really, no pun intended.



Don't waste time. Call toll free now on 008 227 236 or 02 922 7179 in Sydney (9am to 5pm EST) for immediate delivery.







"My Mr Right is someone who owns their own plane and knows how to fly it." But her Top Gun needs to be a Top Gunner too — she wants to have kids very soon so she's not interested in anyone who's firing blanks.



SOUNDS

Two strong new female singer songwriters have coincidentally emerged on the local scene. One is Bondi girl **Gyan** (WEA) and the other is **Robyne Dunn** with her more personal poetry of *Labour Of Liberty* (Mushroom).

Both exhibit beautiful swoops of vocal range. Gyan allows herself some introspective moments but in the hands of a local commercial producer like Charles Fisher and co-writers like Gary Frost of 1927 it's a fairly conscious pop package. She is, however, in no way up for membership of the Kylie bimbettes. Fledged out by most of Sydney brass funk maestros Jump Back Jack, the album has power in the appropriate spots. There are also enough interest-grabbing twists in arrangement — like with the few bars of Indian-induced psychedelia of "Train Of Thought." Though she's not afraid to be literal — we also get train noises on that track.

Dunn is responsible for all the material on her own debut album and although she flexes her rhythmic muscles on tracks like "Beating" the songs are still very much pegged to her solid piano technique. Producer Gil Norton (Triffids, Echo & The Bunnymen) has taken the tunes off the piano to give them full band power, though Dunn has subsequently brought them back to a more intimate level of performance. The seductive quality of her singing

ROBYNE DUNN



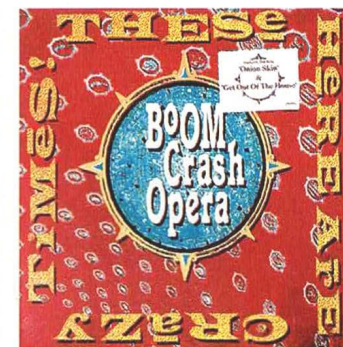
often belies the inherent sarcastic self-analysis. ("And haven't I grown up into such a nice girl? Take me home and marry me before I change my mind.") If we're talking about wearing influences on sleeves then Gyan sports a "Lead Me On" Eurythmics jacket and Pat Benetar tights, while Ms Dunn has hair by

Kate Bush and dress by Sandy Denny. Ultimately Robyne Dunn assails the listener on a more vulnerable emotional level, but Gyan can rightly claim: "Don't underestimate me."

The younger though not unknown **Boom Crash Opera** have gone for a big brash approach on their second album *These Here Are Crazy Times* (WEA). As opposed to their overly informative bio, which includes gripping details like singer Dale Ryder's penchants for omelettes with sour cream and science fiction, the band's sound is strong and centred. Simple guitar riffs dominate with no frills drum thumps. They have specialised in big chiming anthems and the opening single "Onion Skin" is no exception as it gyrates in on itself. Dale Ryder had well and truly come out of his shell by their first album and he seems to be suffering no introversion flashbacks here. They get on a roll like a big old chevy (or 63 EJ Holden in co-writer Peter Farnan's case) and cruise at a steady pace. A journey with no lows but disappointingly few highlights.

A more spirited set comes from locals **The Hummingbirds** with their first *Love Buzz* (rooArt). This is garage thrash pop with wall-of-sound production from American Mitch Easter. His work with REM has obvious parallels to the thick guitar ether he establishes for the voices to float under and over.

A cleaner sounding but similar concept comes from striking blonde Brix Smith. Having split from guitar and matrimonial duties with Manchester band The Fall and its pivotal member Mark Smith, she's eagerly casting her own **Adult Net**. *The Honey Triangle* (Mercury) shares none of The Fall's whacko vision. Inspired by Brix's own Californian dreaming (where she spent her childhood) and peopled with players like drummer Clem Burke (Blondie, the Eurythmics),

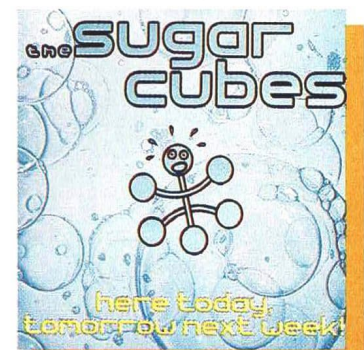
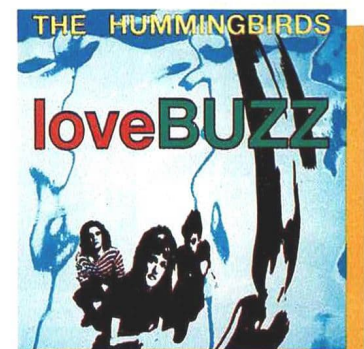


the songs never really catch any memorable waves.

Still, all this comparative froth and bubble is thrown into sharp relief by top of the pops in Reykjavik, **The Sugarcubes**. Their first album had some endearing quirks. On the inside cover to the subsequent *Here Today, Tomorrow Next Week!* (Liberation) they are dressed in pristine white. One of them, however, has his trousers half down and one of the two female members looks set to fend him off with a chair. They all look like psych patients dressed as fashion-conscious doctors and nurses and sound like the angry young punks of power pop. Sometimes they approach the thick mumbled beauty of the Cocteau Twins but often the vocals have the wild and apparently erratic quality that Nina Hagen excels in. Either their translator has been perpetrating a cruel joke or whale blubber has fabulous mind-expanding qualities. Anyway they sing in English of everyday events like travel: "Lizards at lightning speed, surprise me all the time, does no-one respect space rules? ... I'm a spacegirl, pass me that aeroplane"; TV: "I'm on my knees, down on all four follows, antennae thrust out through my forehead"; and of course love: "Down your gullet, in the stomach you splash acid on me, I travel down the intestines, through the bowels and out, eat me love ...!" Belch. — *Jeremy Cook* 

TOP OF THE POPS

Clockwise from the top: Boom Crash Opera's big brash breakout album; A spirited first set from the Hummingbirds; Wild erratic sounds from The Sugarcubes; Seductive singing from Robyne Dunn.



FILM

PLAYING OFF A HANDICAP



Above & right: New Cinema Paradiso follows a film-maker's life in flashback; Below: A footloose moment in My Left Foot.



Historically, Hollywood and the handicapped go together like chalk and camembert. In movie city, scripts concerning "ugly" impairment make it to the screen about as often as scripts concerning . . . er . . . scripts about American intervention in Third World politics. Which is to say rarely.

A limp or bit of deafness or blindness have always been okay (if the star looks like Audrey Hepburn or Marlee Matlin); hunchbacks, insane rells in the west wing attic or an acid-scarred phantom have their roots in literature (and are therefore okay, plus good for a bit of fright value); and a sexy Viet vet in a wheelchair proved a positive box office

boon.

The movies *Mask* and *Elephant Man* spring to mind as notable exceptions, but the particular genetic malformation suffered by the protagonists of each is so rare as to render it a freaky curiosity, and thus not a "tasteless" affront to audience sensibilities.

In light of this, the publicists and ladies and gents of the Academy may be justified in crowing and applauding *Rain Man* as a "brave" film in that it tackled the subject of a little understood disability. In Hollywood, as in the universe as defined by Mr Einstein, all things are relative. It was a lot "braver" than, say *Working Girls*, and thus it scored every Oscar in the celestial firmament, stardate 1989. But you've got to admit that, in the spectrum of mental and physical disabilities to which the human vessel is prone, autism is acceptably "sightly." No twisted limbs, no bizarre facial contortions, no messiness of bodily function, severe speech impediment or dribble (at least in the *Rain Man* depiction, which would suggest that all autistics are lovable misunderstood geniuses.)

Brave schmave. If you want to see a brave and wonderful film that showcases perhaps the finest ever portrayal of a profoundly handicapped man, a film that is also entertaining and moving, without ever lapsing into maudlin sympathy and pity, go see the Irish film *My Left Foot*, starring Daniel Day Lewis.

There's nary a skerrick of Hollywood's policy on acceptable cripples about this creation of the early life of Christy Brown, whose difficult birth in 1932 left him with severe cerebral palsy, the fairly common disability that affects the brain's control of movement and speech without interfering with the sufferer's intellectual capabilities.

One of 13 children in a poverty-stricken Dublin family, Christy Brown was labelled a vegetable at birth and, unable to communicate in his early childhood years, was assumed by even his family to be mentally handicapped. Learning to write and paint with his left foot at age seven and, with therapy, to communicate verbally in his late teens, he went on to become a celebrated artist and author of a series of brilliant

books and poems.

The film is taken from the first part of Brown's autobiography, dealing with the years from his birth to his marriage in 1959. It has been adapted for the screen by Irishmen Shane Connaughton and Jim Sheridan, the latter also making his directing debut here. Daniel Day Lewis' performance is nothing short of powerhouse — he is unrecognisable as the actor who charmed filmgoers in *The Unbearable Lightness Of Being* and *My Beautiful Laundrette*. Ably supporting him is Hugh O'Connor, who plays Brown as a boy. Also featuring are leading Irish actors Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnnally and Cyril Cusack.

There is much humor, warmth and refreshing gritty honesty about this film. Many may choose to avoid it because of its very subject matter. That's their prerogative and their bad luck. They'll be missing out on not only a fine film but also on one of the most riveting and moving performances in recent cinema. That evaluation comes from the gut, the heart and my own acquaintance with a cerebral palsy sufferer. I know who my five bucks will be riding on come the Academy Awards.

Another truly rewarding entertainment currently showing in Sydney and Melbourne (and later in other states) is the Italian film *New Cinema Paradiso*. With much the same appeal as the French hits *Jean De Florette* and *Manon Des Sources*, this story spans 40 years in a small southern Italian village. It is a tale told in flashback, as a successful film-maker in his forties recalls his youth and his obsession with the village cinema and its projectionist — a mental journey sparked by news that the old projectionist has died. The film is gloriously rambunctious, colorful and interestingly interspersed with snippets of old European and American films which signal the passing of the years.

Written and directed by Giuseppe Tornatore (this is his second feature film), it stars the benign French actor Philippe Noiret, and a host of irascible and Fellini-esque Italian character actors. A definite winner and the perfect aperitif for a slap-up feast of pasta and vino. See for yourself. — C.J. Mackay

THE CEREAL KILLER



I've always been partial to the Winchester Defender 8-Shot pump.



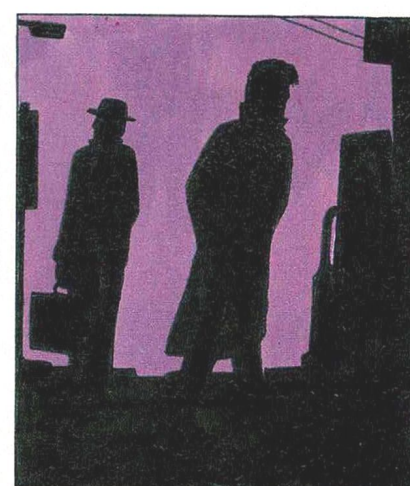
Double O Buckshot, hard-hitting, for close in dirty work . . .



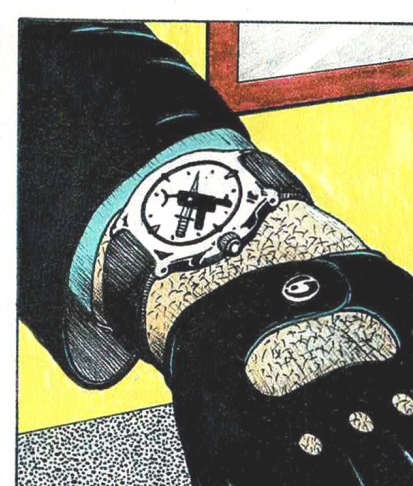
It's important not to leave a forwarding address . . . gloves mean no prints.



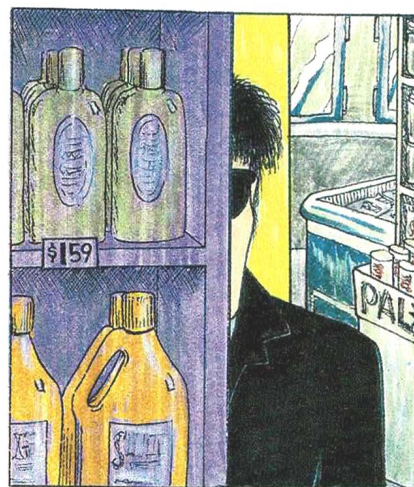
The standard black rain coat covers all manner of unsightly bulges.



Moving easily amongst the unsuspecting public, no-one would ever guess . . .



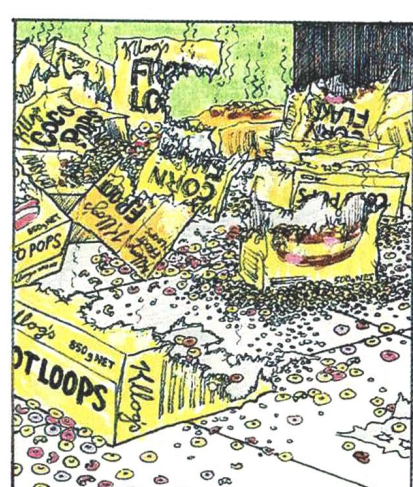
I don't know why, but Wednesday is usually the best time.



Have a look around . . . Don't rush it . . . Very close now . . . Nice and easy . . .



EAT LEAD SUCKER



It's funny. I can never decide whether to waste the Froot Loops or the Coco Pops first.

Geoff Harcus © 89



BY TONY MITCHELL

RECYCLING

The resurrected BMW R100RS succeeds by breaking all the rules

BMW's R100RS has broken every rule in motorcycling's book, and two very important ones in particular.

The first rule: like a retired fighter, an old bike never makes a successful comeback. The R100RS (100 = 1000ccs; RS = "Rennsport") was introduced in 1976, discontinued in 1983, and in 1989 is once more on the road.

The second rule: horsepower is everything. With the current Japanese 1000cc machines pumping out in excess of 130 horsepower, the R100RS squeezes out a mere 60.

The ways in which the "new" R100RS defies the rules of motorcycling — as written by the Japanese — are many, and it's been resurrected by BMW in the hope that there are plenty of riders who'll find it attractive because of that.

The R100RS goes, stops, and handles like a waitress in the Hofbrauhaus struggling with half a dozen *steins* when compared with the latest missiles from Japan, but after spending three midwinter days

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER AITCHISON

RECYCLING

and 2500 kilometres on it I can confidently say that, like the same beer hall, the R100RS is warm, comfortable, relaxing, sociable even, and a generally nice place to be.

Day one saw us heading out of Sydney in the cool a.m. bound for Dubbo, at 420 kilometres a mere warm-up squirt for a decent touring bike. It soon became obvious that while the RS has less than half the power of your average big Jap bike, it's got it where it counts. Peak torque — 74 Nm at 3500 rpm — and peak power — 44 kW (60 hp) at 6500 rpm — correspond to top gear road speeds of 90 km/h and 170 km/h respectively.

Okay, so it won't do 270 km/h like the blasters from the big four, but who wants to wind up in court on a charge of exceeding the speed limit on the Great Western Highway by 170? I wonder how many points you'd lose for that?

In the real world, the RS will sit on 100 to 160 all day, with enough power on tap to stay in top gear all the way. The horizontally-opposed pushrod twin, with its low-tech single camshaft and a mere two valves per cylinder, has suffered a bit at the hands of the noise and emission laws; it now wears 32mm Bing carburetors instead of the 40mm ones used previously, while smaller inlet valves and a

restrictive exhaust system are also used. And while it works harder than before to compensate for this, the 980cc engine still seems to eat up the miles with ease. And there's still no more reliable powerplant in motorcycling.

It won't handle unleaded though. The bureaucrats probably didn't have large capacity twin-cylinder bike engines in mind when they decided to specify the world's lowest octane rating (91) for our unleaded, but the fact is that the big BM pings badly and runs like a slug on the local brew, including the rip-off premium stuff. Fill the 22-litre tank with super and the difference is truly amazing. Fuel economy ranges from 18 km/litre in cruise mode to 12.5 km/litre when ridden hard. That's rather poor, but again the bureaucrats are responsible.

Power gets to the rear wheel via a single dry plate clutch, mounted directly at the back of the crankshaft, then through a five-speed gearbox and shaft drive, contained in a housing that also doubles as a single swingarm, with the rear wheel mounted directly to a flange on the back of the crown wheel. BMW has always used shaft drive, for good reason. It requires no maintenance apart from periodic lubricant changes, and when power's not the object it's the way to go.

Day two — an 835km haul from Dubbo to Melbourne via the Newell and Hume Highways — dawned sunny but cold, with the temperature promising to drop further

south towards a bone crunching near zero in The Grey City, where I was due at 5pm to commence a night of serious frivolity.

The acid test of a top-class long distance bike is its ability to get you to your destination without feeling too stuffed to party on, and in this regard the RS scores 9 out of 10. Eight hours and two fuel stops after leaving Dubbo, the first VB was on its way down, and your correspondent is pleased to record that he didn't fall over until well into the wee hours.

There are several reasons why the BMW is such a good long haul highway cruiser.

Its fairing, which is unchanged from the one which appeared back in 1976 (and which incidentally was the first full fairing fitted to a production motorcycle) has been designed to protect the rider from the windblast and the elements and it does this better than any other fairing I've ridden before. The only problem is some wind noise at the top of the visor, but otherwise you stay warm and dry from head to foot.

The riding position is super comfortable with lots of room to stretch out, and while the narrow bars are hard on the wrists at suburban speeds, they're fine at 100 km/h plus.

BMW's long travel suspension, including the "Monolever" rear strut which is anchored to the shaft drive housing, is biased more towards comfort and compliance than pseudo-racing performance specifications, and this makes it ideal on Australian "roads", where it soaks up bumps that would cause other bikes to launch you out of the seat into orbit.

The RS suspension doesn't endow it with particularly sharp handling. Although it's a light bike for its capacity (209kgs/dry), with a low centre of gravity and lovely balance that makes it very easy to ride, it doesn't like hard use of the brakes and throttle on tight roads. The soft suspension means that it rolls and pitches if ridden too aggressively.

The way to ride the RS quickly is to be as smooth as possible, setting it up well before the corner and riding through under power. Try to ride it like the GP boys on the tube and you'll soon be trading the RS in on a Japanese bike — a much smarter choice for the balls-out cerebral enema.

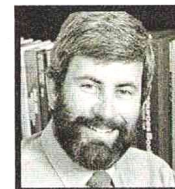
The rear suspension unit has four position spring preload adjustment. The softest setting is fine for solo use, with the two intermediate settings suitable for a range of loads up to the full passenger-and-all-the-gear epic, when the hardest setting is used.

If you so desire, you can pack a lot of gear on to the RS. BMW makes its own pannier bags (optional), and a tankbag, so with these and the small pack behind the passenger seat you can pile on enough bits and pieces for an extended two-up tour.

Continued on page 144



"As a frog, I could blow myself."



Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

THE DEEP END

Are you ready for commitment?

Perhaps you've been living together for a while. It's been pretty good. But lately she's started to talk about getting married. Or the possibility has crossed your own mind. Perhaps you've just been dating for a while, and that's been pretty good. Now she has been talking about living together, or that thought has crossed your mind. The central issue is: how do you know when to commit yourself to a relationship?

Believe it or not, I can now offer you a very good scientific theory of love. I think it's good because it is practical. According to this theory, a love relationship can have three main components, which you can represent as the sides of a triangle. The first side is "motivation", meaning the rewards you and your partner get out of the relationship. The second side is "communication", meaning your ability to understand and support each other. The third side is "commitment", meaning your decision to go into the relationship and then to stay in it, as it develops.

Different mixtures of these three possible components, in different strengths, can account for all love relationships. For example, a relationship with "motivation" (you both get lots of rewards out of it) and "commitment" (you both want to stay in it), but little "communication" (you can't talk effectively with each other) is going to have problems. Similarly, a relationship which has "communication" (you can talk with each other okay) and "commitment" (you want to stay together), but which has lost its "motivation" (the rewards have faded away) is going to be vulnerable. In fact, that's the most common pattern of a marriage headed for divorce. It's what I call an "empty relationship", meaning it has become emotionally empty and unrewarding. This often becomes obvious when one of the partners starts to look outside the relationship for the rewards that have been missing at home for some time.

My theory says a successful love relationship for an adult couple is

one where all three components are present and strong. So that's what you can check, in assessing the long-term prospects of your present relationship. First, how's the "motivation"? For an adult love relationship, the possible rewards are common interests that allow you to regularly share good times together, and a mutually satisfactory sexual relationship. Eventually you may also share some rewards from raising kids. It takes time to check the potential, long-term emotional benefits of a relationship, but it's worth it. If you and your partner want to stay in love, you must be able to regularly refresh your love by sharing good times, especially just as a couple. These should include, but not be restricted to, good sexual times.

Second, how's your "communi-

"To have the chance of having a successful relationship, you have to take the risk of trying a few dead-ends."

cation"? Can you discuss difficult issues openly and usefully? If one of you upsets the other, can you discuss that usefully? Can you stop arguments before they become damaging? Can you share important decisions in ways that suit you both? Communication is the basic process through which you run a relationship. No effective communication, no long-term successful relationship.

Third, how's your "commitment"? You may wonder how you can answer this, when your original question was whether or not to commit yourself at all. That's because there are different commitments you can choose to make, as the relationship develops through

different stages. In fact, you have already committed yourself to a dating relationship, maybe to a living-together relationship. The question now is whether you make the next level of commitment. That should depend on how you think the "motivation" and "communication" components are going so far, and on whether or not your partner is also ready to make a similar commitment.

That's obviously important. You might think the relationship has been going fine, with lots of shared rewards and great communication, but your partner may see things differently. You leap to the next stage of commitment and find yourself suddenly alone. Relationships are too important to guess about. Discuss it. Use this article as a guide. "Hey, beloved, I think our re-

lationship is going fine. I think we have these common interests (spell them out) so we can enjoy each other's company. I think our sex life is great (tell her what you like about it). And I think we can really communicate effectively (give her some examples). I'd like to know what you think, because I would like us to live together (or get married, or have a baby, or whatever you see as the next stage of commitment)."

On the other hand, at your own or her prompting, when you check out the components of your relationship you may find some gaps. This doesn't mean you have to declare the relationship a dead end. If you still have some hopes for it, you can see whether or not those gaps can

be plugged to the satisfaction of both of you.

Doubts commonly hold people back from making a commitment to a relationship. If I give this relationship a good try (meaning make myself vulnerable to being hurt or disappointed), can I be sure it will work? This doubt particularly plagues people who have had relationships end hurtfully before. The honest answer is no. You can't be sure, just as you can't be sure it won't work out until you have given it a try. To have the chance of making a successful love relationship, you have to take the risk of trying a few dead-ends. They're unpleasant, but survivable. You can at least limit your vulnerability by allowing the relationship to develop at its own natural pace, and by only holding expectations that are appropriate to its present stage of development.

The second common doubt is: if I commit myself to this relationship (meaning turn my back on other opportunities), will it be good enough for me not to regret (too much) what I may be missing? The honest answer is that you can't tell until you try. Again, if you allow the relationship to develop at a natural pace, so that your and your partner's expectations of it don't race ahead of it, then no-one is too badly hurt if eventually it proves not to be sufficiently rewarding for both of you to want to stay committed.

I find people talk a lot about commitment, and often worry about it. What they usually don't realise is that it's really something you do. Real commitment to a relationship is expressed by your finding common interests and protecting your shared good times, by sharing and refreshing a mutually satisfactory sexual relationship, and by choosing to communicate rather than sulk or shout. Your best guide as to whether or not you are ready to deepen your commitment to a relationship will be how well those things are happening already, and your partner's willingness to match your practical commitment with similar actions. ☐

Continued from page 58

worrying about whether they have actually made it or not. Some of the best sex manuals have told women that when they have an orgasm they'll know it, but this just isn't true, because women and their partners are often expecting the writhing body, the heaving sighs, and finally, the screams of pleasure. Little orgasms are often quiet — but still nice.

So, Jane was reaching orgasm sometimes, but not during intercourse, which for her was rather an anti-climax. In our culture, probably only 30 to 50 percent of women can reliably achieve orgasm during intercourse; most do it more easily with clitoral stimulation. Jane felt that the only normal way to have orgasm was with intercourse, but Rodney seemed pleased that she was getting somewhere. He wanted to know how to improve things so that she could have stronger orgasms, and more often.

This is where Jane and Rodney started to disagree. Like Anne, Jane found that sometimes she had to work really hard to get any response at all, and she would avoid having sex because it just didn't seem worth the effort. There were times when she would prefer a "quickie" rather than spend all that time and get nowhere.

Rodney felt if he got his release without her having an orgasm too, he was just using her.

Rodney's consideration for Jane was commendable, but his belief that Jane needed to reach orgasm to enjoy sex was putting them both under unnecessary pressure. Women vary tremendously as regards how easily they can achieve orgasm, the most effective way for them to have an orgasm, and how often they want or need orgasms. Some women rarely achieve orgasm and are perfectly contented, while others are able to come to climax with most sexual encounters.

Because orgasm is hard work for many women when they are tired etc, sexual activity can actually be more enjoyable without it. It's the difference between sensual sex and sexual sex. While men tend to desire orgasm with any sexual activity, women find sensual sex more like an intimate cuddle. They focus on skin contact, feelings of comfort and reassurance, just being close — and having to work hard to reach orgasm distracts them from this.

Rodney took a bit of convincing about this, but in the end he was quite relieved: it wasn't going to be as difficult to be a considerate lover as he had thought. In time, as Jane becomes more confident and is able to tell Rodney what she likes and doesn't like, and whether she feels like orgasm or not, it's very likely that she will

have stronger orgasms, and come more easily and more often. For the moment, however, she isn't doing too badly at all.

The major benefit of being flexible about what is expected during sex is that if Jane feels she has a choice about how she responds, from being still and quiet to being raunchy and active, she is much more likely to have sex more often. If she feels obliged to perform in a particular way, she is going to say no when she isn't sure she can do what is required. Thus, one more piece in the puzzle of why women may seem to want sex less often than men falls into place.

If Rodney can accept that Jane's idea of good sex can be different to his at times, without this causing an argument, he may be pleasantly surprised to find that her sex drive can match his. When Jane feels the world is dumping on her and she needs comfort and reassurance, letting Rodney know she wants quiet, cuddly sex is just as important as approaching him because she is randy.

If some men have difficulty understanding and accepting that their partners do not want sex as much as they do, spare a thought for the plight of the couple where the position is reversed. This was Meg and Bob's problem. Where Meg felt like sex a couple of times a week, Bob was only interested on the weekends. Even as a teenager he had not masturbated much, and now he had a demanding job and just

wasn't interested during the week. Meg was angry because she felt somehow he wasn't very masculine, and also because she said it made her feel she was being aggressive and pushy in having to ask him for sex. Meg was being influenced by the macho ideology which puts men under a lot of pressure to be sex machines. Despite common differences between the sexes, there are also vast differences between individuals.

Any couple with different levels of sexual interest have to begin to solve their problems by firstly respecting the other's sexuality: arguing about it cannot change things, except to make them worse. By trying to understand the other's needs, and confidently explaining their own, the couple can begin to work out compromises. Compromises which don't oblige the reticent one to become aroused include the use of vibrators, manual or oral stimulation, and for women, quiet sex using an artificial lubricant. Since it is obviously difficult for a man who doesn't feel like sex to produce an artificial erection, when his partner is randy his options are more limited. The bottom line for both sexes is that one person is not responsible for another's sexual needs; if one wants sex and the other, at the time, can't stand the thought of it, the solution lies in the randy one's hands.

Another situation placing pressure on men is the so-called problem of premature ejaculation. I prefer the term "rapid ejaculation", which limits the condition to men who come in 60 seconds or less after vaginal penetration. I've seen some men who can delay ejaculation for five minutes and yet still believe they suffer from premature ejaculation.

Two couples, Cathy and Paul, and Leanne and Jim, believed that premature ejaculation was their main problem. However, there were important differences in their situations.

Cathy relied on intercourse for orgasm, and she felt that Paul came before she was ready, leaving her frustrated and irritable. When they first began having sex, Paul had been able to hold off his orgasm for several minutes until Cathy was ready to come. Occasionally, Cathy took longer to come than he could last, and he would feel he had let her down. Then he began to worry about whether he would last long enough. Now, we have already seen that when a woman is tired or worried, she takes longer to climax, but generally the reverse is true for males. The more Paul worried, the quicker he came, and the more he worried.

As with most problems, it helps to compromise. Cathy experimented with different methods of arousal prior to intercourse, and practised vaginal exercises to improve her response with penile thrusting, but she had to accept that Paul would take time to improve his control. Paul practised a number of the techniques to delay

ejaculation, including changing his worried thoughts to relaxing ones, and learning to recognise when he was about to ejaculate and experimenting with tensing and relaxing his pelvic muscles.

For Leanne and Jim, however, different tactics were required. Leanne could only climax with hand stimulation, and was more satisfied with that. Jim believed he came quickly when in fact he was well within normal limits, usually lasting several minutes. He thought that if he could last longer, Leanne might be able to climax with intercourse. Leanne, however, lost interest when he did last longer, and found her vagina would become dry and irritated. He thought she was just being kind when she told him she actually preferred him as he usually was. It only took one session for Jim to be reassured that they were both doing fine; now he relaxes and enjoys himself.

Perhaps the most common disagree-

6
Happy couples
are not necessarily
"compatible" sexually, but
they've learned to cope
with, and even enjoy,
their differences
9

ment that highlights the differences between the sexes is over the "cuddle-touching-sex" dilemma.

Jacqui complained, "He only ever cuddles me when he wants sex." Steve replied, "She doesn't let me touch her most of the time." Jacqui's response: "Well, he never talks to me, then he wants to grab at me all the time." "If I didn't like the look of you, I wouldn't want to touch you, so you should be flattered," said Steve. "Flattered!" exploded Jacqui. "How would you like to be mauled all the time?" "I wouldn't know, you never give me the chance to find out!"

Boys and girls are generally brought up differently in our society. She is allowed, even encouraged, to be emotional, but good girls aren't blatantly sexual; he is taught to be comfortable with his body, to place a lot of importance on sexual performance, but not to cry or need cuddles. She hates sexual touching if she is preoccupied, but he is likely to find it soothing.

Traditional girl meets and marries traditional boy. He finds it hard to say: "I've had a bad day. Talk to me. Give me a

cuddle." He finds it easier to express himself sexually. She misreads this as: "He only wants me for my body. He doesn't care about me."

She sees further "proof" of this when she does give him a cuddle. Before she knows it, he has an erection! Well, that's it for her; he's done it again. Half the time he has no intention of going further — he can't help his biological response — but he finds this hard to explain. She begins to avoid cuddles because he always seems to want to go on to sex, or so she believes. He gets pleasure out of touching her, so continues to try to pat her on the bottom or touch her breasts on odd occasions, like when they are dressing, and doesn't understand when she gets cranky. "Don't you love me?" he says.

She tries to talk to him about her feelings; he doesn't seem interested. Often, however, he doesn't know what she wants him to say. She says: "Don't you love me?"

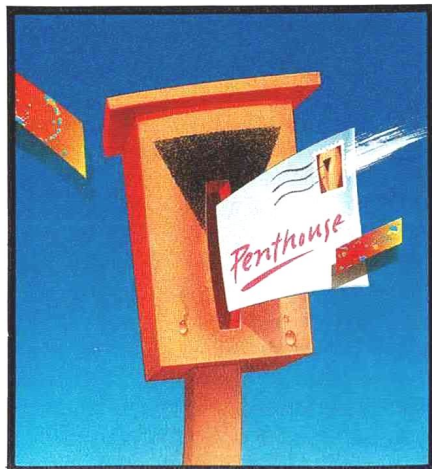
Jacqui summed up their problem when she said, "He thinks we have a sexual problem and I think we have a relationship problem. He thinks if we had sex more often, if I didn't complain about being touched, we'd get on better, but I think if we talked more, if he gave me cuddles without expecting sex all the time, I'd want sex more often."

Who is right? Obviously, they both are in a way; neither is being deliberately mean or hard to get on with, but it's as if they are talking different languages. Sadly, unless they work together to sort it out, the relationship may end. It's usually the woman who decides she's had enough: most divorces are initiated by the wife, who says she has tried to get her husband to talk about their problems for years. When Jacqui told Steve she was going to leave, his reply was: "I have no idea what it is she wants from me. I've done the best I can, worked all the overtime I could get, tried to do everything to give her a good standard of living. What more does she want? I don't understand."

So, can the sexes ever understand each other? Of course. Lots of couples have already worked it out. Perhaps surprisingly, those couples who are most happy together are not necessarily "compatible" sexually, but are those who have learned to cope with, and even enjoy, their differences. All that is required is to accept your partner's sexuality without blame or argument, and to be confident about your own sexuality, so that you can both listen to and talk to each other about any differences — then be prepared to work them out together.

Sexual norms are changing. Young females are being encouraged to be more confident sexually, young males to express their emotions. It will be interesting to see whether the age-old dilemmas discussed in this article will survive right through the Nineties and beyond. O—





FORUM

Continued from page 17

ing himself immensely. Wendy was cheering him on and turned to me and said, "Can you believe that? Lucky there's not too many around like him or they wouldn't need us." I just stared in amazement.

Brad then stood up, his beautiful cock pointing almost vertical. He started a sort of no-hands pumping action with his cock, jerking it back and forward towards his stomach. He was hardly moving, just his cock pumping up and down in short sharp movements. Every now and then he would reach down with his hand and masturbate for 30 seconds or so, and then let go to pump away again. It was like a handle moving up and down; it seemed to swell even more as he continued.

He looked at me as he reached down to masturbate again and asked if I minded him coming on the carpet. Wendy looked at me and said, "You'll love it — come on Brad, let it go." He continued to look at me while he masturbated, then he pulled his hand away and looked down at his throbbing monster. All of sudden come just gushed out, two or three really big squirts, and then it just dribbled continuously on to the carpet. At first I felt a bit squeamish, but with Wendy jumping around with obvious delight at Brad's uncanny abilities it soon passed. Wendy went into the bathroom to get a towel for Brad, who had collapsed in a chair beside the television and was continuing to slowly masturbate every last drop from his still very erect cock.

Wendy mopped up the floor, then moved over to Brad, pushed his hand away and lowered her mouth over his cock. He just sat back and moaned with pleasure. She continued to relentlessly suck his cock, keeping it big and hard. He loved the attention that Wendy was giving him and I was starting to feel like I was intruding. I continued to watch, though, and drink more champagne. Finally Wendy moved away, complaining that her mouth was sore and that she didn't think he was going to come again. Brad stood up and moved over to the sofa bed with me. He started to apologise for Wendy and his antics and said he hoped I would come back again. I looked down at his now flaccid penis and asked if he would mind if I came back tomorrow with a camera, because no-one would ever believe what I saw today. He

wasn't very keen on the camera idea but said he'd like to see me again. I said goodbye to Wendy, who was now in the shower, and left.

While working the next morning I related my experience to the girls. One of them, Cheryl, wasn't with us when he had walked into the room naked the other day. When we got to Brad's room she insisted that we didn't ring the bell. I asked them to wait a minute and went around to the side overlooking the pool to see if Wendy was there. She was, and she looked settled for a long sunbake.

We moved inside quietly. I went over to the louvre doors to see if Brad was on the outside lounge. He was in his usual spot but this time lying on his back with his cock in view. The girls joined me in a perv. Cheryl said, "That couldn't be real."

We finished the room without making any noise and since it was our last room we decided to have some fun. I went to the bathroom and found some tanning oil. I told the girls to wait in the bathroom until I had gone out on to the balcony and closed the doors.

I opened the doors and said hello to Brad, who immediately sat up. I closed the doors and told him to lie down so I could rub some oil on him. He seemed pleased that I had come and agreed. I started on his chest and slowly moved down to his stomach, then let my hand brush his cock lightly. It immediately started to grow, as Brad kept his eyes closed and smiled. I moved past his now erect cock to his legs, all the time just missing his huge balls. After I had completed his legs it was obvious from Brad's subtle movements that he wanted plenty of attention to that mighty crimson penis. I could imagine what the girls would be saying to each other on the other side of the louvre doors.

I put my hand around his cock, amazed that I couldn't get my fingers and thumb to touch. I pulled it so that it stood straight up and closed both hands around the monster. Brad was watching with an amused look on his face. I took the bottom hand and placed it on top of my other hand and there was still a good inch or so to go. I then proceeded to rub the oil into this rigid pole while fondling his balls with the other hand. I continued to play with Brad's cock for a few minutes before reaching down to pick up a T-shirt which was beside the lounge. After wiping the oil from his straining shaft I began to lick and suck the swollen head, but the taste of oil was still apparent. Brad noticed my distaste and immediately offered to shower.

I quickly asked him to stay with me in the sun, handed him the oil and removed my clothes. Brad got up from the lounge, allowing me to lie on my stomach. He moved behind me to kneel between my feet, which overhung the lounge. He

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Tiffany's

Night & Day

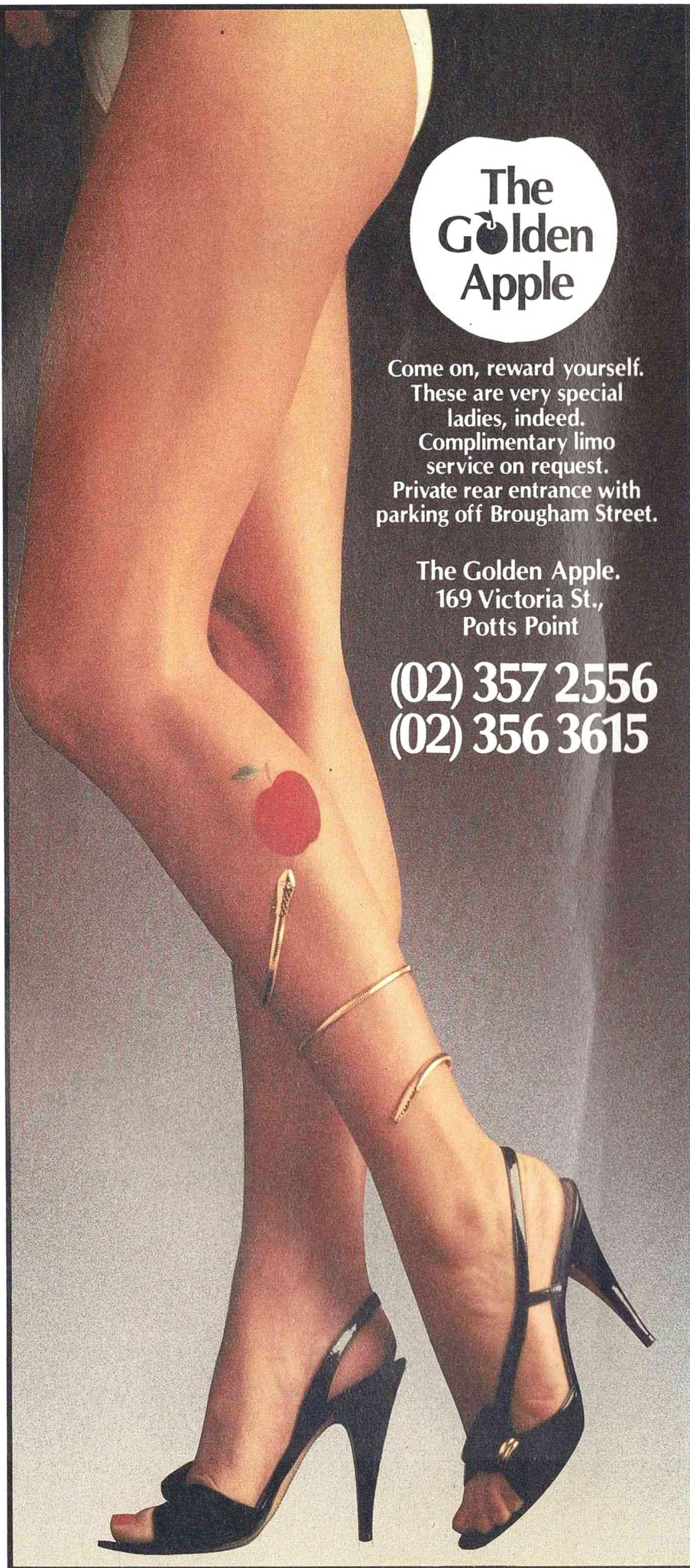
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FORUM

reached up to put his hands around my waist and pulled me towards him, forcing my legs to open. With my knees now on the ground and me bent over the end of the lounge he started to rub oil into my shoulders. I peered back over my shoulder to see him rubbing oil into his cock with one hand while using the other to massage my back. He pushed me back down on to the lounge and then entered me without any warning, holding me down with his hand in the middle of my back. Even with oil to lubricate his cock it really hurt and I began to feel a little threatened. He then very slowly started to massage my shoulders and back again with both hands. He hadn't moved his cock any further inside me, just stayed where he was and continued to rub the oil all over me. I relaxed a little but protested at his abrupt manner. He didn't say anything, just continued working the oil into my body, concentrating more and more on my bottom and the tops of my legs. Even though he wasn't moving the presence of his enormous cock inside me made me feel like I wanted it never to leave. I began pushing into him and moving from side to side, slowly taking in more and more of his beautiful pole. I was just beginning to feel like I would orgasm when Brad started to come. He moved in and out of me in short sharp movements for a few seconds and then sighed in pleasure as he withdrew his cock from my aching hole. I was so disappointed that I hadn't reached orgasm with such a magnificent cock inside me. Just as Brad was getting up to go inside I remembered the audience I had brought with me. The doors opened and Pauline, Cheryl and Judy stepped out on to the balcony, surprising him. He tried to cover up but quickly realised that they must have seen everything anyway.

Cheryl could not take her eyes off his now flaccid penis and he looked suitably embarrassed by the predicament he was in. He looked at me, smiled, and told us he was going to shower. I put my bra and pants on while the girls asked me what it was like. They couldn't believe I didn't come; neither could I for that matter.

We poured ourselves some champagne and waited for Brad to finish his shower, wondering if he would be upset at our voyeurism. He came out with a towel wrapped around him and handed one to me so that I could have a shower. He seemed fine, even amused by the situation, and poured himself some champagne. Judy and Pauline had to go home and left as I was heading for the bathroom, leaving Cheryl talking to Brad at the bar.

About 20 minutes later I emerged from the bathroom to find Wendy taking a



Keep them in their place!

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail you order now to avoid disappointment.

The price for the Penthouse binder (magazines not included) is only \$11.50.

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FORUM

photo of Cheryl lying naked on the sofa bed except for a red cap on her head and with Brad's half-erect cock in her mouth. I poured myself a drink after saying hello to Wendy, who was really enjoying the photographic session. Cheryl sucked that cock like she was never going to see another one and at the same time was fingering her clit. She was getting herself really worked up and finally pulled away from Brad's huge erection and pleaded with him to fuck her.

Brad turned Cheryl over and had her on hands and knees while he stood at the edge of the bed. Cheryl could not have been any more than five feet tall and, even though her boobs were very large and firm, she had a particularly petite body. Brad's cock just looked absolutely enormous as he stood over her. He grabbed the base of the monster in his left hand and forced it down from its erect position to aim menacingly at Cheryl's vagina.

Cheryl was tense with anticipation as Brad forced the head of his cock into her and slowly continued to push until she suddenly pulled away with a plea that it hurt her. He slowly withdrew to let his glistening cock assume its almost vertical erect position. Cheryl screamed for him not to stop. He asked her not to move

and leaned over to a drawer in the desk near him and pulled out a black leather thing and put it under his swollen balls, then pulled it tight to fasten at the base of his erection. (I was later to learn this was a cock strap.) Within a few seconds his cock swelled *even more* and turned a very dark shade of crimson. He moved back to Cheryl, who was desperate to have that cock back inside her. Brad placed his hand around the base of his cock and with his other hand pulled her toward him. He entered Cheryl as she pleaded with him to make her come, and from that point he pumped her for what seemed like ten minutes. He left his hand wrapped tightly around the base of his cock the whole time and ploughed Cheryl with long purposeful strokes up to the edge of his hand. Cheryl screamed in orgasm, hollering: "Don't let it stop, please don't let it stop." Finally she collapsed on the bed face down, leaving Brad standing at the edge of the bed with his huge cock still not satisfied (or at least it was still enormous). He unleashed the strap from around the monster, helped Cheryl back on to her hands and knees, then fed it back into her.

Wendy and I grabbed another bottle and went out on to the balcony to leave them to it. Brad came out to the balcony after having another shower and asked could he have some champagne. Wendy told him to get a glass and with that he

opened his towel to show his limp cock stuck in a champagne flute. Wendy laughed, pulled the flute off his cock and poured the champagne. I asked him about the cock strap and he explained that he found it very difficult not to come prematurely and that the strap helped him control his orgasm. He sat between Wendy and I on a chair facing us. Wendy asked him to move closer so that she could fondle his cock. Cheryl finally emerged and sat with us, her face beaming. She had obviously enjoyed her afternoon of fucking. Wendy went for another bottle and returned with champers and some moisturiser. She handed Brad the bottle to open while she loaded her hand up with the moisturiser and applied it to his cock and balls. I have seen plenty of cocks but I have never been fascinated by them. Whenever I was with Brad, however, I just couldn't take my eyes off his rod.

Wendy had her film developed and gave me a print of each of the ones she had taken of Brad's cock. I have made a montage of them and it takes pride of place in my bathroom. You would be amazed at the comments I get, particularly from women. Brad will be in Sydney soon and I am going to take him to one of the nude beaches. That should be another interesting experience that I can write to Forum about. — Name, address and photos withheld 

A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH IN MINIATURISATION TECHNOLOGY HAS JUST OBSOLETED YOUR RADAR DETECTOR

Spectrum 3 brings new meaning to the word miniature or pocket size.

Advances in surface mount technology have resulted in the development of what maybe the smallest radar detector in the world.

Measuring barely 17mm thick, the new Spectrum 3 (Australian assembled) is so small! It just about disappears inside a 25 pack cigarette box.

Weighing only a few ounces this compact radar detector is easily installed in any vehicle and comes complete with various accessories and fittings.

The Spectrum 3 has been undergoing development in Australia for the last twelve months, but until now did not meet the performance specifications laid down by Creative Electronics.

The Creative Electronics Whistler Spectrum 3 is available in one model only!

The Spectrum 3 "K" band only combines miniature size with outstanding performance. No other compact detector offers such high performance.

Convenient push button controls and digital distance meter ensure accurate pinpointing of radar transmissions.

Slant radar is no problem for the Spectrum 3!

The Spectrum 3 will detect all "K" band mobile and hand gun type radars consistently and effectively.

If you are considering the purchase of a radar detector and you are looking for style, good looks and performance, Spectrum 3 is for you!



Spectrum 3 is only available from Reward Systems Pty Ltd, 130-134 Pacific Highway, St Leonards, NSW 2065.

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For further information and availability contact Reward Systems Pty Ltd or Creative Electronics Pty Ltd.

RAPED. ASSAULTED. ABUSED. AND THEN THEY LEFT HOME.



Most street kids didn't leave home for adventure. They left home to survive.

Their parents having committed atrocities no publication like this could rightly print.

Alas, it was out of the frying pan into the fire.

Many street children are now reduced to selling their bodies and stealing just to pay for their Heroin addictions.

Many spend the night in parks (sleeping in a bed of newspapers is no bed of roses). Or squats.

Or sewerage drains.

Help is at hand, however. The Lady Mayoress has just set up the Breakthrough Programme.

It's not just a hand-out or a place to sleep, it's a complete program staffed by experts, to rehabilitate the kids, both mentally and physically.

But we need money to run it. Lots. And you can help there, we know you can.

Go on. Send off a donation now.

If the thought of homeless children with no

food, no money, no love, and no hope doesn't make you want to help Sydney's street kids, think of them stealing your video recorder.

Please accept my tax deductible donation to save Sydney's 12,000 street kids.

Name

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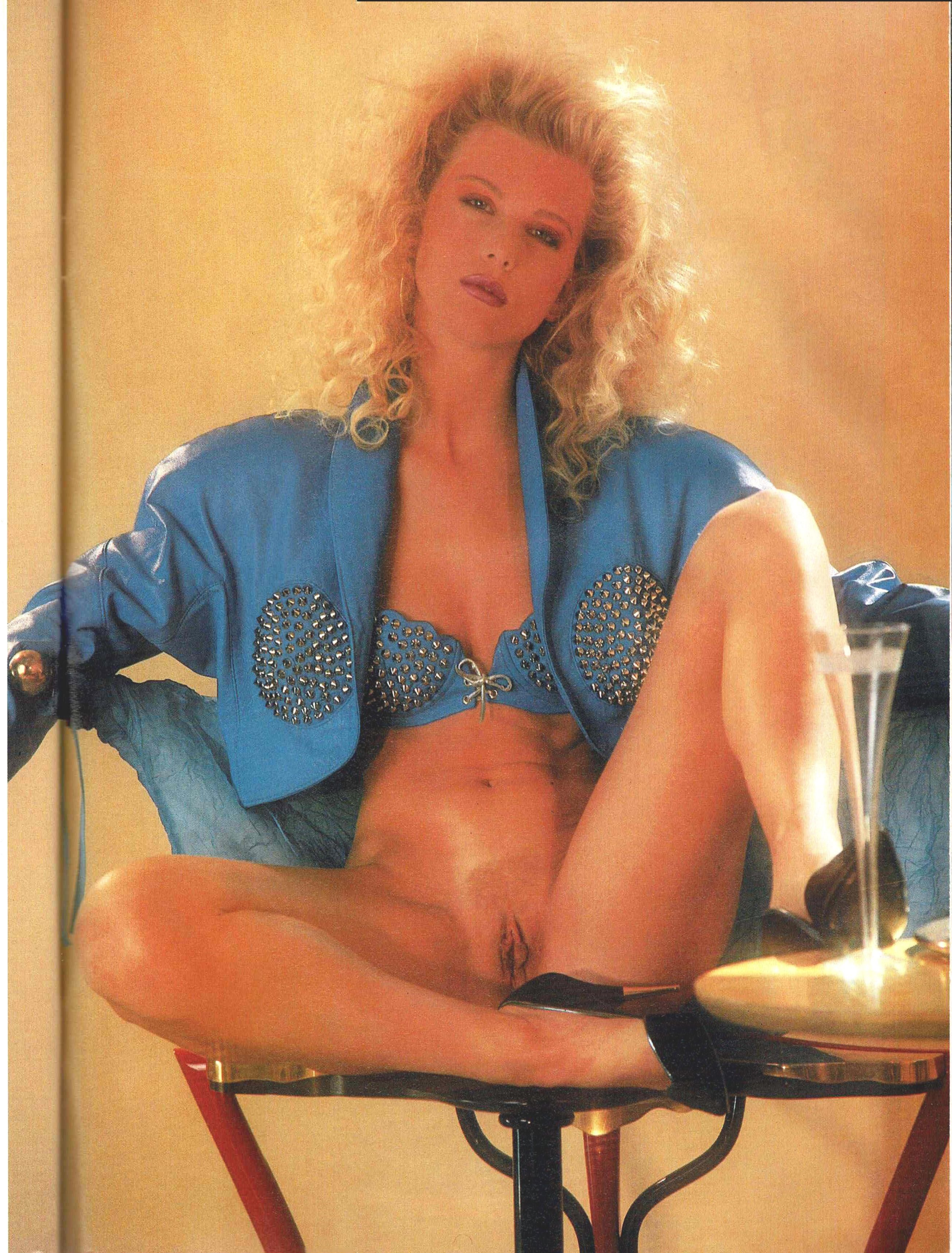
To: Lady Mayoress' Relief Fund, Town Hall, Sydney 2000.

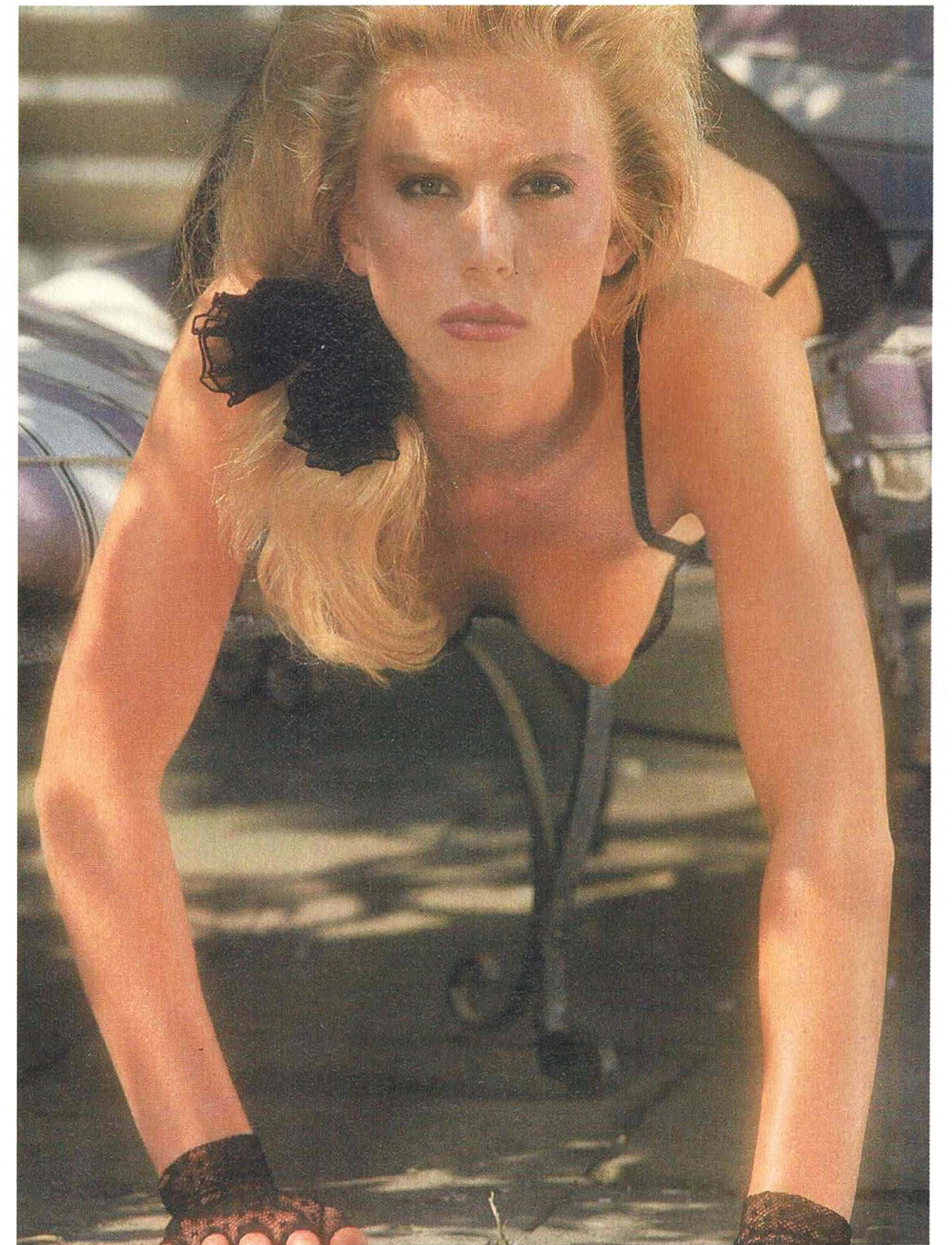


PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP MOND

back to basics

If you think it's impossible to improve upon "perfection", Mikki Brenner would love to prove you wrong. Dedicated to bettering herself both in body and mind, 21-year-old Mikki firmly embraces the holistic tenets of yoga. "Exercise means nothing without a strong mind," she insists. "After all, beauty does come from within."







Although Mikki is strict about working out on a daily basis, she insists that she's no slave to fitness. "In fact," reveals the freckle-faced natural beauty, "alot of times I just chuck the routines and sweat it out to some Van Halen or Metallica records."



WATERS

Continued from page 90

of its original size.

The orange roughy, which has been doing its thing a kilometre below the water off the continental shelf for countless years, is thus in danger of spending its last few years as a political football being kicked around by the supporters of long-term greed up against the short-term greed side.

And no doubt the well-intentioned bureaucrats will make mistakes — for fish management is still an art rather than a cut-and-dried science. And no doubt level-headed, concerned fishermen will at one stage be elbowed out by the greedy and the foolish, for there are fishermen who move from ground to ground, ripping the guts out of fisheries, caring not two hoots for any locals who farm the sea rather than rape it.

Fish numbers fluctuate. Flathead are back in large numbers off the east coast. The Tasmanians are hoping that even scallops may be growing back in their waters. There are whales once again swimming between Perth and Rottnest Island.

But, as these examples show, it is possible to destroy a fishery and, if it is not forever, then the destruction can be for a

very long time. And much of the rape is plain stupid. In February 1989, 27 boats flocked to a new orange roughy spot found west of Port Lincoln in the Great Australian Bight. The early boats received an average of \$2.50-\$3.00 a kilo, but this soon dropped to almost half that when the fishing peaked. That is, the boats could have caught half as many fish and maintained price and income.

Many fishermen sneer at the fisheries bureaucrats, who only ever seem to act when the fishery has reached crisis and seem to be forever closing the door after the horse has reached the highway. This is partly true: regulations to save fisheries already destroyed are much more noticeable than new rules on net mesh sizes.

Fishermen won't kill every fish in the sea. Man might, by pouring organochlorines from pulp mills into the water and turning every estuarine breeding ground into a tourist resort. And while there will be yet more orange roughy hot spots found, and new fisheries discovered as we trawl greater and greater depths, there will never be enough fish — never, ever. We import most of our fish, and have done so for years.

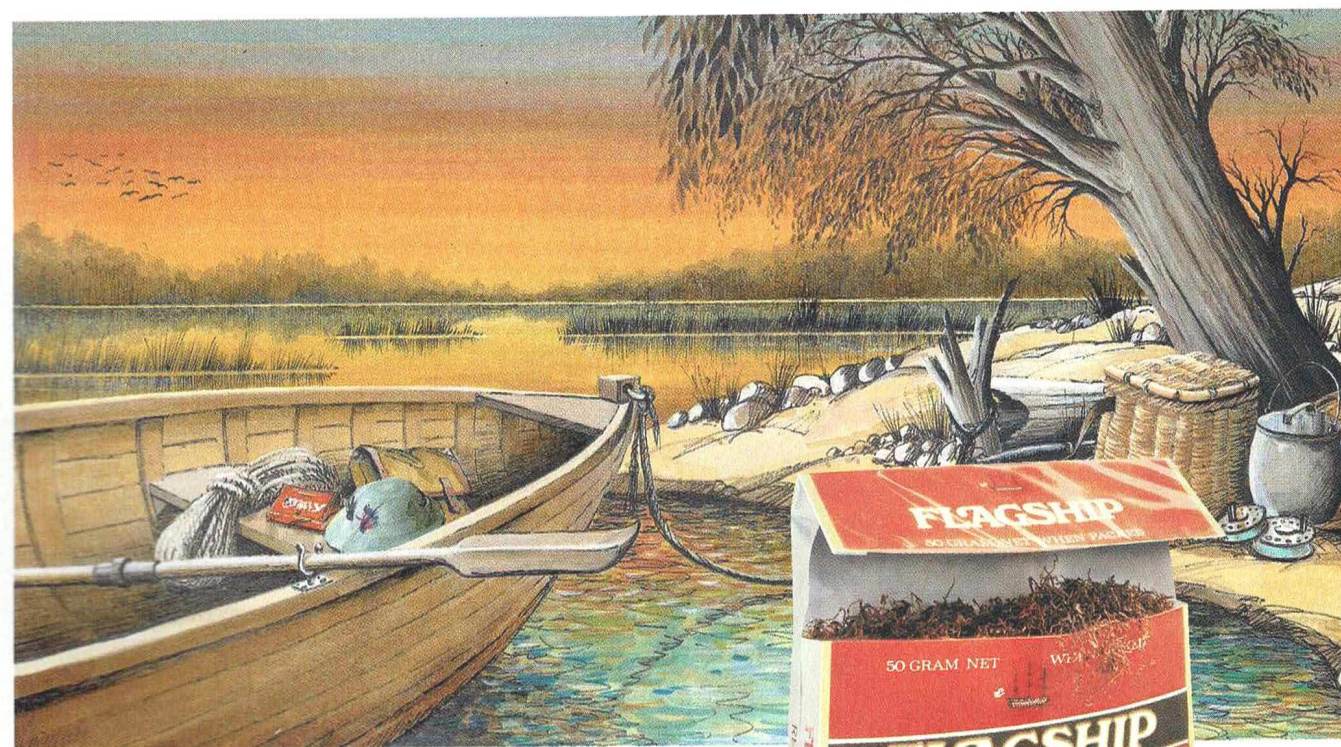
And presumably those foreign fishing grounds are getting a fair going over. Hence the big investments in fish farms. In 1988 Queensland prawn farmers grew and sold 120 tonnes of prawns. There were 20 tonnes of farm-raised barramundi sold —

and a lot more imported from Thailand, which is better at growing our native fish than we are. The Tasmanian salmon and trout farms sold 3000 tonnes in 1989, and Tasmanian abalone divers are experimenting with planting and nurturing abalone larvae. There's a bloke in South-West Rocks (NSW) who claims to be able to breed and raise whiting. Marron and yabbies have long been farmed for the market.

But there are still big problems in fish farming. High mortality rates of fish can mean high mortality rates for investors. But the increasing successes are already affecting the more traditional suppliers. Queensland's prawn trawlers were hit in 1989 by their main market, Japan, buying white prawns from farms in China, slashing returns to the trawlers by more than half.

Aquaculture is the way to go; at the same time, increasing regulation of wild fisheries will be used to protect that resource. At some stage, the political decision — on whether we have a lot of little fishermen or just a few big ones — will have to be made; and, too, the continued destructive development of breeding grounds — the mangrove swamps and river mouths — will have to be more seriously questioned.

Whichever way these questions are answered, the fishermen will chorus: "Bloody bureaucrats." 



Flagship. Too good to rush.



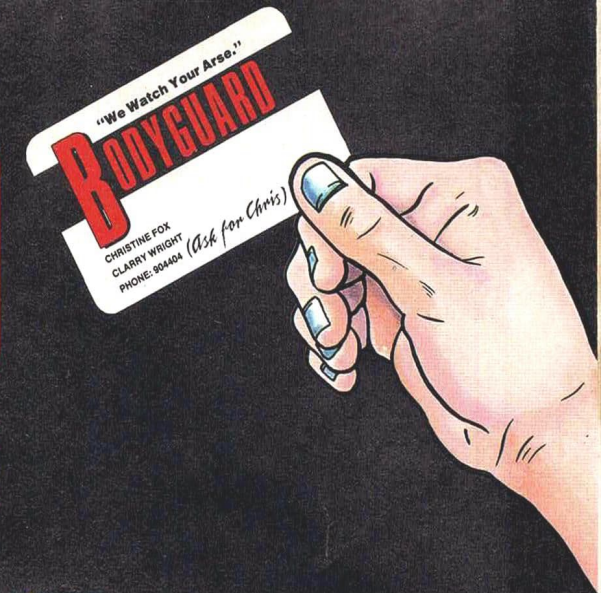
SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS

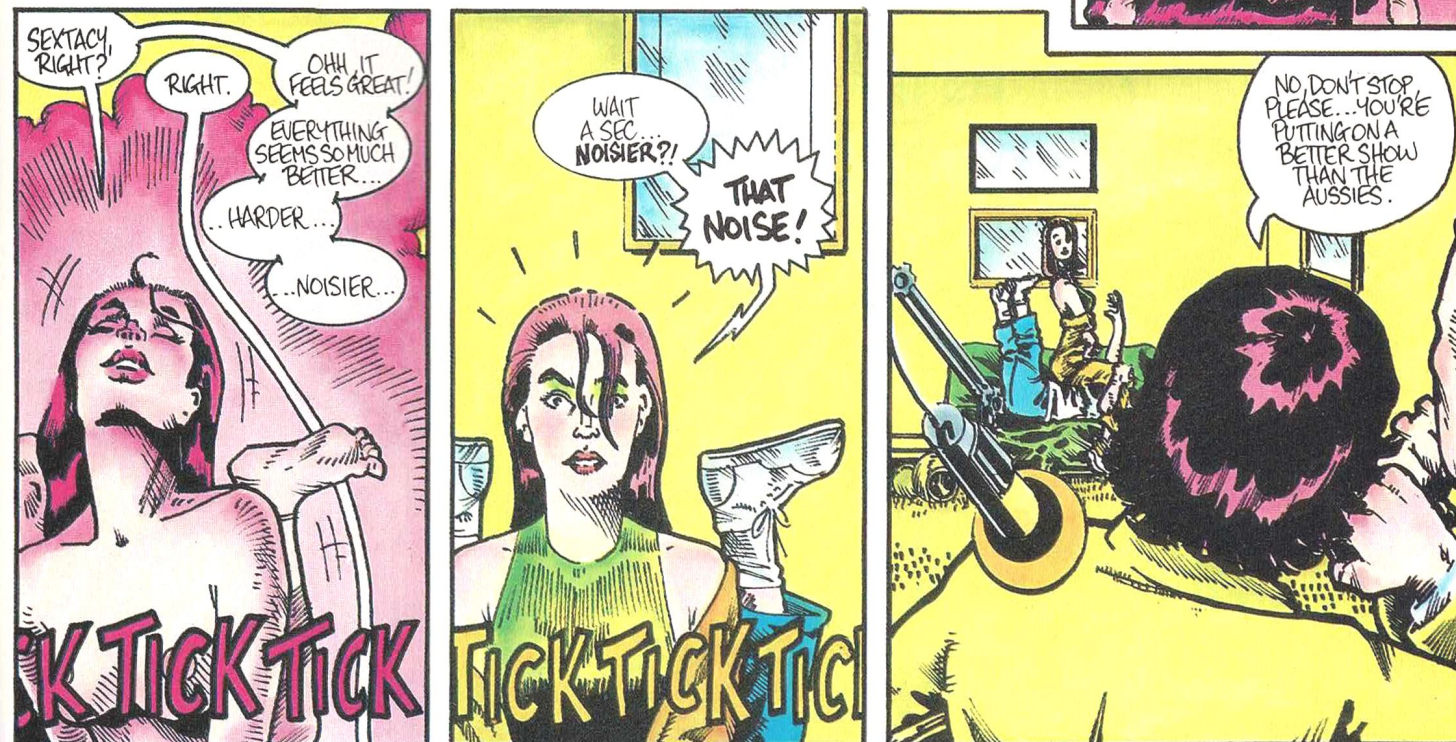
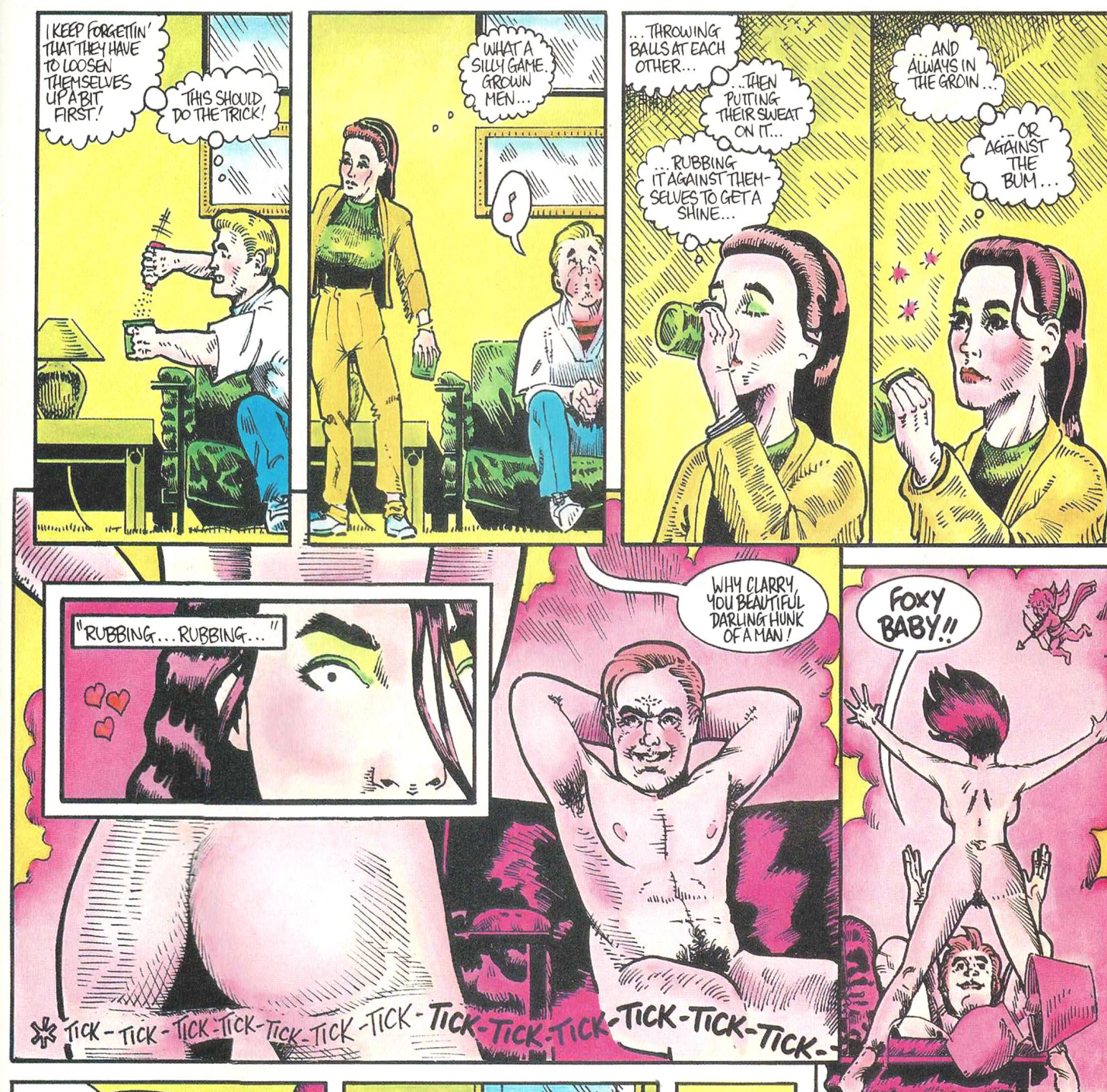
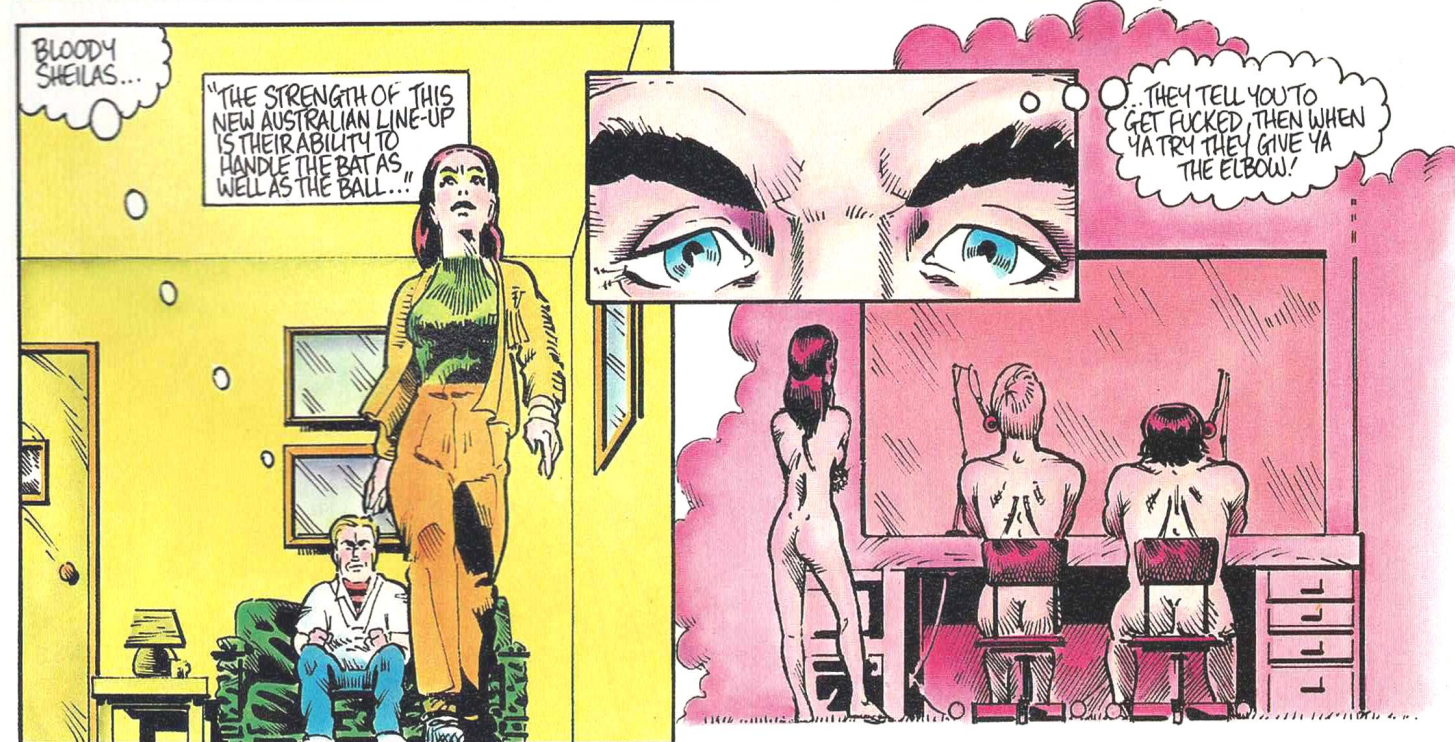
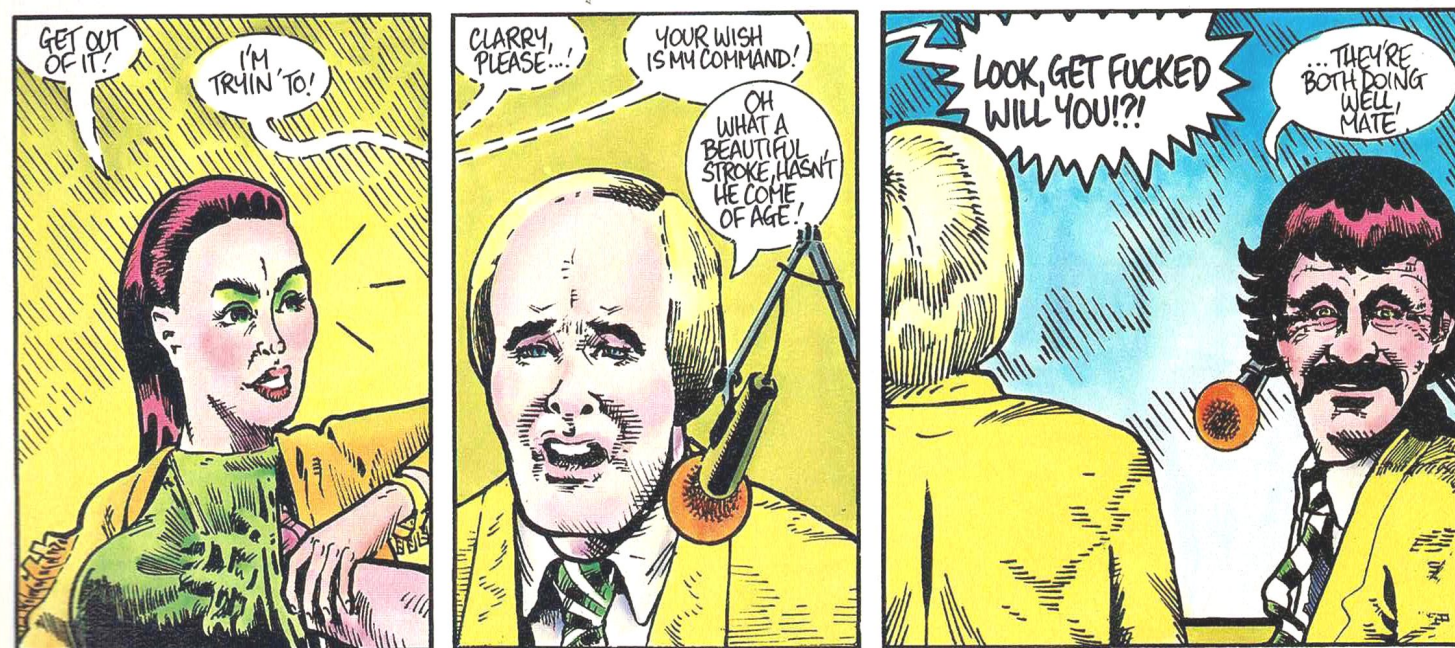
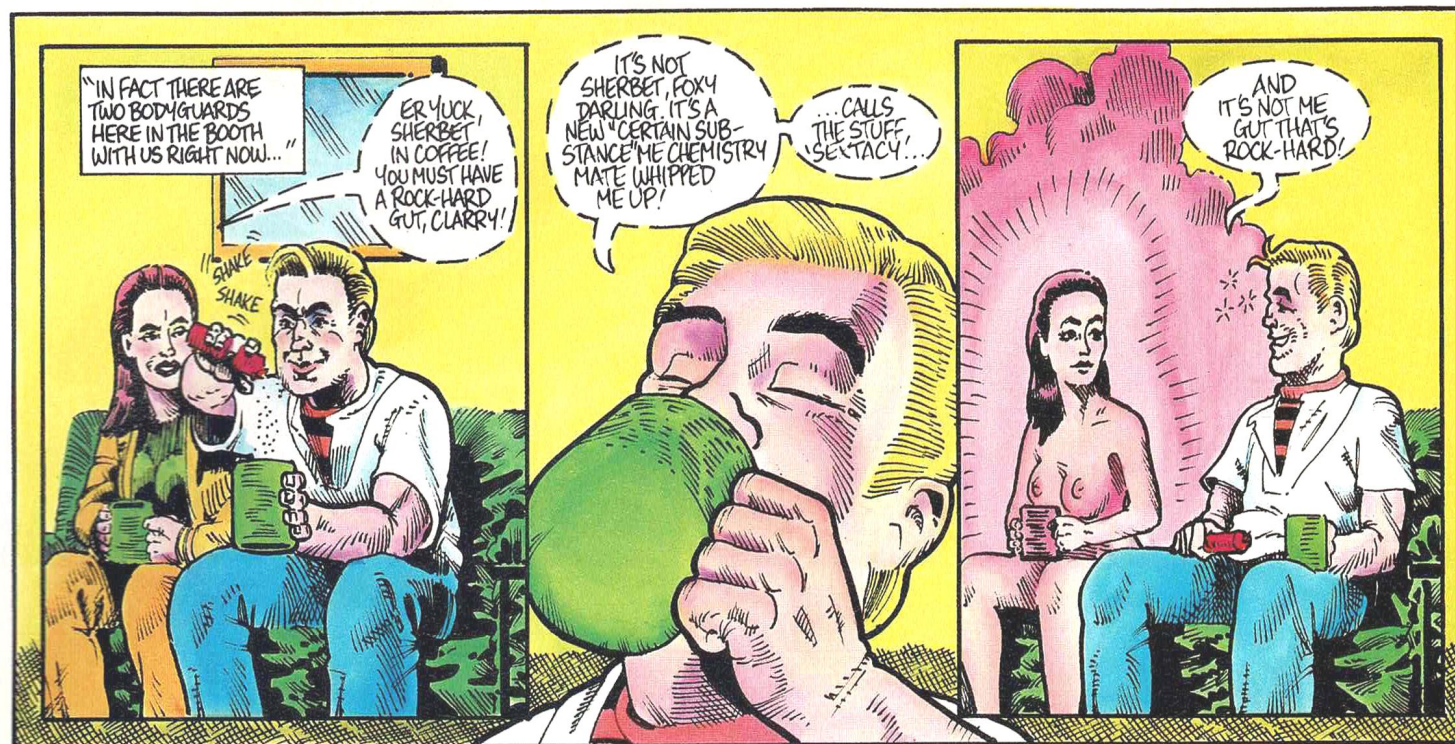
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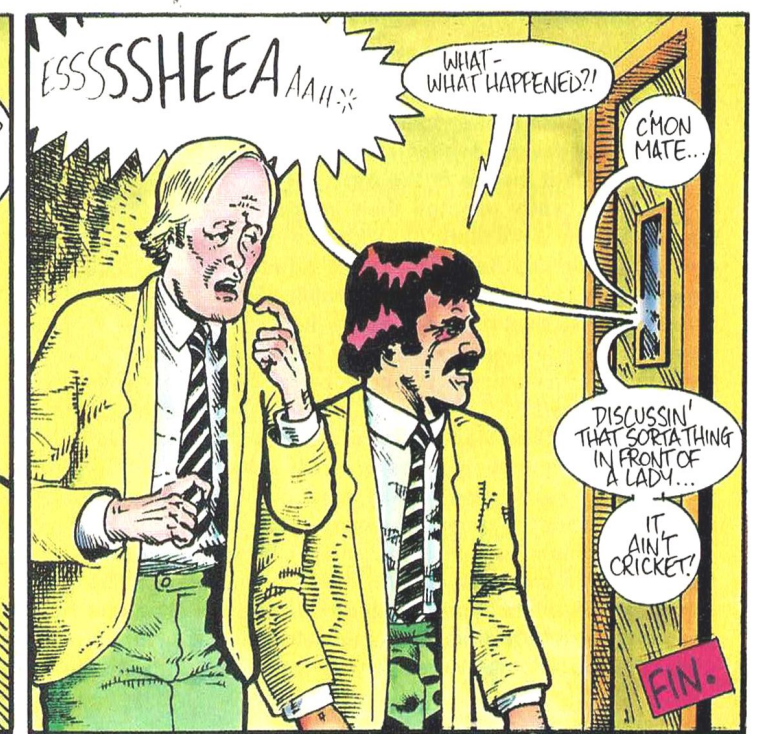
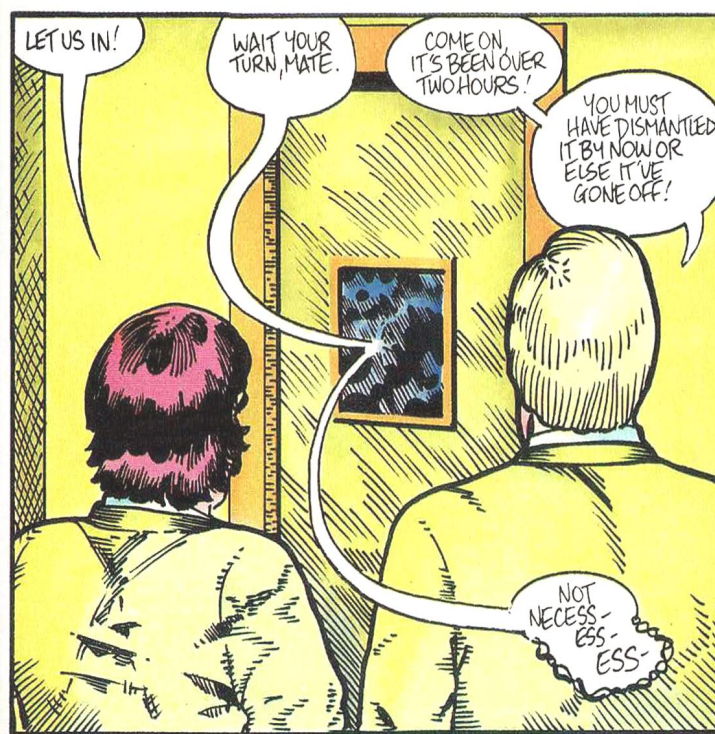
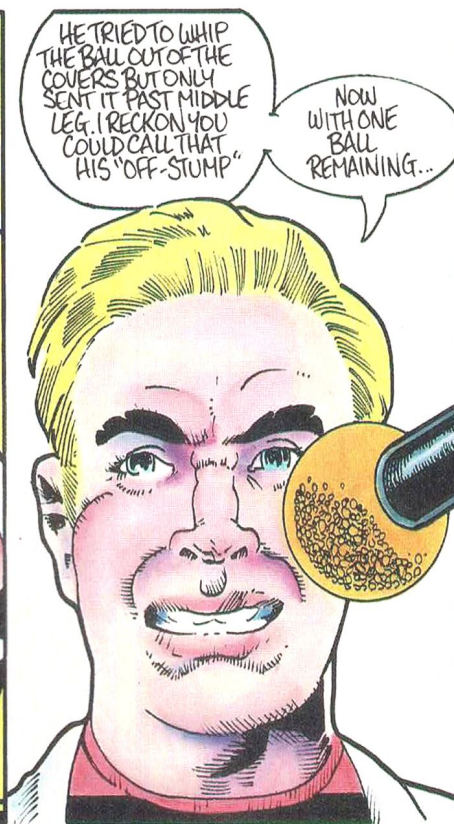
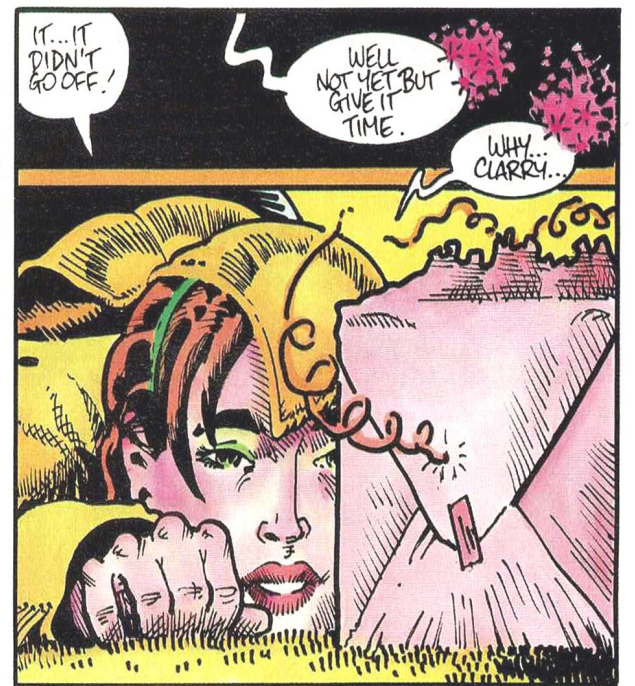
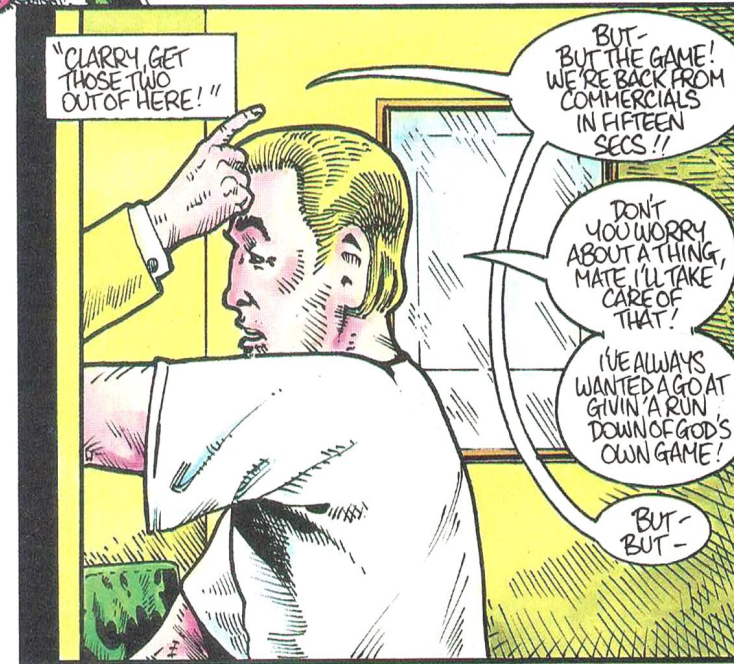
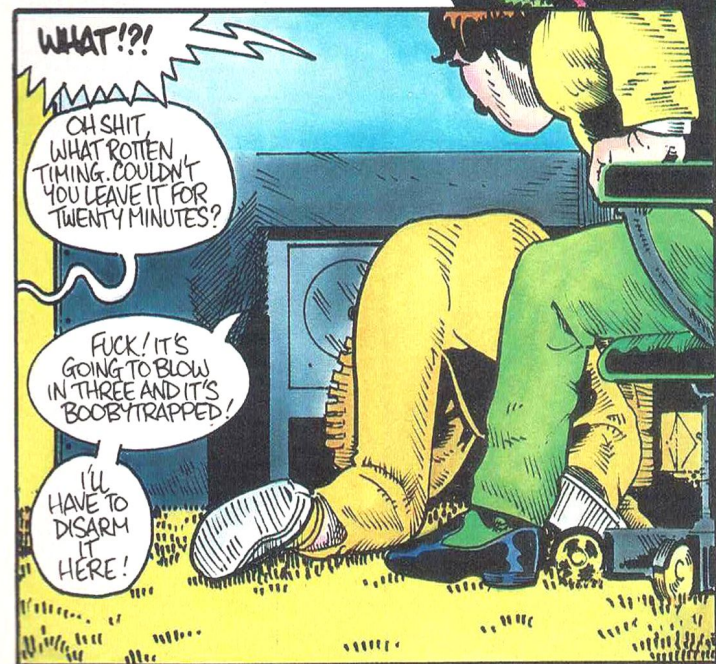
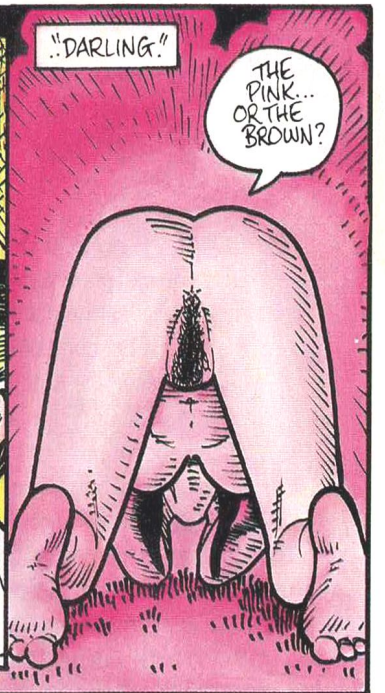
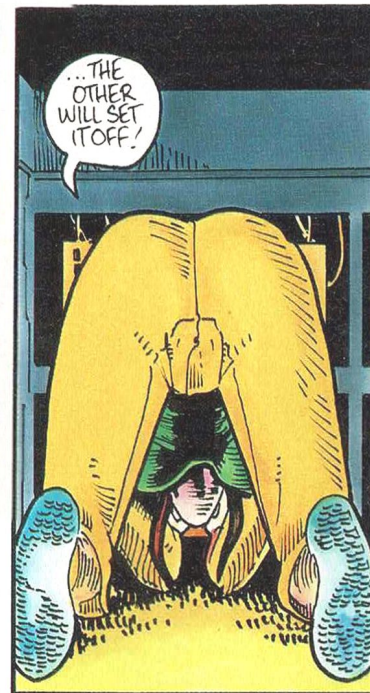
*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.

BODYGUARD

PART 6: It's Not Cricket







LOOSE ENDS

CAR-FRIENDLY COMPUTERS

Now you can practically run your whole office on the road. Besides the car fax and the car phone, now there's the car computer. Thanks to a handy little invention called the Automobile Adapter, you can now plug in your Compaq laptop to your car's cigarette lighter socket.

However, Compaq does not recommend operating the computer while driving. It simply means you can operate a Compaq laptop even where power points don't exist, from the Nullarbor plains to Timbuktoo. The suggested retail price, excluding tax, for the Automobile Adapter is \$145. It is available from all authorised Compaq dealers.



INFLATABLE FUN

Blow-up boats are not the primitive put-putters they used to be, but sleekly designed speed-craft — at least, that's if they're of the Avon variety. Avon recently updated their inflatable fleet with a new white fabric line which has proved outstandingly popular. The latest aquatic Avon release in white fabric is the SR4M model, pictured above, a watercraft to rival many fibreglass floaters, but easier to transport and more economical. The SR4M fits six people comfortably, takes a maximum 50 horsepower outboard and reaches top speeds of 80 km/h.

White Avon inflatables are now available in seven different rigid hull configurations, starting with the Rover RS.80 and up to the Supersport S4.65. The S4.65 takes a maximum 70 horsepower outboard, can carry eight people comfortably and reaches top speeds of around 72 km/h.

The speed, manoeuvrability and safety characteristics of the already well-known Avon rigid inflatable boats, along with the new white fabric line and co-ordinated interior colors, put the white Avons into the Porsche bracket of boating, but without a Porsche price-tag. The RS80 retails for around \$3200, the S4.65 for \$11,500 and the new SR4M for \$10,000. Avon inflatables are available from RFD Safety Marine Outlets, nationwide.

WATCH THIS

The Lip Mach 2000 modern art watch range was first released in 1974 and rapidly became an international best-seller. Recently re-released, these European style-setting watches are selling like hotcakes anew. Available in shades of blue, pink, black,

grey and white, each of the watches features a quartz analog movement, cased in mineral glass and alloy aluminium. They're water resistant to 30 metres, feature rubber or leather straps and come with a two-year guarantee. For stockists information, phone (02) 694 1621.



HOME SAFE

The System 2000 is a very effective, streamlined and affordable home security system that you can install yourself in less than an hour with no wiring. For only \$299, the system incorporates many intelligent, convenient and safe features all under the command of a second generation microcontroller. The System 2000 operates on your household current — you just plug it in. If power is cut, an automatic battery back-up comes into operation. This is a system that you can add on to protect up to 12 points of intrusion, its siren squeals at 98 decibels, and it's remote controlled, and can be programmed for up to four remotes — one for each member of the family. For stockists and much more info phone Peteco on (018) 642910.



LOOSE ENDS



ROLLER CONTROLLER

The Rolodex Rotary Card File is an ingenious invention which will help organise even the most erratic executives' lives. Made by the Rolodex Corporation as early as 1958, even computers have not been able to surpass its simple, logical design. The Rolodex efficiently organises names, addresses and telephone numbers, and is an attractive addition to the desktop — creating the impression you're competent and in control, even when you are not. To complete the picture of executive orderliness, Rolodex also manufacture the Business Card File, invaluable for keeping track of your contacts. The Rolodex retails for \$84 and the Business Card File for \$60. Both are available from Remo on the corner of Oxford and Crown Streets, Sydney.



The very latest mo' mower from Ronson, Micromatic 6000 is a super efficient power razor. It features micro-thin flexible shaving foil which traps the toughest whiskers, setting them up for the fast-moving cutting blades to shear away cleanly. A two position trimmer provides the correct trimming angles for beard, moustache and sideburns. The shaver is dual voltage so it can operate on either 240 or 110 volts. The only thing it seems this super-smooth shaver doesn't feature is gears. It comes with an attractive gift case and is a great gift for guys with stubborn bristles. It retails for \$159 and is available from major department stores.

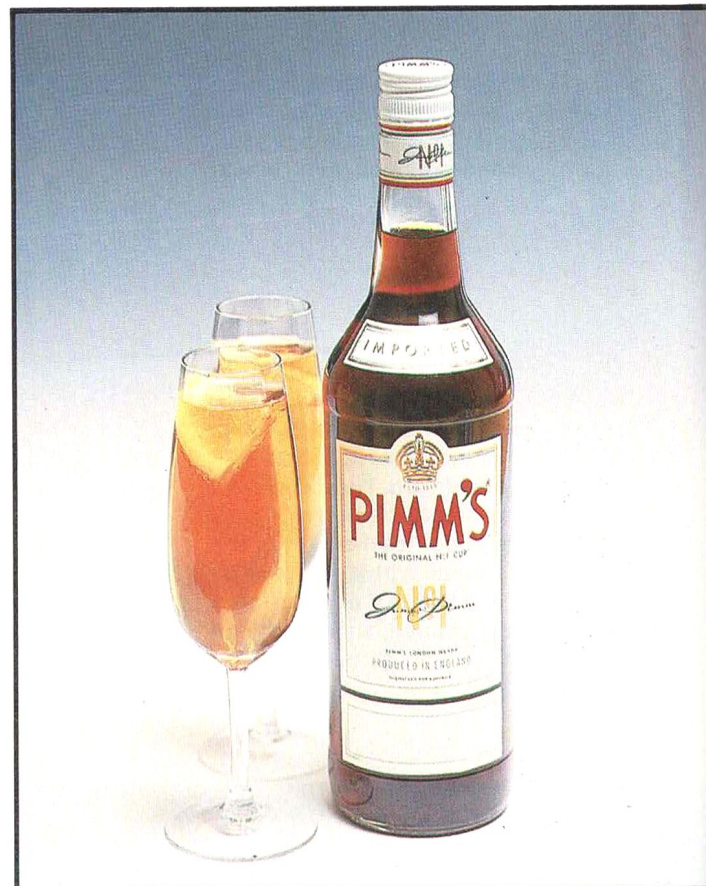
SUPER SHAVER

PIMM'S PARTY-STARTERS

Here's a popular drop with the cocktail cognoscenti. Pimm's, the world's first Gin Sling, was first blended 150 years ago and no-one has been able to improve upon it yet. Its original bittersweet taste and aroma have made it a favorite, somewhat habit-forming tippie with discerning drinkers the world over.

The recipe of this celestial spirit is a closely guarded secret, but we do know it has a base of London Dry Gin, flavored with a blend of fruit and herbs. And now, Pimm's is specially bottled in England to preserve the unique taste of pure English spring water.

No bona fide cocktail party is complete without it. Pimm's is perfect served in a long glass, with lots of ice, or as a base with other exotic ingredients. To help you stage your next big do, here are some Pimm's party-starter recipes:



The Perfect Pimm's:

1 measure of Pimm's
3 measures of lemonade
Slice of lemon, ice

Miss Pimm's:

1 measure of Pimm's
3 measures of Tonic
Slice of lemon, ice

Pimm's Original:

1 measure of Pimm's
3 measures of lemonade
Slice of lemon, cucumber rind, ice
Orange, apple or mint may also be added.

Pimm's USA:

1 measure of Pimm's
3 measures of ginger ale
Slice of lemon, ice

The Pimm's Turbo:

1 measure of Pimm's
1 measure of Gordon's Gin
3 measures of lemonade, ice

Pimm's Royale (pictured):

1 measure of Pimm's
3 measures of medium dry champagne or sparkling white wine
Slice of lemon, ice

Three pre-mixed cocktails are also available in Pimm's cans: Pimm's Traditional, with lemonade and citrus essence, Classic with dry ginger, or, more exotically, with champagne.

If you'd like the recipes for more Pimm's cocktails, write to: *Penthouse Pimm's Party Starters*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062, before Friday, March 9, 1990.

Bombardier's Sea-Doo is guaranteed to turn even adventurous amateurs into aquatic James Bonds. Imported by Wet Toys, it is the latest seaborne speedcraft to be launched on Australian waters, and can tackle even the most tumultuous conditions. This little rocketship is powered by the much raved about Rotax Valve Engine and Jet Drive, and will reach a speed of 65 km/h. It runs on unleaded fuel. In a recent US comparison of all personal watercraft it was rated the best and easiest to use, and it's the only sit-down job that will right itself if you tip it upside down. This superior seacraft is priced at \$9980 and is available from Wet Toys, contactable on (03) 419 3080.

THE ULTIMATE WET TOY



WILD PRESENTS

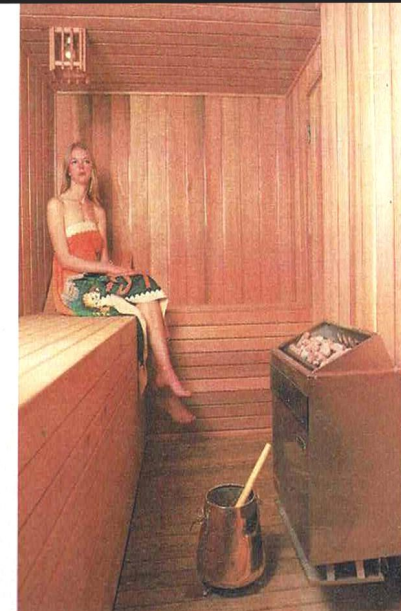
For a wild gift idea try a Wild Turkey ceramic. Everybody worth drinking with knows Wild Turkey straight Kentucky bourbon whiskey, and now the company behind this straight-shooting spirit has created some collectables for connoisseurs. Essential ornaments in the homes of Wild Turkey lovers, the ceramics have been crafted to show the great American Wild Turkey in action with another native American wild animal or bird such as an owl, a red fox or bear cubs. Each ceramic also serves as a decanter, and, of course, each is filled with 8-year-old, 101 proof Wild Turkey Kentucky bourbon. There are a whole series of ceramics and some of the earlier models are now rare. They are available in two sizes, 50ml and 750ml, and retail for \$100 and \$250 respectively. Wild Turkey ceramics are available from leading wine and spirit specialists.



This Steam Room Sauna from Saunair will keep you warm next winter and make you popular with frozen friends. The Steam Room provides a totally enveloping moist heat that cleanses and soaks out weariness, while the desert-dry heat of the Sauna

A HOT AND STEAMY AFFAIR

relaxes tired muscles, and leaves you in a state of calm. They complement one another perfectly. The Steam Room is ideal to use daily for that get up and go, and the Sauna is for winding down on weekends. Saunair Steam Room Saunas are all constructed in 20mm by 90mm first grade Western Red Cedar. The sauna heaters and steam generators are made of non-corroding stainless steel for long life and the steam generator is fully automatic in operation. They retail for approximately \$7000 and are available from Saunair, contactable on (02) 977 8899.



RECYCLING

Continued from page 118

As well as providing the important elements of a top-class touring bike, the RS has lots of small touches designed to make life as civilised as possible. It has the best toolkit and owner's manual in the business, so with a little mechanical nous it's possible to look after virtually all your own servicing and maintenance because the BMW is the easiest motorcycle around to work on.

There's also a puncture repair kit, a first aid kit, a clock, an easy to use centrestand and a five-litre reserve capacity, which should guarantee that you'll never be stranded.

Problem-wise, the RS has one big minus. BMW has always enjoyed a reputation for quality in its cars and its bikes. In the case of the latter, it's part of the reason why you pay a high price for low-tech machinery — \$11,500 plus on roads in this case. But the RS' paintwork, like some other BMWs I've seen recently, just isn't in the same league as the Japanese or Harley, and is prone to stone chipping and flaking, particularly around the edges of the fairing panels. The fairing itself looks half-finished inside, with exposed screws and roughly applied matt black paint. Cheap stick-on graphics don't do anything for the bike's image, either.

BMW still seems to be unable to supply leak-proof fork seals ex-factory, but these are inevitably replaced under warranty, as would any sections of the fairing which have started to shed their coat of paint.

BMW Australia is apparently talking to its parent, urging rectification of these problems. When you go from being number one quality-wise to the back of the pack (except for the Italians, who'll never get it right), something needs to be done — and quick.

Quality of finish aside, the R100RS is still a beautiful motorcycle. It's illogical, I know, but although the BMW is well behind current Japanese bikes in every measurable area of performance it still has a certain something that makes it a class act, 13 years after it was introduced to the world.

In practical terms, its lack of outright horsepower means little if you travel at sane (ie below the Imperial ton) speeds, and as a long distance touring bike the RS shines, getting brighter the further you travel.

On day three of the trip, after the aforementioned hard night, it ate the 1100km Princes Highway from Melbourne back to Sydney with the same ease as a half-hour ride to work.

Satisfaction in the long run is what the R100RS delivers. The fact that it delivers while breaking all the rules makes it all the more desirable. 



Sydney's Michelle Gray

A QUICK PEEK AT MARCH AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Invisible Gag — Australia's libel laws are supposed to balance freedom of speech with protection of reputation. In reality they're nothing more than a goldmine for fat-cats who use spurious claims to line their pockets at the expense of every Australian citizen. March *Penthouse* examines the "defamation industry" in a hard-hitting feature.

Lethal Weapon — What do you do after you've mastered just about every kind of non-explosive weapon? For martial artist Brian Ellison the answer was to invent entirely new ones — more dazzling and more destructive than the nunchaku on which his art is based. March *Penthouse* profiles a real-life Lethal Weapon.

Pet Of The Month — Sydneysider Michelle Gray is guaranteed to red-line your tachometer. The girl with the 100 Watt smile likes living in the fast lane and in her *Penthouse* modelling debut she steps into her little red Corvette for some pulse-quickenning action. Catch her if you can next month.



THE GOLDEN BEER IN THE BLACK BOTTLE.
IMPORTED FROM MEXICO BY AUSPAC MARKETING.

SIMPATICO

Australia's most popular 30's.

